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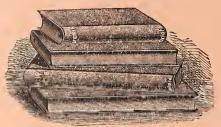
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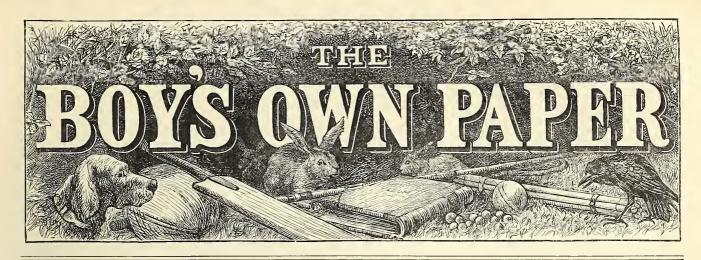
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A DAY DREAM.—THE MARQUIS OF WORCESTER IN THE TOWER.

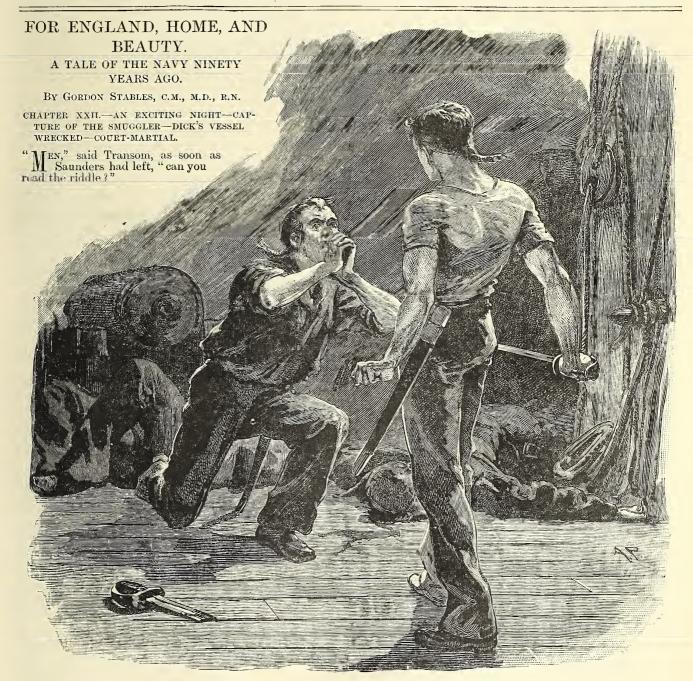
(Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by G. H. EDWARDS.)



No. 503.-Vol. X.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1888.

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'The blade was shivered, and he fell on his knees, praying Allan Gray to spare him."

"No, we can't."

"I can. It is as clear as the nose on This is a got up job. vour face. yacht belongs to no one man, but to a company—private gentlemen all, though they may be poor enough. They want to get their liquor cheap. You see now?"
"That's feasible enough," said one.

"It's the only way out of it."
"Well," cried a third, "gold is gold, no matter where it comes from."

The smuggling sloop put early out next morning, the men all dressed in

the garb of fisher folks.

Dick scanned the crew with his glass. "True enough," he said to Saunders, "that is the villain Transom who nearly caused poor Gray to be hanged.

The smugglers crept along the coast, till they must have fancied themselves out of ken of the Lisette, though they were watched from the main-masthead —then away they went straight out to

They had hinted at a cave to Saunders in which their contraband was hidden. But their movements now made it matent enough that they were about to draw their supplies from a vessel at sea, and from whose, if not that of Tom Burke?

This plan would account in some measure for the man's being often seen on shore, and sometimes at sea, though the fisher folks really believed he had

a double.

The very next night, shortly after sunset, the sloop returned in precisely

the same mysterious way.

This cargo, like the last, was duly shipped and honestly paid for, and next morning she started again for her third and last load. No sooner, however, was she well out of sight than up went the Lisette's sails and anchor, and she began to move slowly seaward.

Saunders himself went to the masthead with the glass, and before half-anhour he had sighted the smugglers' little

All they now had to do was to "gang warily," as Saunders called it, and keep her hull-down. Nearly all that day they followed her thus, and just as gloaming was beginning to deepen, had the extreme happiness of raising the topmasts of another vessel, and seeing the satellite change course and bear away towards her.

"That is a lugger, sir," said Saunders some time after, and just as the order had been given to lie to, "and the

nad been given to he to, and the question is: Is it the right one?"

"Right or wrong," replied Dick, "she is a smuggler, and we'll warm her, or try at all events."

"Well, I hope and pray it is none than Paper for Lean tell you sire."

other than Burke, for I can tell you, sir, I'm getting tired of lying about among the villages, and drinking bad whisky."
"Clear away the guns, then, Mr. Saun-

ders, and by-and-byc we'll have a closer look at our friend."

Saunders gave the necessary orders,

then came aft again.

Night now began to fall, and the stars peeped out, and as by-and-bye there would be a moon, Dick determined to remain where he was until near her time of rising.

"We are favoured with fine weather," he said to Saunders, "and yet I cannot conceal from myself the fact that we have all our work cut out if we are to

capture, burn, or sink that redoubtable smuggler.'

"You think it is she, then, sir?"

"I have no reason to doubt it, and if it be, we must make practical use of your favourite phrase, Saunders, and 'gang

warily.'"
"It's always the best plan, sir, to look

before ye loup (leap).'

"Well, we must in this case anyhow, for if all stories be true, we have a considerable deal of 'loupin',' as you call it, to get through."

She is well-armed, then?"

"She carries more guns than we do, and double the number of men. Each man is a desperado, and fights with the halter round his neck, and knows he

"Well, anyhow, we are all ready." "The moon rises when, Saunders?"

"About half-past nine."
"I thought so. Those fellows are busy enough by this time loading their sloop, you may be sure; and if we want to catch the satellite as well as the big planet, we must have all our wits about

The Lisette lay-to until the first pale flush of moonlight began to throw a yellow light over the eastern sky; then yards were braced forward, and she began to move rapidly down upon the

unsuspecting smugglers.
Presently their lights began to appear, and these were numerous and flitting here and there, fore and aft, high and low, so it was evident enough they were busy. But bold Tom Burke was not the man to be caught napping at any time, and to-night, before he had gone to work to unload, he had every gun loaded and the men's arms seen to, for danger sharpens the wits of either man or beast, and from his deeds the rascally commander of the Rocket was part of both. They will tell you to this day in some of the villages on the east coast of his shocking and barbaric cruelties; how he spared neither man, woman, nor child, who happened to stand in his way when carrying on his vile occupation.

No lights were shown on board the Lisette, and it was so dark still when she again lay-to that, with the flare of their own lights in their eyes, the smugglers could see but a very short

distance around them.

From the deck of the sloop-of-war their voices could now be heard distinctly, one in particular, and even the rapid stopping steps of its owner, as he strock back and fore giving orders, mingled with many a profane expression and oath.

A boat was quietly lowered from the Lisette and manned. A six-pounder was in her bows laden with grape shot, and Saunders himself took charge, and stationed himself forward beside his iron pet.

The sail was hoisted, and down she stole towards the smuggler as quietly as a jungle cat springs on the unwary

hartbeest.

Allan Gray was at the helm, and obeyed orders—previously given—to a nicety. He gave the boat a good offing, then came up astern of the lugger so as to pass her with a fair wind and well on the starboard tack.

When within about eighty yards of

the vessel the boat was roughly hailed

from the quarter-deck:
"What boat is that?"
"Fisher folk," shouted Allan. "Stand off or we'll sink you."

Three heavy stamps were heard at the same time on the smuggler's deck, and a wild scream forward of-

"All hands to arms! Tumble up, ye lubbers! I'll scatter the brains out of the last man on deck if he's three yards behind the foremost."

"In sail and out oars," was Saunders's order now, for there was no longer any necessity for disguise.

"Steady as you go, Gray. Keep her off a little. Stand by to back astern, men, as soon as I fire.

"Ready with the bow guns there!" This was an order on board the lugger. "Sink that blessed boat as she sweeps

past!" from the smuggler.
"Way enough, lads. Steady, Allan Gray."

Br-r-ang went the six-pounder. Down went the sloop's only mast,

literally torn from the stepping.
"Back astern!" shouted Saunders
now, himself leaving his gun and assist-

ing at the nearest oars.
Up went the smuggler's stern ports, and a minute afterwards a gun was run out and fired. It was grape, and some portion of it dashed the spray into Saunders's face, while the gunwale was smashed, yet no one was wounded.
"Bravo!" shouted Saunders. "You've

shown your colours now."

There was a ringing cheer from the boat, and a yell of defiance, with another shower of grape, from the lugger. But Dick was now bearing down to

the rescue. He picked up Saunders and his boat, then continued on towards the enemy.

The Lisette had made a good begin-ing. The little sloop was useless, and ning. came floating aft like an old tree-trunk, without a soul on board, all hands having clambered on board the lugger, where they were busy assisting the crew to get the vessel under weigh.

Before, however, they had enough canvas to turn her head, the Lisctte was

on her.
"Surrender," Dick shouted from the guarter-deck, "to the King's sloop ${
m Lisette}\ !$

A volley of oaths and a volley of rane constituted all the reply. The grape constituted all the reply. The former did no harm—oaths never do; the latter rattled harmlessly about the

rigging.

There was no doubt about the matter now; this vessel was the Rocket, and the man on her quarter-deck was Tom Burke. He had just hoisted the French

flag with his own hands.

"Down! down!" he shouted to his men; and even the helmsman lay flat, while Dick crossed her stern and poured an iron shower along her decks.

In his anxiety Dick luffed up too soon, and so received the enemy's broadside right a-beam, smashing a boat to atoms, and wounding three of his men.

A cheer from the cut-throat crew of the lugger was answered from the Lisette, and the battle began in earnest.

Fain would Dick have boarded her, but he knew too well he had no ordinary foe to deal with. French sailors,

when opposed to Britons, soon lost heart in those days, whatever they may do in the future; but Tom Burke's men were a well-chosen mixture of Scotch, French, Spaniards, and Italians. The latter in particular were noted marksmen, and proved themselves so on the present occasion. To have boarded, therefore, might have ended in repulse, and that meant something worse even than death and disgrace, for this villainous smuggler had been known ere now to tie a fallen foe to the mainmast and torture him to death with more even than the awful ingenuity of an American Indian.

American Indian.

The moon was shining very brightly now, giving fair play to both, but an advantage to him who could get between her and his enemy.

For nearly an hour the fight raged uninterruptedly, the fleet Rocket showing splendid sailing powers, and being handled in a most masterly manner. handled in a most masterly manner.

The sails of both vessels were torn with shot, and the topsail-yard of the Lisette was shivered. They were in this stage of the fight when, through some mismanagement, the Rocket wissel stays and fell off. some

missed stays, and fell off.
This was Dick's opportunity, and he
did not fail to avail himself of it. Most of his guns were speedily run forward; and, instead of raking the lugger, as he might have done—and as the captain of that craft seemed to expect—all energy was concentrated in a volley directed at her bows and bowsprit.

Lieutenant Saunders, Dean, Gray, and Paddy Lowrie each trained a gun, and at a given signal fired almost at

the same moment.

The effect was terrific. Down crashed the jibboom, with all its sails and stays, a trailing wreck.
"Load now quickly. Aft with the

guns.

Such were Dick's commands. The Lisette came round like a swan, passed the Rocket on her quarter, and here delivered her broadside, receiving, however, the lugger's in return. The men on the latter had crowded forward to clear away the wreck, and run out if possible a spare spar. Back came the sloop-of-war on the other tack, and into this crowd poured a fearful volley of grape.
"Surrender now!" Dick shouted, "and

we'll spare your lives."

More oaths and more defiance. "Now then, lads, our time has come. Ready, boarders. Starboard—hard astarboard!

"Hard a-starboard it is, sir."

The vessels rasped and raked. Over went the grappling-iron.

Away went the boarders. It was neck or nothing now.

So fierce a tulzie had seldom been fought on that sea before since the days of the warlike Vikings of old.

Grim Tom Burke trained a gun with his own hand loaded with canister, and would have fired indiscriminately at the bluejackets and his own men; but Dean was on him like a mountain cat, and had cut him down. He fell with him, and the battle raged around the pair of them. Though wounded, the smuggler captain fought like a fiend. The loss of blood soon told, however; and in a few minutes Dean had bound him fast.

But forward, near the bows, a duel was being fought that was of even more interest than this terrible tussle on the quarter-deck. For near the fo'c'sle Gray met Tim Transom front to front.

"Now, old shipmate," cried the former, "here we are at last, and we've got to settle accounts. Defend yourself!"

They fought for what seemed to the

onlookers—the lugger was captured and her cut-throat crew driven belowan interminable time; for, like all men-o'-war's-men, Transom was an excellent swordsman. Then came Gray's chance. He got down on his man with the old seventh cut. It was defended; Transom's head was saved, but his blade was shivered, and he himself fell on his knees.

All the coward came out in him now. His white face looked ghastly in the moonlight as he prayed Allan Gray to

spare him.

Allan turned from him in disgust.

There was no time to be lost now in getting the prisoners and wounded on board the Lisette, for smoke began to curl up the fore hatch. The latter were first seen to, then the crew were brought up one by one, and, with pinioned arms, for they were desperate men, stowed away in the hold of Dick's ship.

In half an hour the flames had complete mastery of the lugger, and mast after mast fell blazing into the sea. Then, to close the scene, she blew up, scattering black and fiery fragments in

every direction.

And so ended this memorable little action, very much as I have described it.

There is little more to add. The wretched captain of this daring craft and many of his crew, among them Transom, expiated their guilt on the scaffold, and the rest were imprisoned

Dick, in his swift sloop of-war, or yacht, had completely paralysed the trade of the piratical snugglers of the North Seas. How much longer the Lisette might have been doomed to cruise on the Scottish coast I cannot say, but her end came terribly sudden. She struck on a sunken rock during half a gale of wind, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Dick managed to save the lives of all his crew.

On his return to Portsmouth he duly reported himself and the loss of his vessel, and was immediately put under arrest, both he and Saunders being tried

by court-martial.

It was a mere formal affair after all; their swords were returned to them, and they left the flag-ship, not only without a stain on their characters, but in a fair

way to promotion.

Some of the adventures of Peniston Fairfax during the time Dick flew his own flag and lorded it in a separate command were exciting enough, and one, at least, is worthy of being told, although to do it anything like justice I and my bold crew of readers must embark in another chapter.

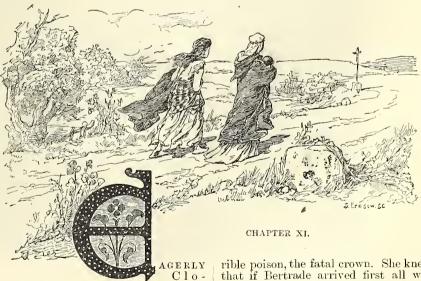
(To be continued.)

THE LAST OF THE PALADINS;

OR, THE HERITAGE OF KARL THE GREAT.

BY CHARLES DESLYS.

PART III.



thilda hurried on. It was broad daylight and the ramparts of Vannes had not as yet risen on the horizon.

Janika had now no need to encourage her mistress, who pressed on in advance, shouting back every minute,
"Faster! Faster!"

Before Clothilda's eyes there rose unceasingly the scene at Karnac, the ter-

rible poison, the fatal crown. She knew that if Bertrade arrived first all was over with the generous efforts of Count Efflam and his companions. At all cost she must save Karl! And Vannes was not yet in sight! And on the road there was not a hamlet, not a hut, where a horse could be got.

Suddenly, as they passed a thicket, they saw some horsemen coming to meet

"Mistress!" shouted Janika, "come

back and hide! If those men are

enemies!"
"Useless!" said Clothilda. "Have
they not seen us? Besides, have they
not horses?"

and was only too desirous of taking her to Nomenoe.

As soon as he recognised Clothilda a savage joy gleamed in his eyes. At the first words from the countess he inter-

came from Vannes? You must have relations there?"
"Yes, a sister!"
"Then go to her, and wait till I return."



"For ten hours she kept on."

And giving her child to Janika, she rushed to meet them, resolved to obtain by promises or prayers what she so ardently sought.

But chance served her more kindly

than she had ever dared to hope.

The chief of the cavalcade was Ragnar—Ragnar, who was in search of her, rupted her by ordering two of his men

to dismount.
"There is no occasion for both," said

she; "I will go alone with you!"

"Mistress!" exclaimed Janika, "Do you forget your child!"

"No," said the countess, "I leave him with you. Did you not tell me you

"But if you do not return?"

"Then take my child to the count. If the count is dead, take him to some of his count is dead, take film to some of his companions, to the Emperor Lodwig himself. I cannot go quick enough with both of you with me. It is a matter of hours; and it is the duty of a wife to forget that she is a mother! Go then! Go, I say. Take care of him; love him. Good-bye, my dear, dear love him. Good-bye, my dear, dear boy! good-bye!" With a wild embrace during these last

words, she clasped him to her breast, and

then gave him to Janika, whom she pushed away in the direction of Vannes. Meanwhile, Ragnar had arranged with

his mantle one of the saddles for the new burden it was to bear, and was now pointing to the east.
"That is our road!" he said.

The countess allowed him to help her into the saddle, and started off at a

For ten hours she kept on without an answer to Ragnar's obsequious attentions, without even a thought that he was with her, thinking only of her object.

At last, as towards the evening the cavalcade emerged from a forest, she heard a sound as of distant thunder.

At intervals, amid the strange uproar, came great shouts, sometimes of terror,

sometimes of anger.

Vainly did Ragnar try to keep back Clothilda's horse; she urged on her wild course up to the summit of a hill near by, and thence she looked over an

immense extent of country

In the plain, through eddies and clouds of dust, she saw men on foot and on horseback rushing furiously against each other and fighting with such vigour as to cause to leap from the moving clouds that covered them, showers of sparks from every cuirass, and light-ning flashes from every sword.

It was the battle in its agony, the

terrible battle already nearly done, for towards the south, towards the Loire,

crowds of the disarmed were flying.
"Madam," implored Ragnar, "do not go farther. Remain here under the guard of my men. Let me go on alone. I will tell you what is going on. I promise to return soon."

Motionless, stupefied, Clothilda had no thought but for the last convulsions of the horrible struggle that was taking place, and which roared before her like

an ocean in a storm.

She did not even answer Ragnar. But he took her silence for consent, and urged his horse down the hill. A few minutes later it was easy for him to see that those fleeing towards the Loire were the Normans and Gascons; and that those who were still resisting the Thirteen and Nomenoe were the men of Count Lantbert who had just arrived

on the field. Instead of one combat there had been

And in this second struggle the army on the right, the army with the battle cry of "France and Karl," although feeble in numbers, still fought and won.

But it was at the cost of much. Among the dead were Hugues, Drogo, and Eginhard; and not far away from them were Hervé de la Tour, Barthold the Frison, and Count Robert.

Farther off lay Landrik, poor Landrik, close to a Norman chief who had prob-

ably been his last victim.

Nearly all our friends in fact; nearly

all the Thirteen.

Only three were left: Roland, Amaury, and Count Efflam, who fought separately each at the head of a detachment of Bretons. Nomenoe commanded the

fourth, and like the others had succeeded in routing the enemy and putting them to flight. One of the battalions seemed to have suffered more than the rest; it was that of which Efflam was the chief, or rather the soul.

Only a few men remained with him, and these, worn and wounded, fell out

by the way.

The count went on without halting.

And soon he found himself alone. Before him were none but fugitives.

Suddenly one of them turned round and attacked him. It was Count Lantbert himself.

The first shock was terrific, and terrific was the fight that followed.

A final blow, one of those blows that Roland called an "emperor's stroke," laid

low the chief ally of Lothar.

Count Lantbert fell, but before he died he had time to shout to his people,

"Avenge me!"

At this last appeal they turned to bay. The sword of Count Efflam had slipped from his hand. Covered with wounds, exhausted by the loss of blood, he had stumbled as he dealt the last stroke, and had fallen on his knees a few feet away.

He saw the danger, but tried in vain to rise. He called Landrik, but Landrik

could not come to his help.

At this moment a horseman approached him at a gallop.
"My sword," shouted the count, pointing to it with a gesture of supplication

Ragnar turned his horse to retrace his steps.

Almost immediately he found himself face to face with Nomenoe, and face to face with Clothilda.

She had not had patience to wait for his return; she had followed in his track, and had braved the horrors of the battlefield, crossed the pools of blood, the hills of corpses, and heard the groans and cries of agony.

She reached the spot, shuddering and bewildered, and crying from her heart, "Efflam! Where is Count Efflam! I must see him! I must speak with him!

Efflam! Efflam!"
"Clothilda!" answered a dying voice,
"Clothilda, my beloved Clothilda! At

least I have seen you again! As soon as he cried she rushed to him

and knelt at his side. In a resolute voice she pleaded,

"Arise, Efflam! You must arise and go! I have found out a cruel conspiracy: Morgana and that other woman have poisoned the crown that Lothar is to hand to Karl! The poison is worse than death; it makes men mad! and Bertrade has gone; she is a day in advance of me; she will reach him before me. To horse, I say, to horse!"

The count saw the imminence of the

danger. He made a desperate effort, but he could not rise to his knees, and sadly he pointed to the sky and said,

"Alas! I can only go there. But Roland had come up, leaning on



"The child was my sister's, and he is henceforth my son."

"Do not go without giving and despair. me my sword."

The horseman seemed to have heard, and, leaning over, picked up the sacred

But it was not to give it to its master. No! He rode away with it! The horseman was Ragnar.

Behind him the mass of the enemy rushed on Count Efflam, who for an instant disappeared as if swallowed up by the human avalanche.

the shoulder of Amaury, and had heard what had passed.
"Amaury," he said, "you have heard;

you are unwounded, you alone can save Karl.

In less than a minute Amaury had found a horse, and was off at full gallop.

And Count Efflam began to die, but awaking at a last remembrance, he stretched out his hands to Nomenoe and

"My child! Think of my child!"
"He is at Vannes," said Clothilda,
most distracted. "At Vannes with almost distracted. "the sister of Janika."

And as Count Efflam sank slowly in her arms she followed him in his fall, eyes to eyes, hand to hand, and lips to

They fell together—one dying in his glory, the other dying in her grief.
Roland stood bareheaded and let fall

his silver hair.
"Together," said he, "you have had the battle-field for your winding-sheet; together you shall have a grave at Rolandseck."

And turning to the son of Morvan, he asked

"Explain to me their last words; who is this Janika? who is this child?"

"Trouble not about that," said Nomenoe, "the child was my sister's; and he is henceforth my son.

(To be continued.)

MARTOCK: BILL

A TALE OF THE SEVERN SEA.

By J. Allen Bartlett.

CHAPTER II.

WHILST these two worthies are sleep-W ing peacefully, Black Bill is revolving a scheme, and his head with it. As he tosses to and fro upon his pillow, let us sit up, and, taking advantage of the time-honoured privilege of writers, peep behind the scenes, and learn a little about the locality and the cha-racters which figure in this narrative.

The county is Somerset, whose coast borders on the south side of that channel whose waters have long been furrowed by the keels of the Merchant Venturers of Bristol. At the point where the cutter was lately in such jeopardy those waters chafe against rough limestone rocks and miniature cliffs, with small pebbly beaches thrown up here and there.

Above, a wild and rugged hill rises to a height of some four hundred feet, the side next the sea being crowned with a

bold cliff escarpment.

On its summit stands "the Encampment," the wonder of leading archeologists and of lesser men, for three vast ramparts of stone, forty feet high even in ruin, and whose total length is a mile and a half, enclose a space covered with shallow pits, lying as close to each other as burrows in a warren. To what early race it owes its origin no one knows, for its antiquity dates back to the far-distant days of Solomon, and since its first stone was laid Gaels and Cymri, mercantile Phænicians and Veneti, and, later on, the civilised and immigrant Belgæ have come and passed away like a troubled dream.

The semi-mythic age of Arthur, the rude awakening of the Saxon invasion, the descents of the wild pirates of the North—they all have vanished, and yet this mighty monument of our unknown forefathers stands, and will continue to stand so long as the world rolls on its axis and the night follows the day.

A town of large proportions stood on the southern slope of the hill in the days of the fortress's glory, and now a fisher-village stands in almost exactly the same spot, its houses covering the unknown graves of that mighty olden race. Sometimes the cottager, digging his potato patch, disturbs the restingplace of some long-silent warrior, and then the villagers flock to see the giant bones unearthed. Away inland, and far away southward and eastward to sad Sedgmoor and holy Glastonbury, stretches the great alluvial plain, the debris of the mighty range of Mendip,

and at the time of which I write the bittern boomed and the heron waded in the marshy places, and the will-o'-the-wisp lured the benighted traveller on the Bristol and Bridgwater road away to the soft quagmire, which closed over his unwary head. No "Flying Dutch-man" thundered through the valleys, for Brunel was learning his alphabet at his mother's knee. In its stead the Quicksilver Mail tore at the astounding pace of ten miles per hour, waking up the lazy watch-dogs in sleepy villages, and making the sparks fly from the pebble pavements of Bath and Bristol.

A great line of sand-hills kept out the envious sea, which, sometimes in its rage overtopping all barriers, rushed, carrying destruction in its van, inland for miles and miles. Beyond the sanddunes stretched a great sheet of yellow sand, and then, if the tide were out, a mud-flat succeeded, black and uninviting, furrowed with innumerable water-channels, and looking as though some Cyclopean ploughshare had turned

The little village was called Westownjuxta-Worral, as though it were thought a great name might atone in some degree for its insignificant appearance, and from the Bearn Rock to the mouth of the Pyll an inland sweep of the sand-dunes formed the bay. The northern limit of the Mendips extended seawards for three miles, sheltering the river mouth and closing in the bay. This promontory was called the Bryn, and many a good ship has gone down on the Howe rocks at the end of it.

Here, so tradition has it, the last legion of the Seven Hilled City embarked for the Mediterranean after a toilsome march along the road from Sarum, for Pyll was the ancient port of Axium. They always seem to have had holes in their pockets, these Romans, for wherever they have been the plough turns up innumerable coins—gold, silver, and bronze.

Rare work those old triremes must have had to fetch the port, for the tide in the river rises fifty feet during gales, and the speed of its current is wonderful. They say that in the days of our great Saxon King the Danes landed at Axium and attacked the King, who was intrenched on Brent Knoll. They tied intrenched on Brent Knoll. They tied their ships together and left them unguarded, and whilst they were in hot conflict with Alfred's troops an old and decrepid woman, seizing a knife, made

her way to where the boats lay moored" and cut them all adrift. The Danes on the hill beheld their craft rushing pellmell out to sea, were demoralised, and slaughtered in vast numbers.

Those old exciting days had vanished long ago, and at the beginning of this century the inhabitants spent their lives fishing and trapping the innumerable rabbits which burrowed in the dunes, and nothing occurred to disturb the calm of their existence save the occasional rumours of a French invasion or such-like. Visitors from Bristol arrived but rarely, and, being stared out of countenance, were only too glad to beat a prompt retreat. It was lonely. Referring to neighbouring villages, it was locally said, "Brean is the end of the world, and Berrow is beyond it."

Now, however, a new and more attractive method of making money had been discovered, and the coast-guard awoke to the conviction that smuggling was carried on even in this unfrequented spot. As a matter of fact, the south coast was too closely watched to permit the smugglers to pursue their nefarious trade with much chance of success, and they were forced to betake themselves to less accessible and conse-

quently less carefully guarded spots.

In the Pyll river lay the Lively Polly, a fast yawl of some five-and-twenty tons, and under the skilful management of her owner, Joe Davy, she had run more than one successful trip to the coast of France and back. Now, however, the solitary coastguard had his eye upon her, and she was lying at her moorings, trying to look like an innocent pilot-boat, which indeed she was when no on smuggling bent.

The worthy coastguard, Jack Marling, was a fairly smart man-o'-warsman, and other motives than mere love of duty combined with his usual love of "smartness" to make him more than usually on the look-out for Joe Davy for in the village under the grizzly old fortress dwelt pretty Polly Muspratt; and no one, least of all a manly British tar, could withstand the glances which shot from her eyes. Joe Davy, too, attracted by those same eyes, did not attempt to conceal his devotion, even naming his tight little craft after this beloved one; and nothing would do but that she must christen it, which ceremony she performed "like any duchess," as he told his mates.

Both Joe and Jack basked equally in.

the sunshine of her smiles; and no one, not even the wise woman of the village, nor that oracle, "the oldest inhabitant," could detect the faintest trace of preference for either. This large-heartchness puzzled them much, and annoyed them a little. To each of these men the other seemed the only possible rival, and each thought the other the favoured one. Joe was most anxious to amass sufficient riches to gain her, for said he, "You can always catch a woman if you bait your hook with gold;" and he followed the advice of the old time-server who told his son to make money, "Honestly if thee can, my son; but, above all things, make money."

Jack, who believed that honesty was the best policy, hoped to win by honesty; and he also felt it his especial duty to keep a keen eye on the Lively Polly.

As bribery in his case was out of the question, Joe could only cudgel his Celtic wits in the attempt to dodge him. Now, if the wise woman, and the oldest inhabitant, and the two rival suitors had had a less limited area of vision, and had concentrated their inquisitive energies less on that area, it is probable that another factor in the case—which now remained an unknown quantity—would have been recognised as it deserved to be.

Many years ago, when Polly was a baby, a handsome, dark-haired boy had suddenly appeared in the village. No one knew his history, but he had a guardian in the shape of a wrinkled old woman, who received money for his support from some mysterious source which she would never divulge.

From the first he made many friends, for he possessed, beside great personal strength, a power of command and a quick-wittedness which soon placed him at the head of the village in all escapades and adventures. If a raid was to be made against the jackdaws in the tower, or old Mr. Carey's young horse was to be broken in, this was the boy to do it, and, to his disgrace be it said, he led all the mischief in the place. As he grew older he still remained a favourite with his own generation, over which he exercised a remarkable influence, mental and physical.

In course of time the old woman died, and with her went the mysterious allowance, but her charge was strong and willing to work, and quite able to take care of himself. Such was the brief history of our friend Black Bill, and, strange to say, if one had looked closely into Polly's heart, one would have found itoccupied by an excellent presentment of this worthy. I do not know whether he was aware of this "penchant" of Polly's, for she kept her secret well, but certainly his devotion for her was great, though he had never betrayed himself by word or deed. Every one looked on him as a rollicking young rascal, much too fond of the grogshop, and no one thought it possible that any such feeling as love could enter into his noisy existence. "I'll say nothing about it," thought he, "but wait till I've laid up a bit o' money, then p'raps she'll care to look at me." And the years rolled on; but Bill and his money were soon parted, and now he had his boat, his cottage, and that was about all.

Still one other character requires investigation. Mr. Cecil Raikes, the owner of the Revenue cutter, was the orphaned son of wealthy parents, and a very worthy, though crack-brained young fellow. Tired of London, he had suddenly taken a violent fancy to a fine Government-built cutter, which was lying off the Portsmouth Hard, and, though he hardly knew stem from stern, nothing but immediate possession would satisfy him.

The authorities demurred, but influence and money won the day, and the new Revenue boat became the private yacht of Mr. Cecil Raikes.

She was a fine, beamy boat, vastly inferior to our modern "sailing machines" as regards speed, and her square-cut counter would have given our yacht-fanciers a toothache! But in those days the Royal Yacht Club, at Cowes, was glad to enroll her in its ranks.

Yachting was an exceptional method of enjoying oneself in the early part of the century, and England could boast of but one club. What a contrast to the varied pennants which now flutter in the breeze!

Intoxicated with his new toy, he became quite another creature. He dashed about ashore, bought stores—some useful, more useless—began to talk sea-slang, and got himself rigged out in faultless marine toggery. He scraped together a crew, and a good old master, who knew his work right well, and then, with two choice companions, set sail for the West.

panions, set sail for the west.

Torquay was voted slow, despite its noble bay, and they hurried on to Plymouth. Not satisfied with this, our friend must needs run round "The Land," and visit the little-known Bristol Channel. His two chums, less ambitious than himself, and very anxious to get some shooting, absolutely refused to go with him to his infinite disgust.

some shooting, absolutely refused to go with him, to his infinite disgust.

Next day the good yacht Miranda was heading for the Lizard with a light breeze aft, and no sea, save the great groundswell which is for ever rolling in from the Atlantic. No adventure attended her, and she was soon beating up the northern Cornish coast, past St. Ives, with its lovely bay, and its grand fishing-luggers — open—boats, which make their way along the coast right into the North Sea—past Padstow, with its islands and jagged rocks; past Tintagel, crowning its cloven cliffs—Tintagel, where of old the mighty Merlin *found a naked child upon the sands of dark Dundazil, by the Cornish Sea, and that was Arthur." Near by, too, was fought the last great battle of the West, where the King, engaging the traitor Modred in deadly fight,

"Striking the last stroke with Excalibur, Slew him; and, all but slain himself, he fell."

They carried him by water to Glastonbury, and there he died. It is said that when, in the twelfth century, his body and that of Guinever, his queen, were exhumed, twelve deep cuts in the skull of the King showed how fierce had been the strife.

Glastonbury Abbey was the Westminster of the Britons and the Saxons, and until its destruction by Henry VIII.

these bones were carefully preserved by the monks.

Next, like a cloud on the ocean, rose the Island of Lundy, that little independent kingdom of the Heavan family. A quaint little place it is, and still very primitive in its ways, though few more charming places in which to spend a summer holiday exist. But it has its disadvantages, which public-school boys might construe otherwise. Storms of long duration hover round its coasts, and the visitor who would fain regain the mainland waits often for days and weeks before the wild waves hide their snowy crests and the boatmen dare venture a trip across to Hartland or Clovelly. Storms are no respecters of persons, and it is said that a bishop was once kept there for a fortnight, much to the delight of the worthy inhabitants. However, there are interesting things in Lundy. It has its own variety of rock, a special weevil, found nowhere else in the world, and on its outlying skerries the old black English rat still flourishes. What on earth he finds to eat there is more than I can pretend to say.

No one who has not seen Lundy can possibly conceive the fury of the sea when a sou'-wester drives the huge Atlantic billows up Channel. The strong outward tide meets them with irresistible force, driving them together, and decreasing the distance from crest to crest, till they become vast walls of water, flecked with foam and roaring horribly. Old sea-dogs, whose lives have been spent on the great deep, look auxious when they see the shadowy form of Lundy through the mist, and many a good ship, whose gallant prow has ploughed half round the world, here finds a watery tomb.

finds a watery tomb.

Our friend Cecil felt much as one who enters first upon some unknown sea. Pilots and traders there were in plenty, and here and there a Bristol ship moved solemnly across the far horizon, but the Severn waters were innocent of another yacht from Gloucester to Land's End.

He began to get very lonesome, and to reflect in no measured terms on the perfidy of "those other fellows" who preferred civilisation and terra firma to himself and his good yaeht. To add to his depression, his worthy master fell ill, and grew worse so rapidly that it was deemed necessary to put into Coombe to land him.

The sun was setting in a glory of gold and purple as the good yacht turned her head straight for a black line of ironbound coast. Nearer and nearer she came, till the outlying skerries almost scraped her bright sides, and it seemed as though she must be hurrying to her doom on that great unbroken line of breakers, when suddenly the rocks seemed to widen out, to recede in one place, showing a narrow channel and a land-locked bay beyond. And that was Coombe—or Ilfracombe, as now called.

Two whole days the Miranda lay at anchor in this lovely spot, whilst her young owner enjoyed himself in a solitary way ashore. At the end of this time, as her master seemed no better, and the lonely life did not suit Mr. Cecil, he determined to do a little cruising on his own account.

As far as Steep Holm the navigation was by no means difficult in fair weather, and the clear yellow sunsets of the last few days gave promise of continued calm; in fact, these were the too brief days of that after-glow of the summer, yclept St. Luke's, or the blackberry summer. Moreover, he was struck by a happy thought. His chart showed him a considerable river, whose mouth was within ten miles of —— Court, where lived one of the "jolliest" fellows of his acquaintance. If he could manage to get up there how delighted they would be to welcome such a daring voyager at the Court. His mind was soon made up, and ignoring the proffered assistance of the deep-sea pilots, he weighed anchor one fine morning, and, passing safely by Lynton and the land of the Doones, felt the first strong puff of wind when off Minehead.
So far he had run before a light

breeze, which drove him but slowly against the outward-flowing tide, but now the flood overtook him, and with it came a long line of ominous-looking blue clouds. The water turned from green and violet to a dull leaden grey, as the catspaws swept over its surface

with ever increasing violence, and his crew ventured to suggest that it might be advisable to look out for some place to run to.

"There's the river," he answered. "There you will find good anchorage, I am told."

So, first one reef and then another was taken in, and they careered before the freshening breeze, past the muddy flats of Bridgwater, and felt the suction of the upward river tides as they passed their mouths. It is said that St. James and twelve disciples having been sent hither by St. Paul, came safely up the coast of the Bristol Channel, till, when off Steart Island at the mouth of the River Brue, mysterious forces their ship and conveyed it swiftly to Glastonbury, and there stranded it. one cares to look at this legend in a practical light, one can well understand that the rush of the tide up this river would have run them up to the "Isle of Avalon" in an astonishingly short space of time, whether they willed it

or no.

The water now began to change from grey to dark brown, assuming the colour of the Severn Sea, which commences at

Steep Holm, the wind, which had for the last hour been coming in sudden gusts, now blew strongly and steadily, and the waves rose with astonishing rapidity, but it was necessary to beat about below the Holms till the tide should have sufficiently risen to enable them to make the river direct. His friend at the Court had often laughed about the "river" to which he made occasional summer excursions, so naturally our young yachtsman hoped for calmer waters when once he got above the Channel proper. He was doomed to disappointment, as we have already seen, and his men, unaccustomed to the tides and currents of the Channel, lost their heads not a little when they found the Miranda drifting so madly in the caldron of waves.

The Pyll river was missed, and the The Pyll river was missed, and the wild appearance of the "Honeycomb" drove them inshore to the trap where we found them. In easterly gales we found them. In easterly gales vessels can ride there safely, but this was a westerly gale, and, but for the prompt action of Bill Martock and his friends, the yacht would assuredly have

never seen another daybreak.

(To be continued.)

OUR FRIEND JOE:

A MEMORY.

By C. N. CARVALHO,

Author of "Uncle Tom's Adventure," "An Alpine Climb," etc.

"A pair of friends, though I was young And Matthew seventy-two,"-Wordsworth.

WISH you could have known our friend To have known and loved such a true, simple heart is an education in itself. Who, seeing his unconscious acts of self-denial, his honesty of purpose, his kind thought for others, could fail to be made better, and to take a higher view of human nature? Joe did not preach his doctrines, he acted them, and on those around him the lesson was rarely lost. His teaching was done by example, not precept; indeed, to have been looked upon as a tcacher would have surprised him much; he deemed himself a most imperfect being, and in many things perhaps it was so, but in singleness of heart and charity—"that charity that thinketh no evil "-Joe was superior to most of us.

superior to most of us.

Joe Lennox was a friend to our family long before we were born; it was no wonder we boys thought him old, for both our parents used to think so too, though, as a fact, he was only some ten or twelve years older than our father, and he, patriarch as older than our father, and he, patriarch as he was in our eyes, must at the time of our school days have been some years under fifty. My first recollection of Joe was of his coming to our house to spend an evening when I was quite a little chap. I had been allowed to come down to the parlour to have my tea—a great honour at my time a visitor was announced. But I have never forgotten that evening. What glorious rides I had on Joe's shoulder, what splendid games under the table, which immediately turned into an enchanted castle, the fit home for a giant. I was the giant on that occasion, Joe having shrewdly suggested he might frighten me if he came out in that

As my brother Bertie and I grew up, it

was always one of our greatest treats to go and pass the day with our friend Joe-we no longer looked on him as a friend of our father's, he was our friend par excellence, which was truer than we thought. We used to look forward to our half-holidays mainly with a view to placing our time at his disposal; no plan was arranged till we had taken Joe's opinion on it, and he used to consult with us on the best method of spending our time, as gravely and with as much apparent interest as he showed when discussing scientific subjects with the many clever men by whom he was constantly surrounded. Joe's profession was that of surrounded. Joe's profession was that of an analytical chemist, but he had a turn for science of all sorts, and we looked upon him as a mine of information. If he knew we were coming he generally contrived so to arrange his work as to have something in-teresting and curious to show us, or he would take us out with him and manage somehow to let us feel we were a help, and not a hindrance, to him; and if-which did not often happen-he was really too busy to attend to us, he would send us up into his loft, where he had set up a great telescope, and there, having been previously in-structed in the art by him, we took astronomical observations, and made discoveries at which Herschel himself would have stared.

Our holidays were not always spent in scientific pursuits. Sometimes Joe would take us out sketching—he was the son of an artist, and had a great deal of talent in water-colour drawing; many people thought it a pity he had not made painting his profession. Nearly all I know about trees and flowers is derived from Joe's teaching; he would point out the peculiarities of different plant as we went along without seeming to be giving instruction; he had an air of seeking the information for himself, and we were proud to help him to obtain it. Our sketching expeditions were generally taken from a little cottage he had near Walton-on-Thames. It was a poor place, containing only three or four rooms all told, and it was very scantily furnished, but we looked on our visits there with rare delight. It was a kind of picnic for us, where we did everything for ourselves. Joe kept no ser-vant there; an old woman used to come in now and then from a neighbouring cottage and set the house to rights, and when Joe was in London the place was locked up.

But charming as we found our visits there, they were not much approved of by the home authorities. Our mother used to declare we came home from Walton as black as sweeps, and that our clothes were never fit to be worn again. I dare say she was right; I am afraid I must confess neatness was not a strong point in Joe's surroundings; he was not dirty-far from it—but his house, a dingy place near the Hampstead Road, was very badly kept. When we knew him first he had a sister living with him, a widow, whom he supported, and she was not a good house-keeper. Possibly it would have been difficult to keep any place tidy with a man of Joe's tastes and habits as master. He would never permit any of his belongings to be moved from where he placed them, and only to talk of sweeping or dusting the sitting-room made him so unhappy that it was rarely attempted. His possessions were strewed about the place in the most curious disorder. The mantel-shelf in the drawing-room (so-called) was covered with valuable mineralogical specimens, so was the piano; fossils peeped out of the oddest corners; indeed, the place was literally a The hearth was sure to be occumuseum. pied by tumblers containing precious chemical infusions, presumably poisonous, placed in dangerous proximity to the teapot, which was a fixture, and there was

no attempt at ornament anywhere, that is, if I except the pictures on the walls, and these, if their subjects could have been these, if their subjects could have been discovered through the veil of dust which shrouded them, would have been found to be of some merit. To be deprived of the free use of brooms and brushes would have been a sore trial to most ladies, but Joe's sister, Mrs. Harvey, took to it very kindly, and rather prided herself on being superior to the feminine delights of housecleaning. She was rather of a melancholy disposition, and certainly a bit of a curiosity; but we used to like her, for she always made us welcome, and never complained of our noise, of our bringing dirt into the house, or of our giving trouble, as many another would have done. She was much attached to Joe, and any one who showed affection to him was sure to find favour in her eyes.

All Joe's friends were very attentive to her; she was a clever woman, and used to entertain his guests capitally. When her entertain his guests capitally. When her brother gave his annual scientific dinner, as she was wont to call it, she was never allowed to absent herself, and she would take her part in the conversation and discuss difficult subjects with the cleverest men of the day with the greatest ease-a talent not so common in those days as perhaps it These entertainments had their is now. comic points if any one had looked out for them. I know Joe's own description of them used to set my mother off into fits of laughter, but of course I was too young to be present at any of these gatherings, and can only speak from hearsay. They were much thought of, and to have been left out would have been a sore disappointment to many a "great gun," but they were deci-dedly unconventional. To find after the com-pany was assembled at table that something important had been forgotten and must be sent for was not unknown. To have the game brought up immediately after the fish, because, as Joe would declare, people were hungry then, and would enjoy it more, was a common occurrence. (I am not sure that idea was a bad one.) And there was always a display of sweets that would astonish the diners-out of the present day. Joe delighted in sweet things—he preserved his liking for them, with many another innocent taste that kept his heart young to the very last day of his life, and it would have been difficult to persuade him that others did not eare for them. We never tried to do so, but always strove to prepare new sugary trifles for him, which he would take on his plate two or three at a time, and enjoy with as much relish as any schoolboy.

We never got into a scrape in Joe's company but once, and then he helped us out of it in the queerest way. One morning Bertie and I called for him at his house to go with him for a long day in the country. I remember that on bidding his sister goodbye, Joe made some remark on her never eoming with us, and while he lingered, looking about for some little thing we were lady who was sitting with her, "It is all very well for my brother Joe to go along with the boys and to be one of them, but if you or I, Maria, were to do such a thing the very same people who admire it so much in him, would be the first to call us old fools. That's the way of the world, my dear. That's the way of the world."

Poor old Mrs. Harvey, I am afraid that was true enough. I have often thought of that speech of hers. As we were going down the stairs I turned to Bertie, intenddown the stars I turned to bertle, intending to say, "Mrs. Gummidge is in low spirits this morning," but meeting Joe's glance first, a kinder feeling rose in my heart, and I was silent. Somehow, no one ever said an ill-natured thing in Joe's pre-

Well, we really spent a most delightful day wandering about the country in the day wandering about the country in the neighbourhood of Dorking. I forget what was the special object of the expedition. Joe usually had business on hand when he went from home in this way; but whatever it was it was soon done, and we proceeded to enjoy ourselves. We had a glorious ramble through a wood first, and then passed a couple of hours in a railway eutting, seeking for fossils, after which, finding it was getting late, we set off to walk over the fields to the railway station. We missed our way more than once, and all three grew very tired, hot, and thirsty. In vain we looked about for a place where something to drink could be had; there was not even a brook to be seen. Bertie came out with the sug-Presently gestion that a nice juicy apple or pear would do nearly as well as a glass of ginger-beer, to which Joe replied, unthinkingly, "Capital idea." He and I walked on together, talking earnestly, and did not remark that Bertie lagged behind, and were a little surprised when the boy ran up with half a dozen beautiful apples in his handkerchief. In another moment we had each seized on one and crunched it with intense satisfaction; but before we could attack a second we saw a man, very red in the face, running towards us. thinking he had anything to do with us, we took no particular notice of him; but when he reached us he seized on me, and, though panting for breath, accused me in very rough language of stealing his apples. Of course I exclaimed indignantly that I had done nothing of the kind; but with my mouth full of apple I could not make him believe me. Joe began to defend me, but the farmer was too angry to listen to either of us. Then Bertie broke in with:

"It was I who picked those apples. am sure I don't know if they are yours or not, but if I had such a lot I would let any one who was thirsty take a few. I should never dream of calling it stealing," and he

"That's all very well, youngster," the farmer replied, still keeping his hold on me, but that sort of thing don't pay in these There's many a one what thinks like you when they sees anything they wants, but I don't find folks is so ready to give away what belongs to em. No, no; when the young rascals steals my apples I just gives them a taste of my birch-rod, and that's what I'm going to do to you, I can tell ye!

This was getting serious. The farmer clearly meant what he said; he was a strong, thick-set fellow, and a licking from him would be no joke. I made up my mind he should not touch me if I could prevent it, and I knew Bertie would be as ready to fight as I was. But what was Joe going to

The farmer now turned on him, full of wrath:

"You be every bit as bad as the lads, old man," he said. "You oughter be ashamed to let 'em steal apples for you to eat, that you ought. Why don't you look arter 'em

'You are quite right, farmer," Joe replied, mildly, shaking aside his long white hair which the wind was blowing into his eyes, "perfeetly right; I ought to have kept a sharper look-out on my boys. folks steal apples, they deserve to be birched, there is no doubt of that; and those who eat the stolen fruit deserve it also. Let it be done by all means. And as I have failed in my duty, and am, as you say, as much in the wrong as the lads are, you will begin with me, if you please?" please.

The farmer stared, then he scratched his head. Joe preserved a grave demeanour, Bertie was frightened, and clung to Joe as-

though to protect him, but said nothing.

"Perhaps you will kindly allow us the use of your barn or of an outhouse of some kind?" Joe continued, without manifesters. kind?" Joe continued, without moving a muscle of his countenance. "It is scarcely desirable to conduct such operations in the open air—except, by the way, you wish to inculcate a lesson to the youth of the neighbourhood. I had not thought of that."

He spoke mildly and slowly, and even tons who knew him it was difficult to judge if he were in fun or in earnest. The farmer could not make him out at all. But after a minute I detected a gleam in Joe's mild eyes, and I saw we should pull through.

"You is pleased to joke, master," the farmer said at length, after looking hard at

Joe—he was now recovering his temper, and began to see that Joe was a gentleman, which, inferring, I suppose, from his bat-tered felt hat and his old grey suit, which hung in loose folds about him (Joe's clothes never fitted him), he had not recognised before. "Perhaps you will kindly pay for the apples your son helped himself to;" this with a severe glance at me, "aud then we will say no more about it.'

And so we got off. But, from my know-ledge of Joe, I firmly believe that if the farmer, taking him at his word, had carried out his threat, Joe would have made no-complaint. When the affair was over he discoursed for half an hour on the sin of yielding to impulse without due thought, and Bertie got something more like a lecture from him than he had ever had before. I need not add that when Joe ate the apples he was under the idea that Bertie had bought them, and I—well, I fear I never thought about the matter at all.

I hope I have not made you fancy that Joe was a rich man; he never had much money, and what he had he did not keep long; he was not fortunate in the investments he made, and he had many losses. Besides, he had a number of poor relations, to whom he was most kind, often giving away money to them that he really needed to provide for himself the comforts his age and failing health required. When his sister died he offered a home to a cousin of his who was poor and needy, only thinking that the shelter would be a boon to her, and not considering that the lady in question would be even less likely to keep his house neat than his sister had done. We house neat than his sister had done. We saw him less frequently in these days; we were grown men now, and out in the world, and had not the time to visit him often, but we never lost sight of him. We rarely went into the country but Joe was asked to come and stay a while with us, and the few occasions on which he accepted the invitations stand out as some of the pleasantest we remember.

After I was married Joe was among the first of our guests; nay, with the exception of my immediate family, he was the first; he was not one to wait for fashionable receptions. He soon elected my wife to a high place in his regard, but a higher place was reserved for my boys, with whom, as soon as they could speak, he became a prime favourite. History repeats itself, and I saw that they would ere long consider Joe as their own especial friend, just as my brother and I had done. But, alas! that was not to be. Long before they were old enough to know and love him as he deserved Joe's task on earth was done. They mourned him sadly, poor little fellows, but they never knew the value of what they had lost. It is not given to us all to have a friend whose sympathy never fails, from whom, no matter what difficulty befalls us, we are sure of advice and help. Influence exercised at a critical time often determines a career for good, and I can only hope that, strengthened by his example, I

may be of as much use to my boys as my

dear old friend was to me.

Poor old Joe's end came suddenly at the last, though he had been in weak health for a long time before his death. He sank under an operation which all his triends entreated him not to undergo. We begged him at least to take a second opinion on the case, but this he steadily refused to do.

His adviser was one who was high up in the profession, and with his dictum Joe was the profession, and with his dictum Joe was conteut. Perhaps it was as that great surgeon said—that he was but taken away from the evil to come; that his death spared him a long period of sharp suffering. It may have been so, I trust it was, but I have never been able to believe it. I cannot but think that, with other measures, Joe

might still be with us, enjoying the peace and calm of old age, a blessing to all around him. But these are vain regrets. Joe had donc his Father's work in the world as few of us have done, and it were better to try and remember that, happy as he undoubt-edly was on earth, he is even yet happier in heaven. Let us not repine that he has entered on his rest a little sooner.

GREAT MINING DISASTERS.

L-OAKS.

THE mining accident most fraught with loss of life in England was that at Oaks Colliery, near Barnsley, on the 12th of December, 1866. Oaks was then one of the most extensive collieries in the country. the distant points of its underground workings being nearly three miles apart. The working was on what is known as the longwall system—not then usual in those parts—in which the coal is cut away at once, leaving only the "goaf" behind with the necessary roads through it, supported by masonry or packwalls. In the "post-and-stall" method, a series of parallel levels are diviguous corrected from coal extended. stall" method, a series of parallel levels are driven, separated from each other by thick masses of coal, left standing for a time to support the roof. These are crossed by similar drifts at right angles to them, so that the seam is divided into a series of rectangular pillars thirty or forty yards square, which are not cut into until the rest of the coal is exhausted. The longwall system is that adopted in the deepest collieries of the North and of South Wales, and is the most economical in its results. But it has one drawback. The "goaf" or "gob"—that is, the part from which the coal has been removed—is necessarily in coal has been removed—is necessarily in communication with the parts where the communication with the parts where the men are working, and becomes filled up by the deposition of the rubbish and the rising of the "thill," or floor, and the sinking of the roof—for in all mines the wounds made by man are slowly closed up by nature. In these waste spaces it is that the inflammable gas, or fire-damp, accumulates, and in them many an explosion has arisen. To guard against explosions safety-lamps came into use, but the old lamps of Davy and Stephenuse, but the old lamps of Pavy and Stephenson and others, though acting perfectly in the old leisurely system of ventilation, are now overpowered by the rush of air caused by the newer engines. Generally in the long-wall plan the roads are at once driven out to the boundary of the royalty, and the coal worked back from the frontier to the

The main roadway, or engine-plane, at Oaks sloped away from the shaft down the dip of the rocks. There were three shafts, two down and one up, the latter being headed by a cupola, in which a fire was constantly burning for the purposes of ven-tilation. The men worked in eight-hour shifts, and at six o'clock in the morning 330 men and boys had gone down. It was ten minutes past one when the first explosion took place, so that their day's work was nearly done.

The people on the bank thought an earth-quake had happened. There was a dull explosion, the ground trembled, and a black cloud shot up the pit shafts. From all the cottages round came a rush of frantic women and children and anxious men. The colliery had been lighted by natural gas in the main road and engine-room, receivers being placed over the natural fissures, from which the gas was led away in pipes to the gasometer; and, though safety-lamps were used in the workings, it was thought that the pit was

The explosion damaged the gear of the winding-engine, and a new rope had to be procured and rigged before anything could be done. Then volunteers were called for. be done. Then volunteers were called for, and under Mr. Dymond and Mr. Tewart a cageful weut below. At the bottom of the shaft were eighteen men and boys, all much burnt and affected by the gas. All of these were sent aloft, and the examination began. The pit had been terribly blown about. was full of gas. The sides and the roof was full of gas. The suces and the foor and airways had been destroyed. The horses in the stable were all dead. The floor was strewn with corpses. In one place fifty dead men were found within thirty-eight yards; in another twenty were linked together in each other's arms as if they had tried to stand against the blast; in some places men were on their knees in prayer, and had died with their clasped hands stretched heavenward for help.

The exploring party returned and asked for more volunteers, and a hundred men went below to clear and rescue. All through the night they worked in the horrible scene. One of the levels was on fire, and this they put out. Eight hundred yards of airways they built, and as they worked the corpses were gathered and borne past them to the shaft. When morning came many of the men went aloft for relief, and at eight o'clock there were thirty-seven of them in the pit. They alone were alive.

Soon after eight the older hands noticed that the air was being sucked away from them. This peculiar action is a dangerous symptom, and usually betokens an approaching explosion. Sixteen of the men dropped their tools and ran for their lives, the rest

their tools and ran for their lives, the rest worked on. They would take the risk. The sixteen reached the cage, and were hauled up. When they landed above, and explained the cause of their flight, they were greeted as cowards, and another relay insisted on going down to take their places. In vain the danger was pointed out to them; they disbelieved, or affected to disbelieve, it. In command was Mr. Jeffcock, a well-known colliery engineer; with him went Mr. Tewart, who had gone down with the first explorers, and there were five others. Swiftly the cage was dropped down the shaft. Hardly had it touched the bottom shaft. Hardly had it touched the bottom than there was a terrific explosion. Rub-bish was shot up and showered around, to the imminent danger of the bystanders. Those on the bank shouted down the shaft. Those on the bank should down the shaft. There was no answer. The cage was let down. It came back empty. All were seemingly dead. The pit had fired, and dense white smoke began to pour out of No. 2 shaft.

Two hours afterwards, before anything could be done there was another explicit.

could be done, there was another explosion. It was of extreme violence. The cage was blown up the shaft and hung on the headgear. One of the men who had fled had left his coat behind him, and the coat was

shot out of the pit and up the 285-feet shaft, and hung by the side of the cage. After the third explosion a man volunteered to go down, but it was decided to be useless. Gas was pouring out of the pit, filling the air with odours of sulphur, and the hedges and cottages around were covered thick with the black, sooty dust that fell like rain. All hope for those below had been abandoned; all that could be done was to stop out the fire and recover the corpses that had not been consumed. Night closed in, a night of heavy sorrow. Not one house around in which there was not mourning for father, son, or brother. Three hundred and sixty son, or brother. Three hundred and sixty dead were in the pit or laid out at home. At the pit-mouth the lights and fires were extinguished; here and there the fifful gleam in a cottage window was the only sign that all were not asleep.

It was a quarter to five in the morning. In the chill stillness there was suddenly heard the clangour of the signal-bell. There was some one alive in the nit!

was some one alive in the pit!

The gearing, as we have seen, was destroyed, and while a rope and pulley were being prepared by those who had hastily rushed to the shaft, a flask of brandy was lowered at the end of a string. When the rope was ready choice was made from the rope was ready choice was made from the many volunteers, and Mr. Mammatt and Mr. Embleton were lowered away down the improvised fall. Slowly they went, for the danger of suffocation was great. When they got to the bottom there was a man waiting for them. He was one of the first search party—Samuel Brown by name.

He had had a strange escape. When the

eight o'clock explosion had taken place he had been caught by the afterblast and knocked down unconscious. Of the ten o'clock explosion he knew nothing-it had o'clock explosion he knew nothing—it had swept harmlessly over him. When he came to himself he crawled over his dead companions to the foot of the shaft. He had found the rope of the signal-bell by the light of the blazing lamp-room, and when he had heard the peal ring out in the silence of the morning he had sat down and warmed himself at the embers of the woodwork. Soon he could hear the sounds above, telling him that rescue was coming. As the minutes went by like hours, the smouldering embers. died down, and as the fire went out his-seuses slowly left him. When he was-found he was only just able to allow him-self to be taken up in safety, and when he reached the bank he was unconscious.

He was put to bed, and soon completely Soon after his rescue there was another explosion, and then the ventilation of the pit was stopped by filling in the cupola shaft. A tramway was laid down, and cupola shart. A trainway was faid dow, and trucks of waste were run to the cupola and pitched into it. It was perflous work, for at any moment an explosion might clear the shaft and blow all that clogged it at the heads of the workers; but steadily the men-kept feeding, and at last the draught was-stopped and the mine saved.

ON DRAWING AND SKETCHING FROM NATURE.

By Fred Miller.

[With original Illustrations by various B.O.P. Artists.]

PART V.

"I' is bad to be constantly near your stock-in-trade,' as I deem it of considerable importance. To a certain extent it is greatly a matter of taste, but I wish to the following:—Naples yellow, yellowochre, cadmium, raw sienna, vermilion, rose madder, Venetian red, burnt sienna, Vandyke



The Gathering Storm, drawn by John Allen.

the 'Hook' or 'Acme' easel, consisting of three separate poles with rings. These are the only easels I know of that will take a large canvas safely, and are adaptable to any size. I shall pay more attention to the subject of colours* than anything else in

* He refers here to oil-colours.

caution all against the use of bad and un-necessary ones. I have been very foolish in this matter myself, at one time using nearly every pigment in the colourman's list. Having at last extricated myself from such a confusing habit, I am naturally anxious to save others from the same. Be-sides black and white, I should recommend

brown, cobalt and Antwerp blue. Here are a dozen good colours, and I consider they are enough for any one. These might be substituted for others more to the individual student's liking; and if he is in the habit of using more, he might add perhaps lemon yellow and ceruleum, two very good pigments. I know men who use only a very

few colonrs, and get most charming effects, and others who use the entire list with equally good results.

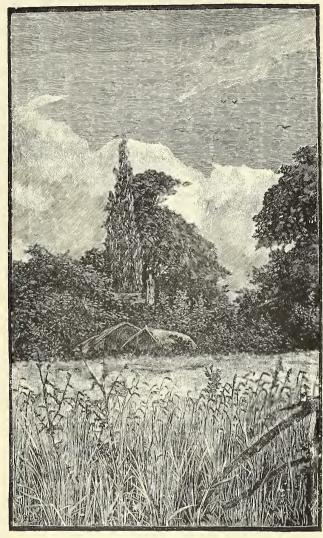
"In painting landscape, it is not possible to do with many less than those I have given; in flesh painting, however, one can do with fewer, about half a dozen colours being sufficient for some of our best men. I am fond of flat brushes and single-primed canvas-but I merely state my own prefer-

"Choice of subject is a great difficulty with most of us, especially at commencement. There are some who, from long practice and natural gifts, search out at once a good subject, and are happy in their once a good subject, and are happy in their selection; whereas others, less experienced or less gifted, look vainly about; and, not being able to detect the right thing, attack something which, after a deal of patient plodding, proves a failure, owing to the want of sympathy of the artist for his subject. Learner advise much in this case. I cannot advise much in this case, it depends so much on one's own capaas it depends so much on one's own capa-bilities; but be sure the subject you choose has some concentrated interest. It is necessary, for the economising of time, to have about four subjects going at onee— grey day, sunny morning, sunny afternoon, and evening effects. I suppose we cannot ignore a rainy effect also, when we think of the climate of our country; and it would certainly never do to be idle in such sea-sons, as the inevitable waste of time would be appalling. We see that we must have studies in hand for all these different effects, but all is not smooth sailing then. The numerous changes that sometimes occur in a single day are very exasperating, but must be endured."

CHOICE OF SUBJECTS.

There can be no doubt that the choice of telling bits in nature is a matter of great telling bits in nature is a matter of great importance, and one demanding much prac-tice and some talent. A painter is to be envied who sees pictures in nature; but my readers will be content if they can render some of the more everyday aspects of nature, though there is no reason why they should not choose good subjects as well as uninteresting ones. Pictures are often to be found in what many people would consider unlikely spots. Every one looks at nature in a different way, and consequently brings from it very different impressions. I know painters who find subjects where the casnal learner would see a thing styling or nice. observer would see nothing striking or picturesque; and, when all is said, the choice of a good subject is very much a matter of feeling and temperament. One little piece of advice I might venture to give, and that is before beginning your sketch just look is, before beginning your sketch, just look around and see whether the subject you are about to try does not look better from one point of view than another. I have often

found that when a sketch is far in hand, and you get up to rest yourself a few mo-ments, a better view strikes your eye, and various proportions. Such a frame could easily be made, and might be found useful by some of my readers.



"Home, sweet Home!" drawn by E. J. Courtney.

you immediately get discontented with what you are doing. Another point is, see whether your view will look better upright or oblong. I went last year with a rising Academy student, who has taken high honours there, searching for a subject, and he had a small wooden frame with movable sides, so that he could see his subjects in

The distribution of the light and shade in one's sketches is another most important point. It is difficult to give any rules on the subject, so entirely is it a matter of feeling; but the various accompanying illustrations may help us in the matter, and I cannot do better than refer my readers to them. (THE END.)

GREAT SHIPWRECKS OF THE WORLD.

THE WRECK OF THE ATLANTIC.

FIVE hundred and sixty lives are said to have been lost in the wreck of the Atlantic. It was the fatalest of recent maritime catastrophes. A running short of coal, a change of course, a set of current not allowed for, a careless look-out, and ruin un-paralleled. The man at the wheel, working out the distances in his head, discovers that the ship must be going wrong; he in-forms the officer of the watch; he is told to mind his own business; and at the same moment there is a cry of breakers

ahead, and before the ship's way is checked she is aground on the ruggedest coast of North America. It was the clumsiest and North America. It was the clumstest and stupidest of wrecks, absolutely inexcusable, and would be only worth remembering as a caution if it had not been for the gallant work of one of the officers and the daring

rescue by a local missionary.

The Atlantic was one of the White Star liners plying between Liverpool and New York. She was of 3,707 tons register and 420 feet long, and rigged, like the rest of the

line, with four masts, three of them carrying squaresails. She left Liverpool on the 20th of March, 1873, with 32 saloon passengers, 615 steerage passengers, and 143 officers and crew, and, calling at Queenstown to fill up, left there all well.

Once out at sea, she met with day after day of storm and continuous head wind, so that the coal she carried was consumed at an unexampled rate in the endeavour to keep the voyage within bounds of time. On Monday, March 31st, the captain ascertained that coals were running so short that he might not be able to reach New York, and he decided to run for Halifax. The passengers heard the news and congratulated themselves on having at least a day's rest in smooth water. At full speed the ship was driven on her new course. The captain was on deck till midnight, and left it then with instructions that he should be called at twenty minutes to three. Sambro Light was then thought to be thirty-nine miles off to the north-north-

At twenty minutes to three the officer of the watch, seeing the eaptain still asleep, forbore to wake him. The ship was driving on; the night was cold and clear; the sea was rough, but not threateningly so; and all seemed well. Three o'clock passed, and what look-out there was saw nothing Suddenly, at twelve dangerous -ahead. minutes past, the quarter-master saw the breakers, and in a few seconds, just as the vessel's head had begun to pay round, there was a crash and a trembling, and the Atlantic was a wreck on Prospect Point, Meagher's Island, Nova Scotia.

In such a way had she run aground that half her boats were under water, and the others were jammed and useless. The

coast, which no one had seen till then, was now only too clear not two hundred yards away. The fog, if fog there had been, had vanished like magic, and the moon looked down on the fields of snow and the cruel grey waves that rose in their wrath to

claim the victims.

As soon as the ship struck she heeled over and lay at an angle of fifty degrees; and the captain rushed on deck to find many of the crew and passengers being washed away as they came out on the steep

The second officer, Mr. Brady, found himself jammed in his cabin, but he cut his way out with an axe, and at once took a prominent part in the rescue. Quickly unrove a halliard, and, calling two quarter-masters to him, passed it along outside the ship. Forty yards away was a rock standing up out of the foaming waters just high enough to afford a place of safety. To this rock Mr. Brady and the quarter-masters tried to get the line.

The first trial was a failure, and the man had to be hauled back only just in time to save his life. Then Quarter-master Speak-man tried, and, after a long struggle in the raging broken sea, he managed to reach the rock. Next Mr. Brady swam off with another line, and another quarter-master also crossed the dangerous channel. Then these three began the work of rescue,

and in time over two hundred people were passed into safety. The rock was a hun-dred yards from the shore, and this gap was crossed in boats, which, as morning broke, began to appear in the bay; for, as soon as the communication was made between the ship and the rock Mr. Brady swam ashore, and gave news of the wreck to the few inhabitants of the district, and he then hurried off to Halifax for help.

Meanwhile the scene on the wreck was Meanwhile the seene on the wreck was terrible. In the cold bitter night the passengers crowded up to plunge into the furious sea and be dragged towards the rock and the snow-clad cliffs. Many fell into the water and were washed ashore as frozen corpses. Six hours were the rescued on the rock before help came to them.

It must have been a night of horror. The

It must have been a night of horror. The huge ship, broadside on like a wall, with the white decks crowded with the panicstricken and despairing, the surge thundering over her, dashing the icy prickly spray high up her masts and covering her with a glittering cloak, the people dropping off each instant, some to their deaths by drowning, some to be dragged half drowned the male the ways some to be lost as they through the waves, some to be lost as they reached the rock of safety by letting go too soon. Every person saved made more to help in saving, for, to their credit be it recorded, all those who reached the rock did their best to do to others as they had been done by.

One man was awakened from sleep by the shock when the ship struck, and, hurrying on deck, saw a great sea roar along it and sweep off a hundred at a stroke. Jumping into the sea he made his way along the line, and then for three hours he worked rescuing whom he could within reach. Then he swam to the land, and arrived, strange to say, just as his trunk came ashore. To his wonder he saw his familiar box being borne away or a stranger's shoulder, and, giving chase, he claimed and secured it.

At daylight all were saved or drowned except twenty-two still elinging to the ship's rigging; and the captain on the rock was offering £500 for each boat-load taken ashore. The sea was wilder than ever, and the local boats were loth to venture out, notwithstanding the reward. Then it was that a missionary of the Colonial Church Society appeared on the scene and put heart into the natives.

Mr. Ancient's heroism has become historical. The wreck had taken place two miles from his house, and he did not hear of it till the early morning. Hastening to the cliffs he saw the crowd on the rock, and found the boatmen pronouncing the passage

impossible. Not only did he urge them on so as to get the boats out to the storm-treubled crowd, but he at last persuaded four men to volunteer to take him in a boat to pick the people off the rigging; and out on the swirling hills of water he steered the boat, thrown hither and thither as if it were

a cork.

The most appalling thing about the wreck

of the hundreds of the Atlantic is that out of the hundreds of women and children on board only one was saved, and that was a boy of twelve, named John Hurley. With his mother and father and younger brother this little fellow was roused from sleep and heard the rush along the decks, and found himself pitched out of his bunk. The cabin door flew open and he was swept along by the throng until he reached a post, to which he clung. Near him was a port which one of the men broke open and got through. Then another man would have followed, but, remembering the boy, he held back, and told him to go first. He lifted him to the hole and pushed him out and followed. The boy seized a rope hanging outside and held on to it for safety. The man who followed fell into the sea and was drowned.

As Mr. Ancient's boat came up to the wreck, the missionary caught sight of young Hurley just slipping from the rope to which he had clung for hours. So slowly could the boat be driven in the raging sea that it seemed an age before the perishing boy could be reached; and, worn out with his efforts, he let go before the boat came up, but luckily he fell so that a wave bore him past, within reach, and Mr. Ancient caught him and saved him.

Then the boat reached the ship, and the intrepid minister sprang out, and began to elimb up the lofty, slippery side, a task of no small difficulty. At last he reached the rail and the outer davit, and saw the first officer lashed in the mizen rigging, and

"Are you an officer?" he shouted.
"Yes," was the faint reply; for he had

"res," was the faint reply; for he had been there ten hours.
"Then catch this." And he threw up a long coil of rope he was carrying. "And now make a bowline."

The officer made the knot; and, unlash-

The observable rade the knot; and, unashing himself, stood ready to jump.
"Don't move till I tell you!" shouted
Mr. Ancient. And then, "Now!"
And the officer jumped into the sea and

was dragged by the men into the boat.

And then all along the vessel the minister went, to find none but the dead. He had saved the only boy, and the last man.

(THE END.)

DASH WITH CHINESE PIRATES.

BY CAPTAIN F. W. BENNETT, LATE R.N.

HE circumstance I am about to relate occurred some twenty-three years ago, at which time I was in command of one of her Majesty's sixty horse-power gunboats, on the China station. We had just had a thorough overhaul and refit, when I was ordered to go to sea for a ten days' cruise, to look after a fleet of piratical junks, of which the senior officer had received information; and my orders were, that if I was lucky enough to fall in with them, to try my best to give them a lesson. Accordingly, one beautiful morning, at daybreak, steam was got up, the moorings let go, and the order "full speed ahead" given, and away we went out through the Ly-c-Moon Passage, past Tam-too Head, with smooth

water, clear and blue, and calm as a millpond below, and bright sunlit sky above, tinting the green patches that shone out on through the green patches that shohe out on the dark rocky surface of the island, and throwing into shadow the little clusters of yellow boats with mat sails, and a hut or two above, that in every sheltered bay inti-mated "fishing done here." Scores of junks and boats were sailing in all directions, many of them with five or six black-muzzled cannon grinning on each side, the mat sails flapping lazily against the masts, and the crews gazing as lazily at us as we slipped rapidly past.

For three days I crnised about without seeing any suspicious sail; but on the morning of the fourth we spoke a fishing-

boat, whose crew informed us that the evening before they had seen three "Pilongs" (pirates) steering for the Macao mouth of the Canton river; we at once shaped a course for Macao, and, as the wind was fair, cracked on all sail and full steam. Just before sunset we sighted a large junk right ahead, the crew of which, directly they saw anead, the crew of which, directly they saw us, got out their sweeps, and were evidently making every effort to escape. The wind was very light, so, furling our sails, we chased her under steam until near enough to send her a request in the shape of a 68lb, shot to "heave-to." Instead of doing this also to my surprise luffed up and fired this, she, to my surprise, luffed up and fired a return shot, which fell some hundred yards short. As they evidently meant

fighting, we "went for" her, steering to about four hundred yards from her, and then opening a heavy fire of big guns and small arms, to which for a few moments the replied briskly, but a shell bursting amidships, finished her up, and she burst into flames fore and aft. Lowering our boats, we endeavoured to save as many of her erew as possible, but she was burning so furiously that we could not approach her; however, a number of them threw themselves overboard and were picked up; but a far greater number remained on board and perished with her when she blew up, and perished with her when she blew up, which she did in less than a quarter of an hour after the shell lodging in her. Having picked up all that were alive, I steamed on to Macao, where I found a gunboat just about to start for Hong-Kong, so I transferred the prisoners to her, and next morning resumed my cruise, shaping a course for Kec-how Island. We looked into Cunsing-Mun Harbour, a noted place for pirates, but found it empty; but just as we were preparing to leave, a sampan came were preparing to leave, a sampan came alongside with a fisherman, who told me that a vessel had been taken by pirates the night before, and that they had towed her into a little creek on the main, about ten miles below the Bocca Tigris. For a pretty heavy "cum-shaw" he agreed to pilot us, so, placing him on the bridge under the charge of a marine, who had orders to shoot him if he tried to escape, or if the vessel got ashore, we rounded Kee-how and pushed on under his guidance. At sunset, finding we were some ten miles from the creek, I anchored for the night, starting again at daybreak, and in an hour we found ourselves off the mouth of the creek, and saw the mastheads of a brig over the low paddy-fields. It was ticklish work, as the water shoaled rapidly until we had barely a foot to spare under our keel; but, sending a boat ahead to sound, we crept slowly in. a mile from its entrance the creek widened out into a broad lagoon, and there we found the brig with two large junks alongside her. They evidently meant fighting,

for as we came in sight they began crackerfiring and gong-beating like mad, so, directly I got to about five hundred yards, I gave them one dose of grape, and then, steering slap into the nearest one, cut her down to the water's edge. The crews of both junks jumped overboard at once, and made for the nearest paddy-fields, and we found they had set fire to both. Cutting the ropes by which they were lashed to the brig, I towed them to a safe distance and then steamed longside the brig. We found her in the gratest confusion, her holds open, and nearly all her cargo cleared out. Her decks were covered with blood, but not a body was to e found. In her cabin I found her papers, which proved her to be the Emilia, of Hamburg, bound to Whampoa with a general cargo. We searched her thoroughly in the hope of finding some one belonging to her stowed away; but the villains had done their murderous work too well. Taking her in tow, we soon got her off the mud and anchored her in safety. I then determined upon exploring the creek, so, manning and arming the boats, I, directly after the men had had their dinners, started. About a mile up we came to a large village, which had evidently not been deserted many hours, as fires were still burning in several of the houses. Here we found an immense quantity of ships' stores, rope, yards, masts, blocks, etc., evidence enough to justify us in burning it down. Before setting it on fire we "looted" it of everything of value that could be found, but that was not much, and then firing about a dozen houses in different parts, we only waited to see it in full blaze, and then returned to the gunboat.

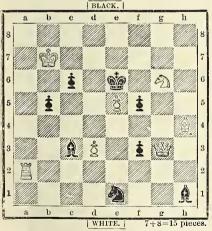
At daybreak next morning we weighed, and with the brig in tow steamed down to Hong-Kong, where I handed the Emilia over to the proper authorities, and, after a few days' sojourn at our old moorings off the Naval Yard, started one lovely morning to resume my station as "scnior officer" at Canton.

(THE END.)

CHESS.

Problem No. 212.

By V. Gorgias.



White to play, and mate in four (4) moves.

CESKE ULOHY SACHOVE.

(Continued from our last Chess Column.)

The great symmetry and purity of mates in Pospisil's No. 182:—White, K—KR8;

Q—Q Kt 7; B—Q R 3; Kts—Q B 6 and K R 4. Black, K—Q 4; Q—K B 8; B—K R 6; Et—Q R sq.; Ps—Q R 7, Q B 6, K 5, K 6, K B 3, K B 7, and K R 2; is more perfect in.

Problem No. 213.

White, K—K R sq. : Q—K Kt 7; B—K R 3; Kts—Q sq. and K B 6; P—Q Kt 5. Black, K—K 4; Q—Q R 6; B—Q B 8; Kt—K R sq. ; Ps—Q Kt 2, Q Kt 6, Q 5, Q 6, and K B 6. White mates in three (3)

No. 57, by Jan Drtina, presents a double sacrifice of the Q in a twofold manner, thus:—

Problem No. 214.

White, K—K R 6; Q—K sq.; R—Q B 6; B—Q Kt sq.; Kt—K R 4; Ps—Q 5, K B 2, K Kt 7, and K R 3. Black, K—K 4; R—Q R 4; B—K Kt sq.; Kts—Q Kt 3 and K 3; Ps—Q R 5, K 7 and K B 6. White mates in three moves.

No. 171, by Jan Pilnacek, illustrates an admirable combination between three Kts, Q, and two Rs; the B prevents a dual in one variation, and the R's P hinders 1, Kt—Q 6 (ch), K—Q 3; 2, Q—Kt 3 (ch), etc., thus:—

Problem No. 215.

White, K—K B sq.; Q—Q sq.; R—Q 8; Kts—Q Kt 7 and K Kt 6. Black, K—K 5; R—Q B 2; B—Q R 8; Kt—Q Kt sq.; Ps—Q R 3, Q 5, K 3 and K B 7. White mates in three moves.

Similar kinds of mates with the Kts occur in No. 274 by Svebodin Pajkr.

(To be continued.)

SOLUTIONS.

PROBLEM No. 200.—1, R—R sq., $K \times R$ (or a). 2, K—Kt 3, any move. 3, R—K sq. mate.—(a) K—B 7. 2, K R—K sq., any move. 3, Q R—K 2 mate.

PROBLEM No. 201.—1, B—R 4, K or P moves. 2, mate accordingly with B at Kt 3, or Q at Kt 8 or K 4, or one of the Kts at B 7.

PROBLEM No. 202.—1, P—B 6, P—B 5 (or a). 2, P—B 7, K×R. 3, P—B 8 Kt double check and mate.—(a) P×P. 2, K—B 5, any move. 3, R—Q 3 or takes P mate.

Correspondence.

D. D., JUN.—Rather! John Gibson Lockhart was the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, and wrote his life. He also wrote "Adam Blair," an essay on Cervantes, a life of Burns. a life of Napoleon, "Matthew Weld," "Reginald Dalton," "Valerius," and the "Spanish Ballads." His life was written by R. S. Mackenzie. Any bookseller will get you his books.

WILL (Glasgow).—We have given the particulars since you wrote. You will find them all in the quarterly Navy List, which you could see at the library, or get from a uautical bookseller.

A. J.—The price of the cover for the current volume is always stated in the number for the last week of September.

UBIQUE.—1. So long as you are under the stated age at the time the entries close you can compete. 2. You must have a perfect vacuum, and you had better buy your lamp ready made. 3. There are such pigeon clubs, but we cannot recommend you one.

WHITGIFT.—It depends on the mount. The best way, speaking generally, is to wet the back of the drawing, wait till it is nearly dry, then paste it thinly over, and apply it to the mount. To keep it down level, the best thing to use is to put it between a couple of sheets of glass.

GROSVENOR.—1. Better apply to Chappell and Co., or some other firm of musicsellers. You must state whether it is an English concertina or a German one. 2. To clean carved ivory, brush it well with a toothbrush dipped in a thickish paste of whiting and water, rinsing afterwards thoroughly in clean water, and oiling very slightly with the best salad oil.

Model Yachtsman.—Such boats are supplied for export by Mr. Rundle, of 50, Larkhall Lane, London, s.w. They cost, unrigged, about a sovereign a foot. They are not toyshop boats, but such as are used in the clubs.

A. C. Fugill.—There is "The Lincoln'Pocket Guide," by Sir C. H. J. Anderson, Bart., published by E. R. Cousans, Liucoln.

ELECTRUM. — Paraffin is not paraffin-oil. Melted paraffin is what it says it is. Get it from any wholesale druggist.

E. W. H. (41, Brooke Road, Stoke Newington, N.) will be glad to communicate with postmark collectors with a view to exchanging specimens.

ANALYST.—You must attend a science course in chemistry in the laboratory practice. See the "Science Directory" for nearest classes. No mere study of books will make you an analyst.

W. H. GINGELL.—There are Debrett's "House of Commons," "Dod's Parliamentary Companion," and the "Pall Mall Gazette" "Guide to the House of Commons," and either of them can be had through any bookseller.

- Washington Davies.—The book is out of print, but a copy might be obtained by advertising for it in the "Exchange and Mart."
- B. T.—Boscobel is in Shropshire. The house belonged in 1651 to John Giffard. It was at the suggestion of the Penderells that Charles took refuge in the oak.
- in the oak.

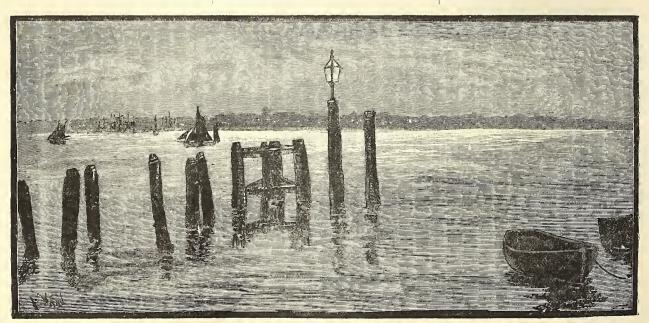
 Scotus.—1. It was a printer's errer, an s being substituted for an r, and discovered too late to be altered. The sentence tells you that it was the griddle ou which she baked the oat-cake. 2. We quote the concluding part of your letter, as it may interest some of our readers: "I remember reading, some years ago, in a book on Russia, I think, of a company of niuety Russian soldiers, who, while marching across the steppes in midwinter, were attacked by a great army of wolves. The soldiers defended themselves with rifles and bayonets, but, on their ammunition becoming exhausted, they were overcome, and perished to a man. It was some time before a search-party discovered amid the snow the ninety human skeletons, surrounded by the remains of more than two thousand wolves who had perished in the terrible conflict." conflict.
- J. O. N.—Barking Abbey was founded by St. Erkenwald, Bishop of London, at one time England's patron saint; and was sacked by the Danes in 870. It was restored by Edgar, and ceased to exist in 1539.
- i. G. B—Read "Harry Treverton." Damper is generally a mixture of flour, salt, and water, laid on a hot stone, and cooked with the fire heaped over it. It has a toughish crust, and is somewhat "sad," but the quality depends on the cook and E. G. B -
- T. FRANCIS (Swansea).—As "a constant reader from the commencement" you must have seen that what you ask for has already been done to an extent unattempted by any other periodical, and you can refer to your back numbers for the information. Like a good many other constant readers, your queries betray your inconstancy!
- G. T .- Write for information to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Cannon Row, S.W.
- C. LUGARD.—I. There is a Dictionary of English History published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. It costs a guinea, but it is now being issued in monthly parts at sixpence each. 2. Yes, but the articles will be republished in the "Boy's Owu Bookshelf" series.
- Magic.—The "Young Wizard" began in the November part for 1885. The parts are still in print. They cost sixpence each.
- I. J. Moon.—1. Eat meat. 2. Indian clubs should weigh eight pounds apiece for a boy of your age. 3. We cannot recommend you a regiment to join, but if you wish to enlist in the 5th Hussars you had better apply on the 1st of April. H. J. Moon.-1. Eat meat.
- SPECULATOR.—1. You might send the designs for cards to Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner, Jewin Street, E.C.; or Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Co., Coleman Street, E.C.; but do not be too sanguine, as the market is terribly overstocked. 2. Some of your friends in Malta should seek information as to a vacancy with their correspondents in England.
- J. IRWIN.—You could get pieces of bone for turning from most ivory carvers. Look them out under from most ivory carvers. "Trades" in the Directory.

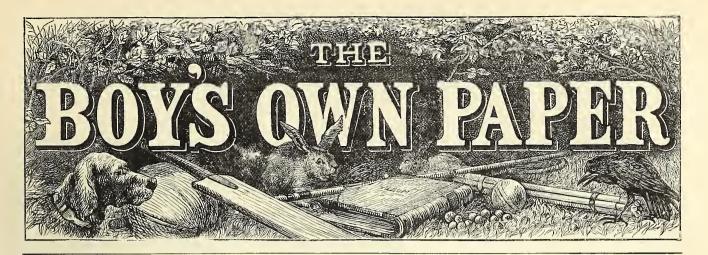
- R. H. L.—The brass is lacquered, not varnished. Take all the parts to pieces, and boil those you wish to brighten in a lye of half a pound of potash to a gallon of water. Then, when all the old lacquer is boiled off, dip them in aquafortis until they are bright and clean, and then rinse them at once in cold water. Then cover them up to dry in hot sawdust. Paint on the lacquer when they are hot with a camel-hair brush. For your lacquer mix an onnce of gamboge, three ounces of aloes, a pound of fine shellac, and two gallons of spirits-of-wine—or, rather, mix lesser quantities of these things in the same proportion. Finally, you will find it better and cheaper to get your relacquering doue by a tradesman.
- PALETTE.—1. John Crome (the Elder) was a journey-man weaver's son, born at Norwich an December 21, 1769. He began life as a doctor's ooy, then became a house-painter, then a sign-anter, then a landscape-painter. He died in 182. 2. John Constable was a miller's son, born at East Bergholt in Suffolk ou June 11, 1776. He began life as a miller, and when he was twenty-three became an Academy student. He began by painting portraits and historical pictures, but soon left them for landscape. landscape.
- R. HOUGHTON.—Get a pair of Indian clubs weighing seven pounds each, and use them for half an hour every morning.
- ROBUR.—As Sir Humphrey Davy died before the invention of photography, we have strong doubts as to your being able to get his photograph. The other portraits might be got at Spooner's, corner of Southampton Street, Strand—close by yon.
- Moke.—It is not the letters, but the signification, that is valuable. If your desire is merely to have a string of letters after your name, why not tack on the alphabet? or perhaps a judicious arrangement of the first letter and two of the nineteenth would suit your taste.
- G. H. S.—The Rugby colour is a peculiarly pale blue—paler than Eton.
- JOHN.—The only clergyman who has yet received the Victoria Cross is the Rev. J. W. Adams, of the Bengal ecclesiastical establishment, who at Killa Kazi, in Afghanistan, in 1879, rescued from drown-ing some of the 9th Laucers in the presence of the
- HOBCORNE,—Indiarubber solution will mend mack-intoshes. It can be obtained at all indiarubber warehouses. Prout's elastic glue costs a peuny a stick, if that is what you mean.
- Rodrigo. Your friends are mistaken. You are never too old to learn. Your best plan would be to take lessons. If you must work by yourself, try the "Popular Educator," or the "Universal Iu-structor."
- R. R. R.—Try "Aërial Navigation," by Mansfield, published by Macmillau and Co. There is an older book by Tiberius Cavallo, of date 1785; its title is "History and Practice of Aerostation."
- W. VENESS.—There is a complete edition of Shake-speare published by Ward, Lock, and Co., for six-pence. It is printed from the same plates as Tegg's edition by Steevens and Malone. There is a shil-ling edition published by Dicks. There is one in Warne's Chandos series, price two shillings (much better type); and there is the Globe edition, pub-lished by Macmillan.

- Young Rad.—I. The coin is a Romau one, or a copy of a Roman one, but we could not tell without seeing it. The best plan would be to send it to the Dritish Museum, registered, with stamps for its return. A polite note is almost sure to bring you back the identification. 2. We have now given three perpetual calendars. The fullest was in the fourth volume. Unless yours is a very brief one, do not trouble to send it. 3. There is no good complete history of England; the subject is too extensive to be treated satisfactorily in one book. You have to get the histories of different periods.
- E. W. A. SMITHETT.—There is a little shop in Great Queen Street (north side), Lincoln's Inn Fields, where tinsel and such things can be bought, and there is another in Endell Street, Long Acre.
- JOE.—1. You should get a guide-book to the Civil Service, such as is published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., or Stanford, or, indeed, any of the leading London publishers. Examination-papers can be had from the Queen's printers, Messrs. G. Spottiswoode and Co., West Harding Street, Fetter Lane,
- C. F. HOOPER.—Soak thick blotting-paper in a con-centrated solution of oxalic acid, and dry it. If this pad be laid on a blot it takes it out at once without leaving a trace. The ordinary way of removing ink-stains is with salts of lemon. Salts of lemon is made by mixing together equal parts of cream of tartar and citric acid.
- Two-And-A-HALF YEARS' READER.—1. You can get a Shakespeare complete at any price, from sixpence upwards, from any bookseller. 2. The cylinder is fixed in the rest, and the cutter revolves. The work is done very slowly and steadily.
- C. E. Newton.—1. For "How to Build a Model Yacht," see the August part for 1882. 2. The indexes are out of print.
- indexes are out of print.

 D. B.—1. The battle of Tofrek was fought on March 22nd, 1885. It was the McNeill's zareba affair near Tamai, where the force was surprised by the Arabs while preparing the camp. The loss was six officers and one hundred and thirty-six men wounded, and one officer and seventy men missing. Over a thousand of the enemy were killed on the ground. Tofrek is borne only on the colours of the Berkshire Regiment. 2. For information as to Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers apply to 354, Great George Street, Westminster.
- Great George Street, Westminster.

 ASHBURTON.—1. The Ashburton Challenge Shield was presented in 1861. Rugby won it in 1861, Harrow won it in 1862, 1864, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1869, 1870, 1875, and 1879; Ston won it in 1863, 1868, 1878, 1880, and 1887; Winchester won it in 1871, 1872, 1873, and 1876; Marlborough won it in 1874, 16reltenham won it in 1874 and 1881; Chaltenham won it in 1874 and 1885; and Dulwich won it in 1886. 2. It is open to teams of eight selected from public schools which have enrolled volunteer corps.
- JIMMY.—The instrument is a pantagraph. We gave full instructious how to make it in the September part for 1883.
- B. T.—1. Mr. W. H. G. Kingston was a voluminous writer. Besides "From Powder Monkey to Admiral," "Peter Trawl," "Adventures Ashore and Afloat," and "Roger Kyffin's Ward," which appeared in our columns, he wrote some twenty other stories. 2. Messrs. W. H. Smith aud Son, 136, Strand, W.C.



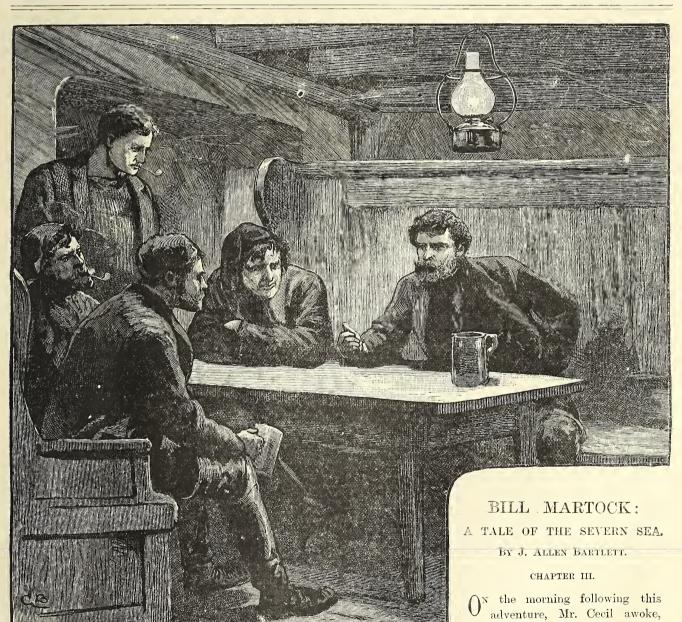


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Price One Penny.
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feeling very stiff and sore. The skin was peeling off his face and hands, and his eyes were smarting. He put one leg out of bed.



"If any man here wants to turn a little honest money, maybe I could put him up to a dodge."

Ugh! it was wretchedly cold, and the piercing October air penetrated the rattling casement, so he decided to wait a bit longer, and to think over the situation. So he lay on his back and observed the quaint and grotesque forms of the damp spots on the wall and ceiling.

Bill also awoke from a troubled slumber of some few hours, and was soon at work lighting his fire on the lonely hearth, and envying the more fortunate Benedicts of the place, whose good wives performed the office whilst their lords and masters stayed in bed-sad remnant of barbarism!

Cecil's thoughts were something like

"I've had enough of sea and ships for the present, so we'll see if the Miranda cannot find a berth in this river for a bit. Wish Bowline (the master) wasn't so seedy, for he won't be fit for anything this side of Christmas. I know what! That fellow, Bill Marock (I think that's his name), ought to know all about moorings, etc. Decent fellow, too. I'll leave my crew aboard for the next fortnight, and get him to keep an eye on the craft and see that no harm comes to her. My eye! won't - be surprised to see me at the Court. Wonder if he can give me any sport. After that I must run up to town just for a bit, and then perhaps we can lay up the Miranda for the winter."

Just then another knock came at the

"Nine o'clock, sir, and breakfast is ready; and, please sir, Martock is below and would like to speak to you."

Now, Bill Martock had also been ruminating, for a most original and reckless scheme had taken possession of his restless brain. It began like this:

"That young gent has had his fill of

the sea, it seems to me. Bit of a softie, too. I expect he'll be wanting to catch the coach for London now, and leaving his yacht up the Pyll. What a boat it is, and what a cargo she'd run. And I'd like to see the Revenue boat as 'ud catch her. He's given me a goodish lot of coins, and with what I've got now I could buy summat from the Froggies. Ah! if only I could get that boat for ten days! But there, I'm a fool to think of it!"

But the half-formed idea refused to "quit," and, with his mind in a very unsettled condition, he found himself steering for Pyll soon after the sun's disc had risen above the neighbouring marshes. His steps were bent instinctively to where the mud-banks indicate the river mouth. The tide was about full, and the Miranda sat like a swan upon the swelling flood, her brass-work gleaming in the sunlight. The men aboard were putting her "ship-shape," and hailed the new arrival as he ap-The men proached.

"Found your boat, mate?"

"Haven't looked for her. She'll do for some old woman to light her fire with," he answered.

"You won't lose nothing by it if you work the skipper properly," said one of the men, with a laugh.

Then the dinghey was sent across, and

Bill promptly came aboard.

"We've had enough of this here foolin' about," said they. "Look you here," addressing Bill, "if you was to tell Mr.

Raikes as this here channel's dangerous, and that the equinox is on, and the craft's a bit strained over last night's performance, like enough he'd go off to Lunnon and leave us here for a bit. Then there'd be some peace for a

chap."
"He's terribly took with you," added

another.

And so before Bill left the little craft he had become quite intimate with the crew, who were hardly the kind of men one would expect to find on a yacht nowadays.

As he wended his way to the Duke of Monmouth, he kept pondering the pros and cons of that absurd idea which

would not be silent.

"Impossible," he said to himself; but that inner voice replied, "You've failed in nothing yet, Bill Martock, why should you fail now? Get rid of that youngster, and you know well enough will be ready for anything that'll turn a bit o' money. Take that craft for ten days, run a cargo, make money, and marry pretty Polly Muspratt."
Bill gasped at the thought of it. But

he thought about it, nevertheless.

He trudged on vigorously, and had an audience with Cecil, and his spirits fell when he learnt that the Court was

to be the limit of his peregrinations.

"Look here, Bill," said he, "get me a dickey-cart or something, for I must go up to the Court to-day. And, Bill, just keep an eye on the Miranda, and see that she gets on good moorings, etc. I shall be away for several days.

"And after that I suppose young master will be drowning himself in the "And after that I suppose

Bristol Channel?" queried Bill.
"Not if I can help it," laughed Cecil; "once bit, twice shy, you know."

Then Bill gave a graphic account of the dangers of the equinoctials, and the advisability of keeping the yacht up the river for a time, and, added he, "She's a good bit strained, sir, and would be the better for an overhaul-

Finally it was decided that nothing should be done to her at present, but that Cecil would drive down in the course of a day or so and arrange

matters.

The cart was brought, and, by no means sorry to turn his back to the briny, he took his seat, and was soon bowling away inland, his spirits rising at every milestone. But a disappoint-ment awaited him. He had "counted without his host."

"Master's gone up to Lunnon for a month, sir," said the aged crone who

opened the door to him.

Poor Cecil! He was depressed beyond measure, and this dolorous old woman was unbearable. He abruptly took his departure, and drove back to Pyll in no very amiable mood. He had not over much mind of his own, but for once it was made up. He would go on to Bristol next day, secure a seat on the coach, and relieve his melancholy by at least a fortnight's sojourn in the

Bill Martock was hanging about when he returned from his unsuccessful quest, and to him he at once imparted his intelligence. Somehow Bill had the talent of gaining the trust of other men, and this young sprig of aristocracy thought that here, at least, was a man be could lean on.

"Look here, Bill," said he, "I shall be away for a fortnight for certain—per-haps three weeks—and I hope you will keen a look-out on my craft. Two of my men I intend to send off on leave; do you see that the other two, who are

do you see that the other two, "He decent fellows enough, do their work."

"Beg pardon, sir, but if I may make so bold," said Bill, "that craft's got availage bly strained somewhere. Proconsiderably strained somewhere. bably it's nothing serious; but if it should be, I know a man over at Port Talbot who is very handy at that sort He's a very neat hand. I'm thinking that if she needs repair, would you care for me to take her to Port Talbot for a day or two? Of course, it's as you like, you know, sir."

"Oh, all right; do what you like.
I'm sick of the boat."

So it came to pass that Bill's evil genius worked "considerable smart" in his favour.

Next day Mr. Cecil Raikes was going eastwards at the breakneck pace of ten miles per hour.

CHAPTER IV.

In the back-parlour of the very diminutive inn at Westown, a group of men were assembled on the evening which followed Mr. Raikes's departure. consisted of Bill Martock, his confidential slave Tom, another local man, whom Bill could trust, and the two men who now constituted the crew of

the yacht.
Bill had not wasted his time, and his influence was decidedly felt amongst his friends there assembled; in fact, he could, when he liked, assume an almost mesmeric power, a peculiarity which has often been noticed in the case of strong minds. Presently he tapped the table with his brawny knuckles, and then, watching the company with the eyes of a cat, remarked, "If any man here wants to turn a little honest money without harming any man, maybe I could put him up to a dodge." Everybody looked interested, and a chorus of queries broke forth. "Now, it's like queries broke forth. "Now, it's like this," continued he, slowly and deci-sively, "I can trust myself, of course; Tom's as true as steel, and so's my mate here. I likes the look of you chaps, but of course I haven't known you long. If I was to propose something a little out of the common, such as sheep-stealing, or pirating on the high seas, p'r'aps you two would go and split on me, and I should suffer, maybe. But if you did, what would you gain? Nothing, of course; and I don't see why you should bear a grudge agin me.'

"We don't bear no grudge agin it."
mate," they replied. "But come, out
wi'it; you've got summat to propose,
and if it don't harm no one, and pr'aps if it do, we're mum. Here's my hand on't," said one.
"And mine," said the other

"Come, we're agreed, and that looks hopeful. Now, suppose I was to know of a good craft lying idle, and not wanted by her owner; and suppose I and a few mates had a little earnings to lay out in trade at Cherbourg or Brest, or somewhere on the coast of France;

and supposin' we were to make our uses of that craft without harming her in any way whatever, and land a good cargo somewhere near here, and then put her just as she was before we took her. Nobody need be any the wiser, and her owner would never suffer. You know I'm only supposin' this. If, besides all this, the craft happens to look remarkably like a Revenue boat, and can show a pair of heels to any other craft she's likely to meet—"

"You can stow the rest o' that, mate," said one of the strangers, laughing. 'You're a deep 'un, you are; but, supposin' you was to do that, and we two was to come as your pals, we should run a deal of risk, and a man don't run risks

for nothing."

Bill had scrutinised these men closely for some time, and at last, with a re-

lieved air, he said,
"Look you here! That yacht is supposed to want repairs, and we're going to take her to Port Talbot. That's what the Pyll people know. Port Talbot knows nothing about us, so won't miss us if we goes down Channel and rounds the 'Land.' The yacht is as tight as a drum, so she won't want any time spent on her.

Much more was said on the subject, but it need not be repeated here. Suffice to say that a compact was made, and that everything was arranged by Bill Martock. The money to buy a · contraband cargo was forthcoming; the coastguard was taken over the boat in a friendly manner, and some gallons of water, which had been previously poured down the hold, were pumped up again in his presence, with many comments anent a supposed leak below the

water-line.
"Some of the caulking shook out, I specs," said Honest Jack, and they quite

agreed with him.

"I'm going across to Port Talbot with her," said Bill, "with light canvas on her; we three'll be able to manage her

very well.

Then Tom and the other man suddenly discovered that they had urgent business inland, and must set off at once to see their grandmothers, or something of the sort. Away they went, and Jack saw them no more; but if he had been at the end of the river banks that night he would have seen the yacht's dinghey go ashore with one dark form in her, and return to the yacht with three!

The next morning saw the Miranda gliding out to sea under easy canvas, and evidently undermanned. She was carefully observed by Jack Marling, who kept his weather eye on her till her hull sank beneath the horizon and her sails mingled with the dim outlines of the cliffs of Wales. Not that he had any suspicions concerning her, but it is in the nature of a coastguard instinctively to keep an eye on all craft going up or down Channel, and to take a friendly interest in their proceedings, so long as those proceedings are visible.

Jack was, however, in a very active frame of mind, for two days previously he had heard a rumour which sent the blood singing through his veins, and quickened his wits to a remarkable degree. Tommy Sillyboy, the village idiot, had been sitting behind the sea wall, watching the sandhoppers per-

forming sundry acrobatic feats, and cudgelling his heavy brain to find out why they took so much trouble and jumped so often, when he became aware of voices in his rear. He was not long in discovering the fact that a group of men were engaged in earnest conversation on the other side of nest conversation on the other side of the wall, and that they were making some sort of arrangement with the master of the Lively Polly. Now, Tommy, and Joe, the skipper of this redoubtable little yawl, were not on friendly terms, for a tenderness at the base of the spinal column reminded the former gentleman that somehow the former gentleman that somehow or other the skipper's heavy sea boot had come in sudden and violent contact with that part, and without—as he could see-any just cause.

Nothing except love sharpens dull wits like the desire for vengeance, and with that desire occupying his entire being, no wonder Tommy listened auribus erectis for any scrap of intelligence which might be used against the pilot-

smuggler.

Ah, what was the skipper saying?

"The cave inside the Cove ain't no manner of use. If they was to get wind of the affair we would be caught just like rats in a hole. They nearly did it last time, and they knows it's the best place round here for getting a cargo ashore. No, it won't do, I tell'ee, Bob, and I won't do it. What I says is this. Run round St. Thomas's Head in

the dark; you knows the landing. Farmer Jones is fly enough, and 'twon't be the first time he's stowed a cargo under the abbey vaults, and they old monks' ghosties will guard the whisky well. Besides, vaults is the place for spirits, ain't it?"

A guffaw followed this sally, and then much discussion ensued; but two points were perfectly clear to the idiot. Firstly, the Lively Polly was going to run a cargo; secondly, it was going to be landed at the abbey.

Trembling with the importance of the discovery, he yet managed to keep still till the group of men had moved away to a safe distance; then he hurried off as fast as his legs could carry him to find his friend the coastguard, who stood high in his estimation by reason of occasional kindly nods and words. Methinks his triumphal progress would have been soon arrested if only he could have noticed what occurred to the distant group of plotters.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the skipper; "thought that would fetch the spite-ful little toad! Now, boys, off we goes, and I 'specs the old cave'll be pretty

safe for some time to come."

Just as the grey light of dawn began to silhouette the outlines of the Mendip Hills, Joe Davy slouched along the sands in the direction of Pyll, and, meeting the worthy coastguard, informed him confidentially that he was off for a job.

"Piloting, in course?" queried Jack, winking violently with his weather eye.
"Yes, piloting," answered Joe, gruffly,

and passed on.

This all happened prior to the departure of the Miranda, and Bill knew nothing about Joe Davy's intentions until after the arrival of the two mys-

terious forms, for whom he dispatched the dinghey. Then Tom, who was one the dinghey. Then Tom, who was one of them, informed him, and great was his annoyance.
"That fellow has a day's start of us,

and that probably means a day earlier for returning, and of course his cargo will make a bit of a glut in the market, and lower our prices. D'ye see, mate?"
"Ay, ay!" answered Tom; "but I

don't see why we shouldn't catch him

up."
"Yes, for him to split on us!" replied

his chief.

"But perhaps we might get past him in the dark; it's just possible," he added.

"All's fair in love and war,' and although he's never done me any particular harm, I don't see why he's to spoil my chances, if I can help it.'

The result of Tommy Sillyboy's observations having been duly reported by Jack to the officer commanding that coastguard district, that worthy came down from Bristol the next day and accompanied his inferior in a stroll along the coast.

The cave received a passing inspection, and one or two likely landing-places were carefully noted, but the abbey and the river beyond it were the points upon which their interest cen-

tred.

A brisk walk across the sandy bay brought them to the grey old walls which surrounded the abbey precincts, and on suddenly entering through the great gates they surprised Farmer Jones himself, whom they found carefully digging in his garden within the ruined cloister garth.
"Morning," said he, ceasing his dig-

ging operations and looking somewhat

"I'm afraid we've interrupted you," said the inspector; "but your home is such a quaint old place I couldn't pass it without just looking in."

"Oh, I don't mind," replied the farmer. "I was only planting out a few geraniums and such like. You're right welcome to look round if you care to."

welcome to look round if you care to.

The inspector thanked him, and, re marking carelessly that it was an odd time of year to be planting geraniums, gave a casual dig with his stick just where the farmer's spade had loosened the earth. The earth was very soft, and the stick, penetrating to the depth of some eighteen inches, snapped off against a rock below.

"The rock's just below the surface all around here," said Farmer Jones.
"I never saw such soil in all my life. The only part of the garden worth cultivating is just where they old monks buried their dead folk. There's plenty of soil there, I promise you! But come you in and have a drop of summat to drink

The coastguard and his officer "didn't mind if they did," and were soon seated in the roomy kitchen contemplating some first-rate Somersetshire cider.
"Good stuff this," the inspector re-

Old Jones thought it was pretty fair stuff. "But," he added, "I always takes a drop of grog by preference, for cider lies cold on my stomach. Haven't got none in the house now, but expect my nevvy in a day or two, and he always brings me down a bottle or two.

The inspector and his subordinate here exchanged knowing glances, and soon after took their departure.

"We are on the right track, that's evident," said the former.

Farmer Jones chuckled to himself, and then went out and contemplated his "geraniums." Beneath that rock was a vault made to contain the bones of the monks of old, but now full of casks containing spirits ever so much above proof.

The abbey was situated under a hill, and close to a small creek, which possessed a convenient landing-place. Its vaults, the dread of the simple-minded rustics who tilled the fields and milked the kine of that flourishing farmstead, were at the same time the joy of smugglers, and the source of no small gain to the farmer, who, with his two stalwart sons, inhabited the nave of the

conventual church.

The north aisle was used as a cidercellar; the choir had vanished long ago, but the beautiful and nearly-perfect tower was fitted with several floors, and was inhabited by the farm labourers, as indeed it had been inhabited from time immemorial.

A gruesome dormitory it was, and those who lived near the ground floor whispered of uncanny sounds and sights, of sandalled footsteps clattering sights, of sandalled footsteps clattering over the stone floors, of white forms which vanished and reappeared between the mighty piers of the tower, yet no one seemed to have actually seen or heard these things, they only had "heered say." Those who slept high aloft, where once the great bells had swang to and fro till the year, masonry. swung to and fro till the very masonry

reeled with the wild melody, had more tangible cause for discontent, for the draughts blew out the rushlights by their bedsides!

But suddenly, just before the period to which this tale belongs, the tower was given up to the bats and the owls, and the honest rustics found a much more comfortable abode in the rooms above the great farm-kitchen.

The coastguard formed their own ideas about the matter, but the rustics shuddered at the mention of the tower.

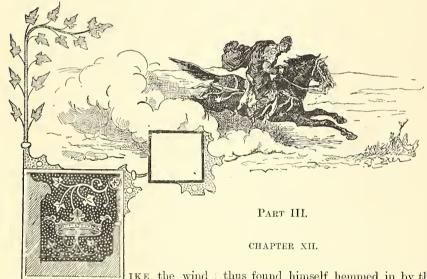
Farmer Jones is in his grave now, and he died far from the sound of waves and the sight of the abbey tower, but to the inquisitive one who made a pilgrimage to his new abode, he vouchsafed a quite sufficient, if not altogether satisfactory, explanation of the phenomenon.

(To be continued.)

THE LAST OF THE PALADINS;

OR, THE HERITAGE OF KARL THE GREAT.

BY CHARLES DESLYS.



Amaury sped on his way. He felt that the whole future of the work of the Thirteen depended on his speed.

On his road he came up with the fragments of the conquered army, and he went through them like a lightning

Unfortunately they had told him, "the Emperor Lodwig is encamped at Mans," while the emperor was at

So he had to turn off to the right and almost retrace his steps.

But he kept up his tremendous speed, and soon the plain of Blois opened in front of him.

On this plain three armies were encamped. In the north was that of the Emperor Lodwig; in the south was that which King Pepin had brought from Aquitaine to help his father; in the centre was that of Lothar, who

thus found himself hemmed in by the others

In the three camps a strange want of discipline seemed to exist; everywhere the men were seated at tables, or standing in groups, and making holiday.

On an eminence commanding the plain, round an immense tent from which floated the imperial standard, the crowd was more compact and more excited than elsewhere.

From this tent there rose every now and then noisy enthusiastic shouts, as if a peace festival were being held.

More and more surprised, Amaury continued to advance, but more and more slowly on account of the crowd.

Suddenly the draperies of the tent

were drawn aside, and on the threshold

he could see Lodwig and his son.

The young King Karl was in front.
On his head he wore the crown.

A shout of despair escaped from Amaury's lips.

He had come too late.

At the very moment Lothar found himself obliged to surrender, Bertrade had appeared before him with the flask given her by Morgana. Two hours later Lothar made his solemn submission, and this was the ceremony which had just ended.

At first under the great tent, open on all sides so that the armies in the plain could see what was taking place, Lodwig had been seated between Lewis and Pepin his faithful sons, while Karl stood on the same throne as his father.

Lothar and his supporters knelt before Lodwig the Pious and confessed their misdeeds, and swore, thenceforth, to obey the orders of the old monarch.

Then Lothar, rising alone and followed by two heralds carrying one a sceptre of ivory, the other a crown of gold, had advanced to his brother Karl and

"Not only do I recognise you as sovereign of all the country between the Loire and the Seine, but I offer you with my own hands your first crown; and I beg to be allowed before all to place it on your head.'

Karl had spontaneously embraced his brother and knelt before him.

And Lothar, in spite of the oath he had just taken, placed on Karl's head the poisoned crown.

A general pardon from the emperor had followed the reconciliation.

The feast had lasted three hours; and during those three hours Karl had worn the fatal crown.

He had begun to grow pale; he seemed to be struggling against a sort of feverish pain; he had sudden silences and sudden outbursts of laughter.

When he rose from the table he was surprised to find that he staggered. He put his hand up to his head, and uttered a cry of pain.
"What is the matter with you?':

asked his mother, for the tenth time at

least.
"Nothing," said he, striving against the unknown evil of whose first approach

he was conscious.

And he appeared on the threshold of the tent so weak and livid, and smiled so despairingly, that Amaury from afar was terrified, and would have rushed forward, proclaiming the crime and trying one last effort to prevent its accomplishment.

But suddenly Karl tore the crown from his head, and uttered a terri-

ble cry, and was seized with a fit of madness, and fell into convulsions.

They hastened to lift him. They called for physicians. One of them had with him the antidote which had saved the life of Karl's father.

They might call him back to life, to

reason, perhaps-

But in less than a few hours, his magnificent hair had fallen off; the heroic look in his eyes had faded; the hopes that had rested on him had

He might have been Karl the Great! He was only Charles the Bald.

(To be continued.)



FOR ENGLAND, HOME, AND BEAUTY:

A TALE OF THE NAVY NINETY YEARS AGO.

BY GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Wild Adventures Round the Pole," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE HERMIONE: A STORY IN THREE ACTS.

THE first act in the strange drama, a brief sketch of which, with its deed of derring-do, I am about to lay before my readers, was tragic in the extreme. It takes us back to a day in September, 1797, the year of the nutriny at Spithead and the Nore. But the tragedy occurred not anywhere near home, but out in the West Indies, and on board the good ship Hermione, a frigate of thirty-two guns. She was a good ship, and alas! a very unhappy one, for her commander, Captain P—— (I do not like to see the name in print, so give you an initial), was a capital sailor, but one of those terrible disciplinarians of which the service was soon after in a great measure cleared. I say "in a great measure" advisedly; for although my own carly days in her Majesty's service date only back to 1863, the year of my first drawing a lancet in my country's cause, I have been shipmate with tartars who never appeared to be happy except when witnessing that most cowardly of all punishments, a flogging match.

Such men as these only dare to put their horns out when on a foreign station, as everything they do at home, at all events, must be entered in the

One wonders, when reading the "Sketches of the Life of Admiral Hobart Pasha," how men like his cousin could have been tolerated in this central position was partial Navy Let this good tury in our British Navy. Let this good old sailor, now gone from amongst us, speak for himself. He was going, be it premised, on his first cruise, a poor little mite of a middy, and this bold cousin and captain of his had not come off. Presently the boat came alongside. "I shall never forget," says Hobart Pasha, "his first words. He was a bandsome young man, with first first force."

handsome young man, with firm features, darkened, however, by a deep scowl. As he stepped over the side he greeted us by saving to the first lieu greeted us by saying to the first lieutenant, in a loud voice,

"'Put all my boat's crew in irons for neglect of duty.'

"It seems that one of them had kept

him waiting for a couple of minutes when he came down to embark. After

giving this order our captain honoured the officers, who received him with a haughty bow, read aloud his commis-sion, and retired to his cabin, having ordered the anchor to be weighed in two hours. Accordingly, at eight o'clock, we stood out to sea, the weather being fine and the wind favourable. At eleven all hands were called to attend the punishment of the captain's boat's crew. I cannot describe the horror with which I witnessed six fine sailor-looking fellows torn by the frightful cat for having kept this officer waiting a few minutes

on the pier."
Was it any wonder that, after a threeyears' cruise of misery, the boy Hobart, coming on shore, and being offered a seat in his cousin's carriage for London, was filled with horror and disgust at the very sight of him, and replied, in-

dignantly,
"I would rather crawl all the way home on my hands and knees, than sit

in your carriage beside you!

But to return to the Hermione. men had borne with the tyranny of the captain all but uncomplainingly until that fatal 21st of September, when he had caused the violent death of two as good seamen as ever reefed topsail or took a hand at the wheel; and not content with this, hurled words of insult and scoffing at his crew over the dead bodies of their messmates.

So the day wore away, the corpses of the unfortunate men were ignominiously east to the sharks, which abound in those waym cook and calden fail to in those warm seas, and seldom fail to

follow in the wake of ships.

This act of murderous cruelty brought matters to a terrible crisis, such as I almost shudder to write about. Let us pass over this first act of the drama as quickly as we can. Suffice it to say that next morning the men, few of whom had slept the night before, so fearfully had their passions been in-flamed, commenced kicking the shot about the decks in order to draw the interference of the first lieutenant, who was on watch. This was not long in coming. The lieutenant rushed forcoming. ward and was the first to fall.

The body was at once thrown into the sea, and the mutineers, rushing aft, attacked Captain P—— next. He was speedily overcome and thrown overboard alive.

With the death of eight officers more,

the curtain drops.

The mutineers hardly knew what to do with the Hermione now they had her. Some proposed they should turn pirates, but the risk was too great, and as all wished—and no wonder—to get well out of her, a motion was put and carried that they should take the vessel to Le Guayra, a town on the mainland belonging to the Spaniards.

The Spanish authorities were not too particular, and although in so flagrant a case they felt compelled to hold a kind of court of inquiry, they appeared satisfied with their inquiries after the officers of the unhappy Hermione, on being informed that they had been sent afloat in one of the boats, and had, no doubt, either made the shore or been picked up at sea. And so, with the cool appropriation by the Spanish authorities of our frigate Hermione and the manning of her by Spaniards, the curtain falls on act the second.

Two years elapsed betwixt this act and the third and final one, which redounds to the glory of British pride

and British pluck.

"It is like the insolence and cheek of those sloppy Spaniels to stick to our Hermione. Under the terrible circum-stances, had they been possessed of the slightest degree of honesty, they would have handed over not only the vessel but her red-fisted crew to be dealt with

by us."
This was a sentence which, during these two years, had often and often been heard in man-o'-war wardrooms.

"We'll have her again," was the almost invariable answer of some one or another in the mess, but the oppor-tunity did not occur to have her, so our fellows had to be content to growl and

As I have already stated, when Peniston Fairfax left England on board the Slasher, he, with several others, occupied the not very enviable position

of supernumerary.

He was a passenger, and had no watch to keep and nothing to do but enjoy himself, but this did not suit so active-minded a young officer as Fairfax, and he was not sorry when Port Royal was reached, and he was turned over to Sir Hyde Parker's flag-ship, for this gallant officer was at this time commander at this important station.

One of the smartest crafts in the West Indies at this time was the old Surprise, a vessel captured from the French about three years before, and now commanded by Captain Hamilton, one of the most dashing officers in the service, a man of cool courage and skill

as well as bravery.

The Surprise was a smart frigate, but not a very large one. However, having heard that the long lost Hermione meant sailing at last from the harbour where she lay, bound for the Havan-nahs, Sir Hyde determined to send Hamilton to watch for and capture her

if possible.

Much to his joy our bold young
Peniston was lent for a time to the
Surprise. Not that he had the slightest notion at this period what special ser-

vice the frigate was sent on.

Nor had Captain Hamilton himself, but once fairly at sea he opened and read his sealed letter of instructions. These were to the effect that he must forthwith make for the promontory of Bella-Villa, on the Spanish Main, and, cruising around there, do his best to waylay and take possession of the Hermione.

Two minutes after reading his instructions the officers heard about them, and in five minutes more a rattling cheer from forward told that the men also had learned them all by heart.

There is nothing your true-blue British tar hates more than inactivity. Give him something to do, or something to look forward to, and he is happy. Lay him on the shelf and he mopes, or, like any other bit of good steel, gets damp and rusty.

Now Captain Hamilton was a sailor every inch of him, and as he already had proposed the propriety of cutting the Hermione out from under the very noses of the Dons-in other words, from under the guns of the Spanish batteries -he did not quite like the notion of having to dodge about till she was pleased to come forth.

However, an officer's first duty is obedience, so Hamilton obeyed orders.

Meanwhile news had spread as far as Puerto Cabello—brought there by fishing vessels—that the Surprise was on watch, and so the Spaniards, wily and discreet, like an oft-hunted fox, kept quiet. Hamilton began to chafe and his officers to fume, as day after day and week after weak flew by and still no Hermione came in sight.

The purser brought the crisis about by reporting one morning that the stores would hardly last another week.

Dining with his officers one night, a day or two after, the subject next to the hearts of all was naturally brought up with the desert.

One of the officers of the Surprise was quite as gifted with the powers of eloquence as with quickness of the eye and nimbleness of arm and wrist. On this particular evening, speaking to Peniston, but really at Captain Hamilton, he gave a most graphic but eerisome account of that dark day's work on board the Hermione, two years before, and inflamed the minds of all his hearers with anger, at the cowardly insolence of the Dons in retaining this vessel.

The captain fidgeted uneasily in his chair, he lifted his glass as if several times to drink and put it down untouched, then he seized a handful of walnuts, and they were heard to crack like a burning ship as he crushed them between his iron fingers, finally he kicked away his chair, took three or four turns up and down the mess-room, and sat down again.

The officer whose eloquence had so fired him touched Peniston under the table, and there was silence all round it.

Hamilton spoke and proposed a plan. His officers joyfully acquiesced in it.
"Let us tell the men," said the cap-

tain.

Now the pluck and daring of the adventure will be better understood when it is remembered that all told the

two hundred. The hands lay aft.
"Men," said Captain Hamilton, "I
have sent for you to ask your assistance in a little adventure we have planned for the especial delectation of our friends the Spaniards in yonder,* in possession of our British ship, the Hermione, to which they have no more right than they have to the Tower of London. Well, here is our position. Our stores are nearly run out; they will not last another week, though if we were certain of the Hermione coming forth in a month, we'd make them last till we dined on board her. We must accordingly make up our minds to cut her out, or go back and report ourselves to Sir Hyde Parker, with our fingers in our mouths.

'I must tell you, men, that to attempt to cut this ship out is an undertaking of no ordinary daring. The Hermione lies moored, head and stern, between two batteries that mount between them over a hundred guns, and there are other Spanish vessels ready to support her at the very first tap of the drum. One thing is in our favour, her sails are bent—she is ready for sea. The Dons are afraid to shake those sails out. Shall we cut their cables for them? Shall we set the sails, or shall we leave the enterprise to some luckier ship?

(A hoarse roar of "No, sir! No! no!

"All right, men, I can see you are willing to follow me, for I myself will lead. Side by side have we fought on many a warmly-contested deck; even now we have beaten the French, and shall we fear to tackle the Dons?

(Again the cry of "No! no! never!")
"Finally," said Captain Hamilton,
"as there is no time like the present. I propose we cut her out to-night; and now, men!—now!"

Six boats were accordingly at once told off for this daring service, and for a time all was stir and bustle, but

orderly stir and bustle, on board they good Surprise.

Their password was "Britannia," the countersign "Britannica." There was a charm in the very words that spoke of

victory to come.

The start was made at last, an officer for each boat, among them being Lieutenants Wilson, Hamilton, and Fairfax. not forgetting young McMullen, the ship's surgeon, who had charge of the gig, with sixteen men.

The boats were divided into two lines,

and over and over again the captain, before starting, reiterated his instructions and commands, until every boat knew her own particular duty, and every man knew what he personally

had to do.

The following is the battle-plan, and.

their duties :-

FIRST DIVISION.

I.—The Pinnace, Captain Hamilton. himself, a middy, a gunner, and sixteen. men, to board on starboard gangway.

II.—The Launch, Wilson, a mid., and twenty-four men, to board on the star-board bow, but four men to cut the

III.—The Jolly Boat, Fairfax, eight. men, and a carpenter's crew, to board on. the starboard quarter, cut the after-cable, and set the mizzen topsail.

SECOND DIVISION.

1.-The Gig, Dr. Mc Mullen and hismen aforesaid, to board on the port bow, and send men aloft to set the fore.

II.—First Cutter, Lieutenant Hamilton and sixteen men, to board in port

gangway.

III.—Second Cutter, a boatswain, samenumber of men, to board on the port. quarter.

Those in the boats were divided intoboarders and crew, the former only to attack, the latter to remain in the boats. make fast to the ship, and tow as soon. as the cables were cut.

But it was to be distinctly understood. that in case of the enemy being much on the alert, crews were to attack with the boarders. They were to fight in the direction of the Hermione's quarter-

deck.

These instructions were all simple enough, and had they been carried out precisely in the manner given, thevictory would have been an easy one.

At a given signal, all being ready,, down went the oars, and the pinnace leading, the whole started in splendid: order.

There was not a sound to be heard now except the rush of water and the steady rhythmical hurtle of the oars in the rowlocks.

Straight as arrows went the boats for the Hermione, dimly descried in the starlight, beneath those vengeful loom-

Would they or would they not gain their coveted destination without being perceived? That was the question. All hopes of doing so were dispelled when still nearly a mile from the Hermione, for gunboats discovered their presence, and commenced to fire.

"Onwards! Onwards!" shouted

brave Captain Hamilton.

^{*} The Surprise had a few days before this taken up a position much nearer to the Spanish harbour.

A ringing cheer was the reply, and never perhaps before was a pinnace rushed over the waves more swiftly.

Well would it have been had all the other boats followed the example thus set by the captain, but the firing confused them. They paused to re-

Meanwhile the Hermione was thoroughly aroused, and was soon ablaze with light, the drum being heard calling

the men to quarters.

On and on dashed the pinnace; but as she crossed the bows she was caught foul of some ropes and held immovable

for a time.

Nothing daunted, the captain called to the men to board where they were. They needed no second bidding, but sprang up at once and commenced fighting—against fearful odds—their way towards the quarter-deck.

In cutting a ship out in a fashion so daring as this, the first to board have perhaps the greatest honour, but they run the greatest risk, and on this memorable occasion the captain found the truth of this, and nearly paid the penalty with his life, for as he stood alone on the Hermione's quarter-deck, he was felled by a Spaniard with the butt-end

of a musket, and but for timely assistance would have been dispatched on the The surgeon's boat was the next to board, and with the marines from the first cutter, after a long and ficrce encounter, succeeded in making their way to the quarter-deck and relieving Captain Hamilton, who, with five of his crew, was gallantly defending it against the swarming Dons.

Peniston's and young Hamilton's men succeeded with the greatest difficulty, and after repeated failures, in gaining the Hermione's deck, but having done so, aided by the marines, they speedily swept the decks, and in a few minutes

more the battle was won.

Meanwhile sails were set and the cables were cut, and though with wounded and bleeding men at the wheel, the cheer of victory that arose from the recaptured Hermione, as she began to move and stood steadily out to sea, was something which to hear but once was to remember ever after.

But danger was not yet over, for the batteries now began to roar, and to pour an iron shower upon and around

the Hermione.

She went bravely on her way, how-ever, and with tattered sails and shot

holes in her sides, soon succeeded in getting fairly clear.

Despite the daringness of this deed of valour, and the terrible odds our fellows had to contend against, it is little short of marvellous that we had no one slain, and only about fifteen wounded, while the Dons lost over one hundred killed and quite as many wounded

The story of the Hermione and Surprise is one that may have been told a hundred and fifty times, though this is probably the first time our Peniston Fairfax has figured in it. It is a story that will bear telling one hundred and fifty thousand times again, as many times, indeed, as there are boys who have never heard it before. It is a tale that thrills the heart and brings back before us a picture of the stirring days when Britannia ruled the ocean.

Are those days gone by? No, I say, and I point with pride, as I say so, to the heroism of our blue-jackets on the Nile three years ago. No! I repeat, and every hill in our native land, and every rock and cave around our native shores, re-echoes back the "No!"

(To be continued.)

GREAT RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

II. --WELWYN.

A BERGELE was the most terrible accident we have had in which fire played the chief part; a less fatal but much stranger affair happened at Welwyn in 1866. It seems, indeed, almost incredible that three trains should crash into each other in a tunnel and catch fire, and that the tunnel should be left for hours a huge furnace, with flames vomiting from its mouths, and leaping up through fifty feet of rock, to pour from the air-shaft in such volume as to redden the sky. And yet such was the

case.
Welwyn is a pleasant Hertfordshire village, known in literary history as the place where Dr. Young wrote the "Night Thoughts" which have so many admirers. The railway is the Great Northern, which passes it on its way from Hatfield to Stevenage, leaving it about a mile to the left. There is first a tunnel, a quarter of a mile long, known as the South Welwyn, then a deep cutting a quarter of a mile long, then a tunnel three-quarters of a mile long, known as the North Welwyn. The country round is all chalk, but just on the top of these two tunnels come the spurs of one of those outliers of tertiary beds which are characteristic of the district, and prove the former existence over it of the newer rocks. The capping is, however, now very thin, and the fifty feet from the crown of the arch to the top of the shaft of the North Welwyn rises almost entirely through chalk.

A few minutes after the midnight of Saturday, the 9th of June, 1866, there ran into the south end of this tunnel a train of into the south end of this tunnel a train of thirty-eight empty coal-waggons, on its way to Hitchin. With the train were the enginedriver and fireman, and a guard named Wray, who had in his brake, unknown to the others, a friend named Rawlins, to whom he was secretly giving a "lift" on the road to the north. The friend was in the brake against all rules, and dearly did he and the guard pay for their little con-

All went well with the "empty" until it reached the middle of the North Tunnel, just under the air-shaft, when one of the tubes from the boiler burst, and so weakened the power of the engine that it could not draw the load. The driver, Sizer, sent back the fireman, Kemp, to explain to Wray the reason of the stoppage, and tell him to go back to the south end of the tunnel and give the alarm. This, however, the guard refused to do. On the contrary, he suggested, as they were on an incline—or "bank," as it is technically called—that the train should be backed down the slope out of the tunnel. To go back on the wrong line is, however, against all rules of railway management, and the driver refused to do anything of the sort. His plan was to uncouple the engine, which was powerful enough to run by itself, and, leaving the trncks, make all haste on to Stevenage for assistance.

It so happened that the signalman at the south end of the tunnel had advised the man at the north end of the passage of the train, and, after allowing the usual interval, had telegraphed to know if the train had passed out, as another one was due. The signalman at the north end wired back that the train had not passed out, but the south man read the "No" as "Yes," and shifted the signals to "All clear."

The down Midland goods train, of twentysix heavily-loaded trucks, came along as he did so, and the driver saw the signals change and the driver saw the signals change from red to white, to give him a clear road. He dashed on into the tunnel. Kemp, the Northern fireman, had just uncoupled the crippled engine, when the Midland bumped into the guard's brake and sent the empty trucks flying off the line. Wray and the stowaway were simply smashed. The engine was capsized, and the trucks were thrown over on to the up line and piled up. thrown over on to the up line and piled up

in heaps against the crown of the arch. In heaps against the crown of the aren. Strange to say, the driver and fireman were not killed; they escaped with a severe shaking. Indeed, as if to point a moral, the only lives lost in the whole affair were those of the disobedient guard and his friend.

No sooner had Sizer and Kemp felt the No sooner had Sizer and Kemp telt the bump of the collision in the rear of their long train, than an up train roared past them. This was the Scotch meat train on its way to London. In a moment there was an awful crash, as the engine dug deep into the wreckage of the other trains and added to it its way. Again were the deep into the wreckage of the other trains and added to it its own. Again were the driver and fireman thrown off unhurt. But this time the fire from the engine ignited the oil flowing from the barrels with which the Midland had Leen loaded, and the flames broke out. The Midland driver and fireman ran to the south end of the tunnel; the Northern driver went off on the damaged engine to Stevenage, and the Scotch driver and fireman retreated in the same direction from the suffication. in the same direction from the suffocating smoke and heat. Six-and-thirty carriages were on fire. The tunnel became a furnace. The flames mounted the air-shaft, and passed forth with a roar like that of a cataract, and from the tunnel ends came flashes amid the smoke that began to roll flashes aimid the smoke that began to for forth. Help came, but nothing could be done. The heat was intense. The ex-plosions of the cases and barrels were appalling. The fire was left to work its

Meanwhile navvies were being collected Meanwhile navvies were being conected from all parts to clear the line, and four hundred and fifty stood ready to begin as soon as the fire permitted. Then the Marquis of Salisbury sent on his fire-engine from Hatfield, and this was run into the from? Amid deafening whistling and screaming, engines came backing in with their tenders full, from which the fire-pumps

were fed. As one tender was emptied it was run out to make room for another, and from tender to tender the pipe was passed, while the navvies, in gangs of fourteen, took turns at the pumps. Slowly the fire was quenched. At the bottom of the air-shaft it burst out again, and again more tenders were backed in, and the hose played upon the obstinate embers. Then the tenders were taken out, and the 12-ton accident derricks backed in from each end, and round the wreckage were bound huge chains and tackling, and bit by bit, sometimes in small masses, sometimes in large, the heap was dragged down. Often two engines would come puffing out of the tunnel dragging behind them a huge catch of improved week and charged was described. of ironwork and charred wood. would the cumbrous fishing-rod be backed

in and the line be cast, and, on Cleopatra principles, fitted with a fish, and out it would come trailing a shapeless bundle of springs and bolts, and nuts and rails, and telegraph wire and wheels, and screws and crowbars, and coke, coal, baked meat, wheat, and flour, all jumbled up together. It was more like clearing a choked sewer than a railway. What could be unhitched or unscrewed was unhitched or unscrewed. What had to be broken up was broken up. What could not be got apart was dragged out wholesale, scraping against the sides and crown of the tunnel, and tearing up the ballast of the way. The three trains had choked the tunnel for a hundred yards and more, and as two of them were heavily loaded with goods, the wreckage formed in places almost a solid plug.

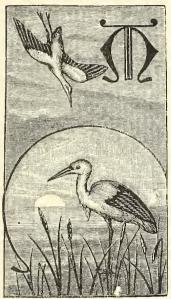
The flames broke forth from the shaft in The flames broke forth from the shaft in Harmer Green Wood, before half-past twelve on Sunday morning, and the county police thought they had discovered a volcano. The discovery was soon noised about, and from all quarters of the thinly populated district the people were attracted to the light. As the day broke and the fire sank the crowds sought the tunnel ends, and at the Stevenger and Walaway mentles. and at the Stevenage and Welwyn mouths and at the Stevenage and Welwyn mouths stood watching the cranes coming forth with the hauls which the navvies, with crowbar and pickaxe, had prepared for them. Yard by yard the wreekage was cleared away, and over the ruined engines the gangs from each end met. Then the tough job of taking away the engines piecemeal began, and with the coming of the Sunday night the line was clear.

THE SCHOOL RHYMESTER:

ANOTHER IMPOSSIBLE STORY.

By Allison G. O. Pain,

Author of "Fantasio, the Strange Schoolboy," etc. But there was another fact about the



youth even more surprising than his fond-ness for verse. Not only would he never read anything but rhyme, but he never spoke anything but rhyme, and never had from his earliest years. His relations at home grew accustomed to hearing him say at breakfast, "Pass me an egg, I humbly beg," or "A piece of toast would please me most;" but when he was sent to the Hard-enfast Grammar School at the age of twelve this peculiarity naturally attracted great attention. Dr. Stokes, the head master, was an eminent mathematician, solemn and severe, like most mathematicians. Men who have much to do with cubes, and cosines, and calculuses (or calculi?), and other such monstrosities, may no doubt be very happy inwardly, but the frightful nature of their studies prevents them as a rule from wearing a smiling face. Dr. Stokes looked at the boy as if he were a little live x that he meant to work out, and inquired,
"What is your name!"

" My name, good sir, is Horace Spencer, My age twelve years, height four feet ten, sir,"

replied the youth.

"I don't want to know your age, nor yet your height," said the doctor, severely.

"Don't volunteer information that isn't asked for. Have you learned any Euclid?"

" Last year in that charming book, Lessons for six weeks I took.

Dr. Stokes was puzzled. It was not eustomary for his pupils to address him in rhyne, but he supposed it must have been an undesigned coincidence, and proceeded,

"Repeat the first three definitions."

The answer came thus:

" A point is that which, bare and nude, Has neither parts nor magnitude.

A line has length, or great or small, But breadth it never has at all.

Th' extremities of a line are such, They're only points-which isn't much."

"Strange!" thought Dr. Stokes; "he must have been a pupil of one of those eccentric teachers who put all their rules into rhyme." (Then aloud.) "Define a into rhyme."

The popular definition of a circle at Hardenfast ran somewhat as follows: "A circle is a figure contained by one straight line, which is called the circumference, and ime, when is called the circumference, and is such that all lines drawn without any point are together equal to the centre." I believe this definition is not technically correct. At all events Spencer's version was very different.

"A circle is a figure plane Which a circumference doth contain; Straight lines to the circumference drawn, From one fixed point within the figure, Are equals all and equal born, None less than other and none bigger, And this one point and this alone Is by the name of centre known.'

"Repeat the first proposition. Take the chalk and draw your own figure."

Spencer proceeded thus:

"Let A B be the given straight line, To draw thereon is our design A figure such as people call Triangle equilateral.'

Then when he came to the construction the metre naturally became more lively.

" From the centre A, at the distance A B, Describe me a circle, by name B C D. From the centre B, at the distance B A, The circle A C E we next will essay. From c, that's a point where the orbs intersect The straight lines c A and c B must project

To the points A and B, Then you'll find A B C A triangle with all its sides equal—all three. Because A at the centre of B C D lies, A C and A B must be both the same size. Because B is a centre-our friend A C E's B C and B A are as like as two peas. Therefore A C and B C, it's easy to show, Will both equal A B, and it's worth while to know

Things which equal the same thing must equal each other,

Therefore A C and B C are brother and brother. So I've shown this triangle A B C of mine Is indeed of equilateral design, And it's drawn on A B, that's the given straight

line. My remarks are complete, and no more I'll extend 'em.

But briefly observe, quod erat faciendum."

(To be continued.)

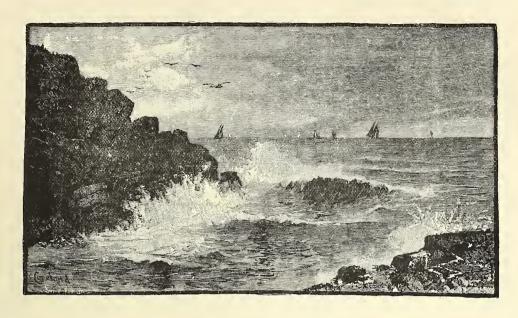


y hero was once a schoolboy who was Y hero was once a schoolboy who was fond of poetry! (I have told you that this is an impossible story.) No thrilling tales of sanguinary smugglers or bold bandits had any charm for him; he would read nothing that was not written in rhyme. As for blank verse he would have none of it. He was not at all particular as to the quality. If he could not get Tennyson and Browning he was quite content to read the Browning he was quite content to read the poetical advertisements in the local papers and learn them by heart. Often on a half-holiday he might be heard declaiming some such lines as the following:

> " I've wandered heart-sick and alone. I've sought in vain for rest, But always felt constrained to own Smith's goods are much the best.

Of all the tailors 'neath the sun. Say, who so skilled as he, To build a coat for £1 1s., A suit for £2 3s.

And when your clothes you find with grief, Have lost their gloss so grand, Smith gladly comes to your relief, And buys them second-hand."

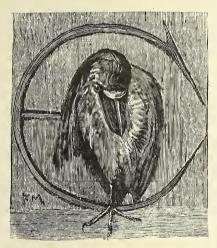


THE LAST OF THE GREAT AUKS.

BY ASHMORE RUSSAN,

Author of "Sunshine and Shadow," etc.

CHAPTER I.



OME, Frank, just listen to this!"
"Well?"

"'At a recent sale of bric-à-brac and curios, an egg of the great auk (Alca impennis) realised one hundred and

"It's an awful sum, Charlie; but what of it? Are you the happy possessor of half a dozen?"

"No; wish I were. Had I one it wouldn't long remain mine."

"I expect not. One hundred and twenty golden coins, bearing the image and superscription of her most gracious Majesty, would possess a superior attraction."

"You are right. But do you really think the kind is autiout?"

think the bird is extinct?

"Extinct as the dodo. It's twenty years since one was scen."
"What would be the value of a great

auk alive?"

"Don't know; but if the bird were valued on the same scale as the egg, about four thousand pounds. You can

buy a barndoor fowl for half-a-crown, and a stale egg for a penny; so the fowl is worth just thirty times the value of the egg. Thirty times one hundred and twenty guineas are three thousand seven hundred and eighty pounds—the

minimum value of a live greak auk."
"In fact, a small fortune. Th thousand seven hundred and eighty pounds would be exceedingly useful. I could clear off that mortgage, and do a lot of things besides."

"No doubt. A maid one day was walking clara converse a paid of the seven as a seven

walking along, carrying a pail of milk

upon her head—"
"That will do, Frank; the story is not new, and therefore uninteresting. All the same, I don't believe the great auk is extinct. It's a shy bird, and keeps out of sight. By all accounts, it can remain under water for the greater part of a year, and of course it dives directly it sees an enemy.

"I should like to see the account you speak of. I presume the author's name is Ananias! But what are you driving

"This. A great auk's egg is worth one hundred and twenty guineas, the bird itself must be worth a fabulous sum. We have just been debating the advantages of various ways to spend a month's holiday, and I propose we go auking."

"Which variety? Shall we deal in ladies' knickknacks and songs, like

Autolycus? Or do you prefer caller herrin', or sticks of rock?"

"I said auking." "I understood you. Cockneys always drop their aitches, and I allowed for

"Then perhaps you will allow your-self to drop your chaff."

"Shouldn't think of doing so. It is useless to attempt to catch old birds with chaff, and if a great auk remains on the face of the earth, it must be getting on in years.

"I don't quite see the joke, and must beg to be excused from laughing. If during the ensuing year the joke should come home to me, I will try to rememcome nome to me, I will try to remember to laugh. Seriously, though, I propose that we spend our holiday greatauk hunting."

"Hunting! There speaks your Cockney bringing-up! Fowling, sir, fowling!"

ing!"
"Well, fowling—great-auk fowling.
Sounds queer. Better call it auking, or gair-fowling. I'm not such an ass as to suppose that there are scores of auk sin in process of the suppose that there are some as form existence, and that we can make a fortune by catching and selling them. But there must be a number of eggs somewhere; and be pleased to recollect that each one is worth a hundred and twenty guineas."
"My brain is able to retain that fact.

Where do you propose to search for the eggs of the great auk—in the European museums, or the collections of private individuals?"

"In neither. I propose that we spend our holiday in Iceland or Greenland.

"Exactly; and take letters of introduction to the Esquimaux dealers in bric-à-brac."

"I shall ignore your irrelevant and exceedingly pointless remarks. Is it or is it not the fact that we don't know where to spend our holiday !"

"We admit it, m'lud."
"Very good. Now I have long had a most particular desire to look upon the land of eternal snow and ice, and there is just a possibility that we may do so at no great expense. By combining business with pleasure, we may earn our expenses."

our expenses."
"By discovering a derelict dodo, and

charging a curious public sixpence a

head to view it?

"No, sir; by becoming the happy possessors of a couple of yellowish-white, Chinese-character-printed eggs of the supposed-to-be extinct great auk, or gair-fowl, termed by learned ornith-

ologists Alca impennis."
"What a remarkable bird! Why, if we succeed in finding the egg-layer, we may sell her to the proprietor of a Chinese newspaper as a patent automatic combined compositor and printing machine. What an amount of labour would be saved if the editor only needed to dictate his article to the fowl to produce his newspaper.

Frank, you are wasted on the law. "I can quite believe that. But to the subject. You wish me to spend my holiday bird's-nesting in the region of eternal snow and ice? I object. I object most strongly."

"You are wrong in your inference.

The great auk never built a nest. I'll look up the authorities and discover the most likely place to drop across an

egg."
"Eggs are brittle. If you drop across one it will break, and then bang will

go a hundred and twenty guineas."
"I'll take the risk. See you to-morrow." And my sanguine friend took

himself away.

The above conversation, or something like it, was held early in the June of -, between Charles Ross, Esq., briefless barrister, and yours ever to command, Frank Foster, law student, at the chambers of the latter, Pump Court, the Temple.

Charlie turned up on the morrow. Indeed it had long been his custom to

turn up every day, nothing in the shape of a client ever turning up to prevent him. Upon this occasion he brought with him various works of Natural History and Ornithology—the authorities before mentioned. He coolly proposed that we should spend our holiday in the Faroe Islands, which, according to the authorities, were the most likely places to discover the supposed to be extinct great auk; or, failing the bird itself, "the part formed in the females of certain animals, which, under a shell more or less spherical, includes the young of the same species"—to wit, an egg; and he deliberately set himself to egg me on to accompany him upon this veritable wild-goose—I mean wild-auk chase. In vain were my adverse argu-I conclusively proved the imments. possibility of discovering a non-existent needle in a bottle of hay, and applied the point of it to the great auk; but although the prick—considering the non-existence of both needle and auk was a severe one, the bird did not fly from Charlie's brain. It may have been because the great auk is, or was, unable to fly; but I am inclined to think it might have swam away; the depth of water on said brain being sufficient even for a bird able to remain beneath the surface for the "greater part of a year." To cut the matter short, to restrictly greater and the surface to the surface for the greater part of a year." eventually gave way, and agreed to spend my holiday in the Faroe Islands, if it were possible to reach them.

This point settled, Charlie again consulted the authorities, who informed him that the best way to reach the Faroes was viâ Copenhagen, from whence we would be able, if wind and weather were fair, oh! to take our pas-

sages on board a Government trading vessel. The authorities further informed us that in June and July the climate is not unlike that of Ireland, with the addition of a daily fog; that they belong to Denmark, and are situated between Iceland and Shetland, two hundred miles north-west of the latter; and that there are seventeen islands which are inhabited, of which the principal are Strömö, Osterö, Sandö, Bordö, Waagö, Saderö, and Wiserö. the principal are Strömö, Osterö, Sandö, Bordö, Waagö, Saderö, and Wiserö. "Oh, my prophetic soul!" Oh, that appalling array of "o's!" Storm, ö le No oysters, ö! Sand, ö!—the only board, ö! Away you go, ö! Sadderand wiser, ö! No wonder the population is sparse!

I repented of my rash promise the instant I heard the uninviting names: but Charlie would take no denial, and ten days later we were at Copenhagen. We reached the Danish capital in the very nick—the Old Nick—of time. A trading vessel left on the following day, and we left with it. In two days we were in Thorshaven Bay, Strömö, the

chief of the Faroe Islands.

Thorshaven town astonished us. "Blessthe Duke of Argyll!" was Charlie'sfirst exclamation, as the leading feature of the place came within the range of his visual organs. That feature was a gigantic scratching-post towering above what appeared to be a green meadow hence the North British blessing. The scratching-post which provoked Charlie's exclamation was a church steeple, and the green meadow the aggregated roofs of some two hundred houses, which were covered with grass; but the exclamation was excusable.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF OUR WHALERS.

BY A MEMBER OF THE MARINE STAFF OF THE METEOROLOGICAL OFFICE.

THE whale is an aquatic mammal, but resembles a fish very closely in its external appearance. Hence it is usual to speak of the whale fishery, and to say that a vessel has caught some fish, just as, if we may compare small things with great for convenience'sake, the sun is said to move in the ecliptic, without danger of being misunderstood in either case.

The whale fishery has probably existed from a very remote period around the sea-eoasts of Europe. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries whales were captured by the Spaniards in the Bay of Biscay, and in the fourteenth century the fishery had beeome an established industry in that part. They used to capture the finner whale, which feeds on herrings and other white fish, for the food of the common whale is not met with in profusion except in the presence of ice. The Norwegians have a legend that the giants who dwelt in Finmark used to catch the whale with hook and line.

According to an Icelandic saga, written in According to an teerandic saga, written in the fourteenth century, the whale was frequently caught by the Icelanders off the eoasts of their island, and a Norwegian bard gave an interesting description of the fishery, as practised by his countrymen, to our Alfred the Great. It is a disputed point whather the Biscapage or the Norwegians our Alfred the Great. It is a the Norwegians whether the Biscayans or the Norwegians whale. When were the first to attack the whale. When whales became scarce in the Bay of Biscay, and sought the icy solitudes which environ

the North Pole, they were followed by the Basque fishermen in their crazy vessels as far to the northward as Iceland. These men were both cunning harpooners and skilful coopers, so that Baffin was glad to avail himself of their assistance in his early voyage. The earliest whalers left our shores in 1594, and one of the vessels of this fleet was the first to bring whalebone into this country. Hull was facile princeps into this country. Hull was facile princeps in the earlier annals of the Arctic whale fishery, but her glory has long since departed. The year 1611 saw our ships following their prey to the bleak and inhospitable shores of Spitzbergen, whither they were followed after a short time by the Dutch and ships of other these.

Dutch and ships of other flags.

The English merchants tried hard to obtain a monopoly, and a royal charter was granted in 1613, excluding all but British ships from the lucrative fishery. The Dutch retaliated by sending out an armed fleet, which drove all our ships ont of the Spitz-bergen harbours. The British, Dutch, and Danes respectively asserted an exclusive right to the fishing grounds on the plea that the land was first discovered by them. The Dutch in the earlier days far surpassed all competitors in this trade, and the folly of continual strife having dawned upon the nations, each agreed not to molest the ships of the other. Substantial buildings were erected on Spitzbergen for the purpose of extracting the oil from the blubber, and the

Dutch had a thriving town, which bore the: euphonious and suggestive name Smeeren-berg, where in the palmy days of the fishery two or three hundred vessels, with crews amounting in the aggregate to twelve or eighteen thousand souls, would put in torefit and get on board the oil.

From 1660 to 1670 the Dutch and Hamburgers sent ships every year to Spitz-bergen, whereas during one year of this period the British did not send a single-ship. The "Philosophical Transactions" for 1665 state that an American ship caught a whale, eighty feet long and twenty-three feet broad, near the island of Bermuda; and in 1690 the whale was first attacked in his haunts in a systematic manner. Nantucket was foremost in the van, and in the year 1770 we find their whale ships cruising off Disco Island in 70 deg. north latitude. A report was circulated in 1789 that whales had been observed in the South Indian Ocean by one of the East India. Company's ships, and straightway Nantucket equipped two of her northern whale: fleet and dispatched them to Madagascar, where many whales were captured; and in-1791 they sent several ships round Cape-Horn to try their luck in the South Pacific. These ancient ships were cach of two hundred and fifty tons register, built of wood and uncoppered, but manned by sailors possessing iron nerves and full of indemitable energy. The Globe, of Nantucket,

was the first to obtain two thousand barrels

of oil in one vovage.

The Americans were fishing off the coasts of Japan in 1820, and fifteen years later were the pioneers in the North-West Coast Fishery. The whaling industry had reached its zenith about 1832, for that country had then no less than eight hundred whalers, of which by far the greater number hailed from Nantucket. Our cousins had only five hundred and twenty whale ships in 1846, and out of these New Bedford owned three times as many as Nantucket. The latter port has been eclipsed by its more favour-ably situated rival, and now the majority of American whalers are owned in New Bedford, but the total number of ships under the stars and stripes engaged in whaling, as in other trades, has dwindled rapidly of late years.

In 1725 the South Sea Company fished in Davis Straits, but the result was so discouraging that they were compelled to cease operations. The harpooners employed by them, with the exception of a few Scotchmen, were all foreigners—natives of Holstein. Our own country, moved by a desire to participate in the rich harvests reaped by the American whalers, sent out ten ships in 1775, and next year the new venture was taken under the wing of the Government a hountry of \$100 to \$500. ment, a bounty of £100 to £500 was granted for each ship, and duties were levied on foreign whalers so as to protect native in-dustry. Truly, history has a happy knack of repeating itself, for the French at the present time are applying a similar system to their merchant shipping in order that ships sailing under the tricolour may be bnilt in la belle France, and not obtained ready made, as heretofore, from perfide Albion.

During the first few years of the Davis Strait fishery it was found necessary to appoint an American captain and harpooner each of our ships until competent British officers could be trained, just as, for similar omeers could be trained, just as, for similar reasons, Scotch engineers, than whom no better can be found, are sailing under almost every flag and every sky. We carried the whale fishery into the Pacific in 1788, thus preceding the Americans by three years. Hull, London, and several English ports formerly owned whale ships, but England has not any whalers afloat now, as the whole of our Arctic fishery is conducted from Dundee and Peterhead, while the South Sea whaling is entirely in the hands of the Australian colonists and the New Bedford people. It is a curious fact that the most reliable harpooners are always picked up among the natives of the Shetland Isles, the Azores, and the Sandwich Islands. The Shetlanders were first shipped in the old war days, when the press-gaug was an institution in this country, and the custom was continued in times of peace.

Several Nantucket whalemen settled at

Dunkirk in 1786, and fished for French firms with such success, that in 1793, instead of two, there were forty sail equipped

from that port.

Whalers may be divided into two broad elasses, according as their fishing-grounds are in the Arctic or in southern latitudes. The danger in each is almost equal, inasmuch as the greater ferocity of the sperm whale in the warmer waters of the southern whale fishery makes up for the extra risk from ice in the colder waters which delight The sperm whale dislikes cool water, whereas the right whale has a marked antipathy to warm water. The cold Arctic current bathes the shores of America, and hence the right whale is found as far south as New York, but he never crosses the warmer water of the Gulf Stream.

The whale is pursued by boats sent away from the ship, and when captured is stripped

of his blubber. It takes about four hours to flense or get the blubber off a good-sized whale. The whalebone of commerce is exwhale. The whalebone of commerce is extracted from his mouth, if a whalebone whale or the spermaceti; from the cavity in his head, if a sperm whale; and when all is taken on board the carcass is allowed to sink. A large whale sometimes gives a ton or a ton and a half of whalebone and twenty tons of oil. Ambergris is sometimes found in the intestines of the whale when he is in a had state of health, and was first accidentally discovered by Nantucket whalemen in 1724 while cutting up a sperm whale, inside of which they found twenty pounds of this substance. Ambergris is enclosed in a bag, and has an offensive smell when first taken

out.
The Baffin's Bay and Spitzbergen whalers stow the blubber, or outside covering of fat of the whale, away in tanks, where it gradually becomes putrid, and is brought home in this condition to be dealt with on home in this condition to be dealt with on shore. The South Sea men, however, have a cauldron fitted on deck, in which the blubber is deposited, as soon as convenient, after being stripped from the whale, and, a fire having been kindled under the huge copper, the oil very soon makes its appearance, when it is drawn off and run casks, which are ready fitted in the hold. Hence in the latter case, since the oil is obtained in almost as pure a state as when it reaches the consumer, we may say that this class of whaler manufactures his The refuse of the blubber from which the oil has been extracted is put into the furnace to burn, and is found to be ex-cellent fuel. The operation of obtaining The operation of obtaining the oil from blubber is technically termed "trying." We have passed a whaler in the South Pacific engaged in trying, and the reflection from her fires was rather startling. Old whalers spin a yarn concerning a man-of-war officer who became alarmed at the lurid glare from a whaler trying at at the furnt glare from a whater trying at night, and, having borne down upon her, hailed to know what they were doing. The whaling skipper answered that they were trying. "Trying what?" said the naval captain—"to set your ship on fire?"

When in Seydisfjiord, Iceland, some

time ago, we found that an American was working a whale fishery there on a new plan. He would leave the harbour in a pian. He would leave the narroun in a steamship, capture a whale in the ordinary way, and at once return to port, towing him astern. The trying apparatus was on shore, and the whale having been hauled close alongside, the blubber was cut off and wheeled in barrows to the melting-pot at once. The flesh was eaten by the Ice-landers, and some of which we partook tasted very much like veal. The Tuski, a race dwelling in the north-east corner of Asia, eat the thick skin of the whale, and the gums, in which the ends of the whalebone are seen, is considered a delicate mor-Whale ribs also form the framework of the houses of these primitive folk.

The most economical method of whalefishing is now carried on by the Norwe-gians on their coasts from June to September. Foyn, the principal Norwegian whaler, was originally a seaman, but since adopting a whaler's life he has amassed a large fortune. He fires a harpoon from a small cannon fixed in the bow of a steamer about eighty feet long, having a speed of fifteen miles an hour, and the harpoon-gun is dis-charged when about the vessel's length from the whale. Our readers have possibly seen the leeboards used by barges on the Thames. This steamer has two such, one on each side, which are spread out like wings when the whale is towing, so as to impede the progress through the water and tire him out. When the whale is dead, and not till then, a small boat is launched; two men row away in it and affix a chain to the whale's jaw, and the end is passed on board the steamer, which tows the whale When the tide has receded the dead whale is left high and dry on the beach, and is cut up by a shore gang. Nothing is wasted in this system of a master mind, for the tail is made into glue, the bones are pulverised, and the offal, with the ultimate refuse of the various operations, is made into valuable manure, which is sent into North Germany. The smell is horribly nauseating, but it has no effect on the olfactory nerves of the workmen, who would probably prefer it to the faint odour of patchouli.

A sanguine food reformer has lately brought into vogue whale cutlets and extract of whale, somewhat after the principle of similar preserves of beef, which, he asserts, are most palatable, and cheaper than other flesh foods, so there is a good time coming for the restaurant-keeper!

The whale is remarkable for extreme timidity, except when the female is in company with her young, and the degree of difficulty experienced in capturing a full-grown whale is far from being the same at all times and in all circumstances. Instances have occurred where the whale has been taken merely entangled in the line fast to the harpoon, and not fast to the harpoon itself. A whale had been killed, and the line seemed dragged away, as though another whale had it, and upon heaving up a large whale was found to have got the line in his mouth, and the tightly-clenched lips kept it firmly fixed. The fish was feeding, had sucked in the line, and, overcome with fright, had held on until he drowned. On another occasion a whale had been struck and gone down, when another whale got rolled over and over in the line to which the first was attached, and both were hove up dead at the same

Whalers are exposed to attacks from whaters are exposed to attacks from their infuriated prey when destroying them from the boats, and they are not altogether exempt even when on board the ship. The whalebone whale uses his ponderous tail as a weapon of defence, but the sperm whale avails himself of both his head and tail, and thus possesses a formidable weapon at each end of his enormous body. The sperm whale, moreover, is more easily provoked than his cold-water-loving brother. The shock caused by the tail of the whale when he makes it thrash the water into foam, after the manner of a monster flail, is sufficient of itself to overturn a boat and injure the crew by the concussion. The loss of life in the boats, however, is generally due to the whale's tail sweeping rapidly through the air and descending with terrific violence either upon the boat or the men. The boat is smashed, and the erew compelled to swim for their lives; or the blow causes instantaneous death to the unfortunate recipient. To be cast into the water in the Arctic region, where sometimes the clothes freeze stiff and the hair of one's head becomes like a helmet in a few seconds, is far from a pleasant experience with the temperature of the air thirty-five degrees below zero, or showing sixty-seven degrees of frost. The line sometimes gets round the legs or bodies of some of the boat's erew, and cases are recorded where the men have been dismembered or cut in two by this means. A boat was tossed into the air, and the harpooner came down directly on to the back of the whale, stuck the harpoon which he still held into the cetacean, and thus steadied himself, like a second Neptune, on his slippery footing!

(To be continued.)

OUR BRITISH BATS.

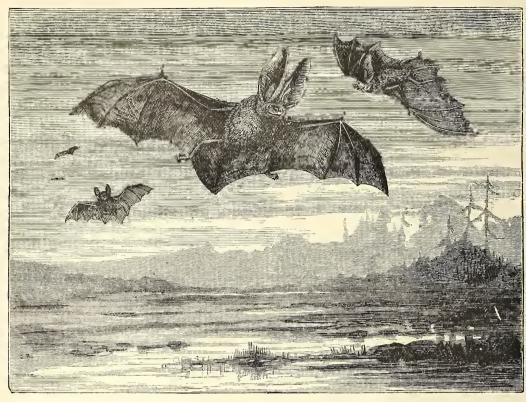
BY THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S.,

Author of "Our British Starfish," etc., etc.

A GOOD many years ago, when the science of natural history was as yet in its infancy, there was much discussion upon

only to naturalists; others are very local, occurring abundantly in one spot, and never to be seen in another. But there are very

perly to understand their habits until we know something of their structure. We should never be able to make out why a



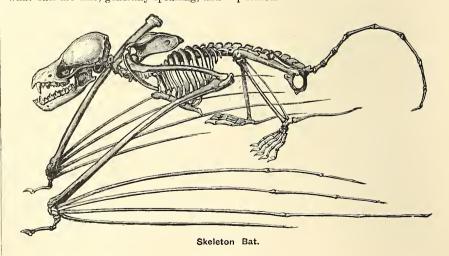
The Long-eared Bat.

the very important question, What is a Bat? And upon this matter doctors disagreed. "Can't you see that it is a bird?" said some, "for it has wings, and can fly through the air." "Can't you see that it is nothing of the kind?" said others, "for it has no feathers; and whoever heard of a bird without feathers? It must be a mammal." Then a kind of compromise was arrived at by the disputants, who agreed, to use a common expression, that it was a little of both, connecting the mammals with the birds just as the chetah connects the cats with the dogs. This friendly arrangement, however, was quickly upset, for rival theorists thought that it should be ranked with the mice—whence we have the term "flittermouse," still so commonly applied to it. And not until quite of late years was its true position in the scale of Nature discovered—namely, just after the monkeys, and just before the cats. So that the bat takes rank above the horse, above the dog; and only the monkeys separate it from man.

So far I have spoken of the bat in the singular; but in reality there are numbers of bats, spread over all the tropical and temperate world—with the sole exception of Australia and the neighbouring islands—and differing a good deal from one another in size, in appearance, and in habits. And even in our own country there are no less than nineteen different species. Some of these, of course, are very rare, and known

few country districts in which three or four species are not to be found, although at a little distance, or while in the air, they are so much alike that not many of us would be able to distinguish them from one another.

Before talking about these, however, let us devote a little of our space to seeing what bats are like, generally speaking, and railway engine rushes along if we did not acquaint ourselves with the machinery within it. And just in the same way we shall never comprehend how a bat flies unless we examine the machinery which has been given to it by Nature. And this machinery is very curious, and rather complicated.

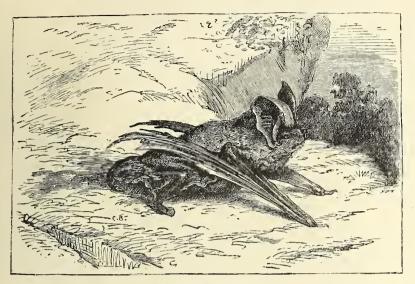


how it is that they are able to fly; for bats are really most interesting creatures in their way, while it is impossible, moreover, pro-

In the first place, of course, wings have to be provided; and the wings of a bat are very remarkable indeed. Imagine the bones

of your hand and arm drawn out like wire, those of the former more especially being so prolonged that the middle finger should exceed in length your entire body; imagine the joints stiffened so as to render all power of grasping impossible, the second bone of

incorrect. Then at last the true explana-tion was discovered, and it was found that the entire surface of the wing membrane was closely studded with exceedingly sensitive nerves, which could detect the presence of an object at some little distance. So



Barbastelle Bat Walking.

the lower arm almost entirely done away with, and the thumb converted into a long and curved claw. Then you will have a very fair idea of the skeleton of a bat's wing, the framework, so to speak, upon which it is supported. Then imagine the skin of your side greatly extended, stretched tightly upon this framework, and running from the tips of your fivers extraight down tightly upon this framework, and running from the tips of your fingers straight down to your toes, so that when you stretched your feet out and extended your arms you would be turned into a kind of living para-ehute. Then if you can also imagine a long bony spur projecting from either heel, and supporting a strong membrane which consupporting a strong membrane which eon-nected your feet with one another, while a tolerably long tail, also fastened to the membrane, passed midway between the two, you will have a very good idea of the



Head of Long-eared Bat.

principal part of the apparatus which enables a bat to fly.

But how is it to do so in the dark? That is another of the difficulties which led to so much argument among naturalists in times past. Some said, by way of explanation, that it had very good sight, and so could see when other animals could not; but this see when other animals could not; but this argument was quickly upset by others, who showed that blind bats could fly as well as those which possessed their sight. Then it was suggested that their hearing was particularly good; and then that their powers of seent were especially keen. But both these statements were shown to be equally

that, while we can feel the bough of a tree by laying our hands npon it, the bat can feel it while twelve or fourteen inches away, and without actually touching it in any way at all. Thus we can account for the marvellous manner in which bats thread their way by night through branches and leaves and twigs, and never seem to fly against any obstacle which may lie in their path. Perfectly at home as they are in the air,

the pedestrian line is to drag themselves slowly and painfully over the ground by means of the curved claw into which you will remember that the thumb is converted. And a bat walking is about as elegant and graceful a creature as would be a camel in the water, or a hippopotamus in a tree. Yet, strange to say, it can climb pretty well, although the manner in which it does so is somewhat clumsy. If it should wish to ascend a wall, for instance, it first stands almost upon its head, with should wish to ascend a wall, for instance, it first stands almost upon its head, with its feet in the air, and then, still hanging head downwards, begins to ascend hand over hand, or rather, foot over foot, the sharp little claws finding their way into every crevice, and so securing a firm foothold. And up goes the bat with perfect ease and no little rapidity.

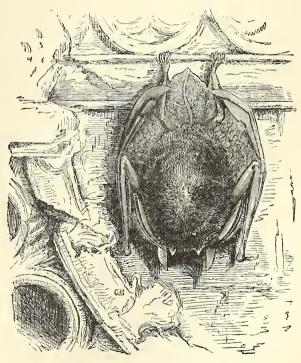
In the same singular and, one would

In the same singular and, one would think, uncomfortable attitude, the bat goes to sleep; for it always hangs itself by the feet from a beam or a branch, and so swings in the air with its head towards the swings in the air with its head towards the ground. And the reason clearly is that it may be the better able to escape if danger should menace it. If it be alarmed, for example, all that it has to do is to loose its foothold, when it falls at once into the air, and can fly away. And to do so while in any other position would be a matter of some little difficulty.

Now, having seen something of the manner in which bats are formed, let us turn to those which inhabit our own country, and

those which innabit our own country, and find what there is to learn about them.

Well, we need not describe and discuss all the nineteen, of course. We are not likely to meet with more than half of them, and some are so very much alike that it requires quite a small education to enable one to distinguish between them. But there are several which we may find almost everywhere, and which are certainly of sufficient interest to deserve a little space to themselves. And the first and most plentiful of these is the Long-eared Bat.



Long-eared Bat Sleeping.

however, not even their greatest admirer can praise them very highly for their man-ner of walking; for all that they can do in

We give his portrait; and you will at once see the reason for his name. His ears are almost large enough for a bat of ten times

his size, and when he pricks them up, as he always does when listening to any sound, they give him quite an intelligent expres sion, and really render him a very hand-some bat indeed. This is a common species almost everywhere. One sees him hawking for prey as soon as the sun has set, from early spring until late autumn, and even in mid-winter an unusually mild day will tempt him forth from his retreat for a little wholesome exercise. And the quantity of food which he will devour is really something astonishing. One Long-eared Bat which I kept in captivity for some little time was fed entirely upon the largest blue-bottles, of which I had daily to capture no less than fifty in order to satisfy his voracious appetite. But never one would be touch until the sun had gone down. He lived under a large glass case, and all day long the flies might crawl over him, and even walk upon his nose, without disturbing him in the very least degree. But as soon as dusk began to fall he awoke, and then the flies had a bad time of it. And the manner in which he caught them was very curious. He never hurried himself, and would creep up to an unsuspecting fly so slowly that he scarcely seemed to move at all; and if the fly took the alarm and flew away he never attempted to pursue it. Hew away he never attempted to pursue it. If, however, as usually happened, it permitted him to approach within an inch or so, he would suddenly spring upon it, and enclose it underneath his wings as he crouched upon the ground. Then his head would be bent down, and a loud crunching noise would follow; and then he would set off in search of another victim.

He always ate his flies much as we can

He always ate his flies much as we eat shrimps, rejecting the wings and legs, as being fasteless and indigestible morsels, and devouring the bodies whole. And a very hard business it was catching flies for him to eat. But he was a very amusing and interesting creature, and I mourned

deeply for him when one morning he was found dead in his prison.

At one time the Long-eared Bats—and perhaps some of their kindred also—were a sore trouble to me, for I was collecting moths very enthusiastically, and night after night used to set out with sugaringtin and lantern for a neighbouring wood; and night after night the attendance on the sugared trees fell far below what it ought to have been. In vain did I apply the sugar with greater liberality; in vain did I increase the allowance of rum. The moths would not come to be caught, and I really began to think that they had found out the deceitfulness of the bait, and were no longer to be lured to their destruction. At last, however, just as I approached one of the prepared trees, I saw a shadowy form sweep past me, hover for a moment in front of the patch of treacle, and then pass noiselessly into the darkness. And so the mystery was explained. The bats had found out the secret of the sugared trees, and just before I made my rounds they made theirs, so that I had all the work, and they had most of the reward. I could not drive them away, of course, for what is one to do against creatures which never show themselves for more than half a second at a time, and which appear and vanish as silently and almost as mysteriously as the majesty of buried Denmark? So I had to mutup with their thefts, and take such moths as they chose to leave me. And I am quite sure that I lost many a nice specimen at the hands, or rather the mouths, of these winged thieves.

Besides the Long-cared Bat we have the Pipistrelle, which is also a very common species, and the Barbastelle, which is a kind of bat hermit, and is hardly ever seen in numbers like many of its kith and kin. The Noctule, or Great Bat, is a rather ambitious creature, and always flies at a

much greater height than most of its relations; perhaps because it is a good deal bigger. Larger still, however, is the Greateared Bat, which is quite a little giant, if it be not contradictory to say so; and this is the biggest of all the British bats.

Most singular of all are the two Horse-

Most singular of all are the two Horseshoe Bats, whose noses are adorned by a curious leaf-like membrane, which stands boldly out above and on either side of the nostrils, and gives to the face a most extraordinary and not very pretty appearance. The exact use of this strange ornament no one has as yet been able to explain, but it scems most probable that, being studded all over, like the wing membrane, with exceedingly sensitive nerves, it assists the bat in gniding its course and avoiding the various obstacles which lie in its path.

various obstacles which lie in its path.

The Greater Horse-shoe Bat is also remarkable for its love of perfect darkness, for it is generally found in nooks and recesses so gloomy that no other bat will enter them.

Of the remaining British species we need only mention the Whiskered Bat, a queer little creature, scarcely two inches long, with not only whiskers, but a fairly long monstache as well.

monstache as well.

All these bats are very much alike in their habits. They all prey entirely upon insects, which they capture in the air; they all feed by night and sleep by day, and they all pass the winter wrapt in that deep, dreamless slumber which we call Hibernation. They are all, too, most certainly the friends of man. They are nocturnal swallows, so to speak, taking up the good work as those birds lay it down. And if we could compare the work of the two creatures, the bat and the swallow, and ascertain the number of destructive insects which each devours, it is very doubtful indeed which we should find the more useful.

GREAT MINING DISASTERS.

II,—HARTLEY.

A MOST disastrous colliery accident happened at the Hartley Pit, on the Blyth and Tyne Railway, near Newcastle, in the morning of Thursday, the 16th of January, 1862. The pit was then a hundred fathoms deep, and contained three The upper one, or High Main, was quite worked out, and was simply used as a receptacle for rubbish; the middle one was the Yard Seam; the lower one was the Low Main, in which the men were at work when the disaster occurred. There was but when the disaster occurred. There was but one shaft to the pit; but from the Low Main to the Yard Seam there ran a small "staple," containing a wire-rope ladder; and from the Yard Seam into the shaft there rose at an angle of about half a right angle a narrow "furnace drift," the open-ing of which gave the highest access to the workings. The pit was a wet one, and so close to the sea that the water that unceasingly poured in was brackish, or even salt, and to keep this water under a very powerful pumping-engine was employed. pump lifted one hundred and eighty tons of water at each stroke, and was worked at from five to six strokes per minute, doing its "duty" in two lifts, one to the upper seam, two hundred and forty feet from the surface, the other to the bank. The pump was of the old Cornish type, with a huge beam and long rods, the beam a solid iron casting weighing over forty tons. The single shaft was twelve feet in diameter, and divided into two by a brattice, one half

serving for the down-cast, the other for the up-cast. In the down-cast side the cages, each with two dccks, were worked; in the up-cast side was the purpoing apparatus

up-east side was the pumping apparatus.

Thus far the scene; now for the men. The colliery was worked in the usual eighthour shifts. The first shift had gone down at one o'clock on Thursday morning; the lads had gone down at five. At nine o'clock the "back shift" men began to relieve the others. The cages held four men on the lower deck, four on the upper; and two loads of the first shift had been safely brought to the surface, and the third was on its way up when the accident occurred. At the time there were eight men in the cage, and one hundred and ninetynine men and boys below—two hundred and seven in all—of whom only three escaped. Two hundred and four victims doomed to a terrible, lingering death! It was the working population of three pit hamlets—husbands and sons. When the hearses went round for their dismal freight, every cottage had its coffin—some had two, one had five, one had seven! Seven coffins in one cottage at a time! And yet there is no grief in this world but what there has been a greater! When the hand of death fell on the home of Joseph Bonomi, and took away all that was nearest and dearest to him, he had thirteen corpses together in his house!

The cage with the eight men was close to the bank, when suddenly the beam of the pumping-engine broke in the middle, and the mass of twenty tons of iron dropped down the shaft. It crashed on to the brattice and smashed it away, it tore off the woodwork all round, dug into the sides and gouged them down, stripping them into ruins, and, what was worse than all, instead of falling to the bottom, lodged with the wreckage it caused just at the entrance of the furnace-drift, thus shutting off all egress from the mine. The ascending cage was knocked into splinters and hurled on to the broken brattice; four of the men were thrown off, the heavy broken beam being heavier than they and falling from a greater height, dropped faster than they did, so that they fell upon it and the shattered woodwork that plugged the shaft. Above the four left in the hanging cage was a network of timber; below them for a few seconds was the sound of a falling weight, and then all was dark and silent except for the drip of the water. For a time they remained motionless, not daring to move; then, when they found the ruins of the eage were firmly fixed, it was decided to send one of them down to the furnace-drift so as to communicate with those below. There was a rope in the cage, and down this, hand under hand, went the strongest of them, a hewer named Watson. As Watson neared the stoppage he heard the moans of his injured companions. With them he prayed till they died. To get below was impossible, and among the dead he remained with the

water falling from the ruined wall. After a long, long wait, those above him heard the men at work overhead clearing a way down. Often stones and timbers way down. Often stones and timbers dropped past them and fell round him, but none struck him. The Hartley miners were known as religious men, nearly all were Primitive Methodists, and constant chapel-goers; and in that dark shaft, with the danger thundering on all sides, they found their solace in prayer. The men working to the rescue supposed that the beam had carried the cage with it to the bottom of the mine, and knew nothing of the peril in which their efforts placed these four three in the cage was a few to the four—three in the cage, one a few fathoms An attempt was made to climb up by the pumps, but they were broken, and in the cage and on the ruins the four men had to remain. At last daylight was let down to them, and they were discovered, and then came another horrible experience. A rope was dropped to the cage, and in the sling one of the men placed himself. As he was hauled aloft he slipped from the rope, dropped past his companions, and fell crushed to death by Watson's side. Another effort was made, the two left on the cage effort was made, the two left on the cage were safely pulled up, and then at last Watson was rescued. As he went slowly aloft the water nearly drowned him, and several stones dislodged by it narrowly missed his head. Once he had to swing himself acide to avoid a fall that grazed his himself aside to avoid a fall that grazed his shoulder.

The working party then cleared the shaft down to the obstruction, and found the corpses of his companions, and then to their horror saw that before they could help the men below the wreckage round the beam men below the wreckage round the beam would have to be cut through. Hopefully they set to work, but the task was more difficult than they imagined. Hour after hour went by, day after day went by; the men clustered thick as they dared on the ruin and tore it up, but still they could not get through to the furnace-drift. As they dug and cleared they actually, as it proved, did harm; for as the men had fallen air did harm; for, as the men had fallen air spaces were left between, and as they worked these from the falling rubbish got choked and shnt out all air from those below. As they worked they could hear their imprisoned comrades digging into the mass below; and, spurred thus to their attmost, they worked almost furiously. But their labour was in vain. Day and night, day and night, there was no rest, but the sound of the "yowling" beneath grew fainter and fainter, and at last ceased. For all were dead.

The water poured in torrents down the shaft at the rate of fifteen hundred gallons a minute, and the men knew it must long since have drowned out the Low Main; but the staple giving access to the Yard Seam was known to all, and up the wire Seam was known to all, and up the ladder it was expected that all had escaped. But the gas in the mine had to be reckoned with, and that was a foe even more formidable. The working gang saw the "stythe," as the gas is locally called, rising through the wreckage like blue smoke, and much did it interfere with them. As the rubbish was cleared, a new bratticing was arranged so as to ventilate,

and this delayed the advance materially.

It was not till the Wednesday that the way was open for volunteers to descend, and then into the bad air three went down. They came back appalled, and almost insensible. Then a viewer went down; then another; both were brought back insensible. There was not a living soul below. All had died, choked by the carbonic acid gas.

In the Yard Seam the body of a man was

found sitting sleeping on the coal as if resting from his day's work. Behind him, on the gallery, were the men and boys

seated in rows and all in the sleep of death. Next to the wall was a row of men; next to them, resting on their knees, another row; in front of them, resting against their knees, another row—three rows of corpses, all quiet and placid, waiting for the rescue that was to come too late. Boys sat with their arms on their fathers' shoulder, brothers with their arms round each other. Beyond the sleepers was a man propping open a door as if he had resisted the poison longer than the rest. In some of the pockets corn was found, evidently shared from the bin in the stables; at their feet were many flasks and candle-boxes, some were many flasks and candle-boxes, some with messages scratched on them. On one was "Mercy, O God," on another, "My dear Sarah, I leave you—" pathetic all, but none so pathetic as that at Heaton—"If Johnny is alive tell him to be a good boy to his God and his mother!" One record there was of which this is a few record there was of which this is a fac-

halfplast one Edward and other took entreuny Ula wealor her Tolan Prayer meeting an au Quarter to two When Lelle Henry Tharp of Earny lele Henry & throw William Palmer of Webs exharls to us your IJ I hant also.

Within fifty yards of the shaft nearly all the bodies were found; a few were in the furnace-drift, and these were those of the leaders in the attempts to escape. "When leaders in the attempts to escape. "When we get to them we shall find Amos at his post," said the working party. And, true enough, closest to the surface lay the overman. He had died at his work. With axes and adzes he had tried to cut into the obstruction that choked the shaft, but the beam was in his way. Next to him lay Tennant, one of the deputies, who also had the reputation of being one of the finest fellows in the mine.

fellows in the mine.

A strange fate was Tennant's. From youth to manhood he had worked in the pit, and then ke had a narrow escape of his life. One day he slipped on the bank, and fell headlong down the shaft. Luckily, he fell into the deep pool of water at the bottom, and escaped unhart. Treating this fall as a warning, he left the pit, and went to Australia to dig for gold. But there was an attractive influence he could not resist. an attractive influence he could not resist, and the left searching after nuggets to return and work for coal. To Hartley he came; and there, respected and honoured by all, he died at his duty. Side by side lay the two men who were the pride of the mine, foremost in the work of self-help, slain at the gate of deliverance.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(TENTH SERIES.)

VI.—Literary Competition.

T will be seen by reference to page 42 that we thus appearance to page 42 that we thus announced this subject:-

"We offer THREE PRIZES of One Guinea each "We offer THREE PRIZES of One Guinea each for the best set of verses descriptive of or founded on the drawing, 'A Night Attack,' by H. J. Walker, printed on page 37. The style and metre are left entirely to the choice of competitors, but no contribution should exceed in length, say, a column of the B. O. P. This can readily be ascertained by counting the lines. Competitors will be divided into three classes, and one Prize will go to each class—Senior Division, all ages from 18 to 24; Middle Division, all ages from 14 to 18; Junior, all ages up to 14."

After the most careful examination of the large number of MSS. sent in, we are now able to publish our Award, as follows :-

> SENIOR DIVISION (ages 18 to 24). Prize-One Guinea.

A. E. Bell (aged 21), 20, Dublin Street, Edinburgh. CERTIFICATES.

[The names are arranged in order of merit.]

ROBERT LOVE, 50, Fitzroy Avenue, Belfast.

MAXIMILIAN ZUELCHAUR KUTTNER, 36, Downs Park Road, Dalston, E.

Percy Gaster, All Saints Vicarage, Rye Lane, Peck-

ERNEST DUKOFF GORDON, 19, Elgin Road, Allaha-bad, N.W. Provinces, India.

JAMES BAMFORD, Shorelea, Oldham.

HENRIETTA GEORGINA DILLON, Heathfield Towers, Youghal, co. Cork, Ireland.

OWEN DAVID THOMAS, Gilivern Factory, near Aber-JAMES HENDRICK, 44, England Lane, South Hamp-

JOHN JOSEPH CULLEY, 7, Malvern Terrace, Park

Lane, Tottenham, N WILLIAM PIGGOTT, 16, Courtenay Street, St. Paul's,

WILLIAM NORRIS MIDGLEY, Winslow, Bucks.

WILLIAM GORDON COOPER, S, London Street, Edin-

Burgh.
GEORGE THOMPSON, 87, Eglinton Street, Monkwearmouth, Sunderland.

CRORGE JANES, Kingston Brewery, Land-

ort, Portsmouth.

A. L. FOWLER, 55, London Road, Brighton. WILLIAM SHEPHERD, Husthwaite, Easingwold.

> MIDDLE DIVISION (ages from 14 to 18). Prize-One Guinea.

R. H. WALKEY (aged 18), 24, Milverton Crescent, Leamington.

CERTIFICATES.

[The names appear in the order of merit.]

J. EDMUND BARSS, Wolfville, Nova Scotia, Canada. DERWENT EDWARD MIALL, Southview, Mowbray Road, Upper Norwood, S.E. ROBERT MACKAY ELLIS, The Elms, Chudleigh.

J. H. BENTLEY, Oxford County School, Thame.

KATE MARY WATSON, 16, Bridge Road, Hammersmith, w. FRANCIS JOHN LAMBURN, The Fernery, 18, Forest Hill Road, Honor Oak, S.E.

GUY LOADER, Connaught Avenue, Loughton, Essex. JOHN HALL BARRON, 62, Hamilton Place, Aberdeen. ETHEL FLORENCE SMITH, Summerville, The Sands,

FRANCIS W. HARVEY, 47, University Street, Belfast, Ireland.

Albert John Simms, Sandrock Villa, 19, Southfields Road, Wandsworth, s.w.

WALTER SEAVILL, 1, Grove Hill, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

GLOSTER H. DURRANT, Kingstown, St. Vincent,

BALDWIN SIDNEY HARVEY, Hurstbourne, Highgate, London, N.

EDWARD ALDBOROUGH TANDY, Beech Lawn, Ton-bridge, Kent.

JUNIOR DIVISION (all ages up to 14). Prize-One Guinea.

ARTHUR MONTAGUE D'URBAN HUGHES (aged 14), Clergy Orphan School, Canterbury, Kent.

CERTIFICATES

[The names appear in the order of merit.]

JOHN LEADER, Barrack Cross House, co. Tipperary, Ireland.

SIDNEY GASTER, The Vicarage, Rye Lane, Peckham,

FRANCIS LEE, 92, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.

CHARLES DAVIDSON DON, care of Rev. A. Watt, M.A., 7, Melgund Terrace, East Claremont Street, Edin-7, Men

LESLIE WOOD, Carrington Lodge, Richmond,

F. D. ATKINSON, Loudoun, Cheltenham.

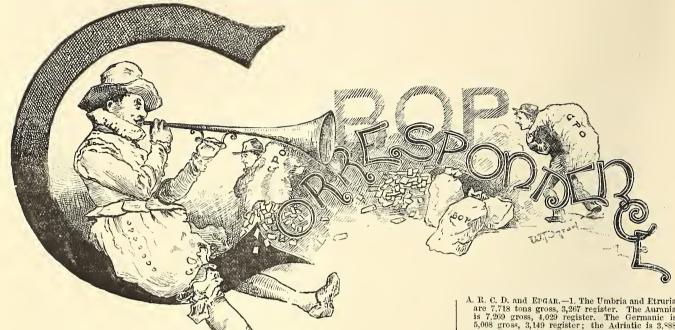
THOMAS DYKE NUNN, 7, Lower Harden Street, Woodwich, Kent.

SYDNEY JAMES HARRIS, 2, Alfred Street, Blandford, Dorset.

HARRY SIBBALD, Elmbank, Bishop Auckland, Durham.

ALEXANDER N. McLeod, 6, Sylvan Place, Grange, Edinburgh.

JOHN FAIRBANK STEPHENS, 19, Adamson Road, Belsize Park, N.W.



Francis B.—Get an "Art Directory" from the book-stall at South Kensington Museum. It costs six-pence, and will tell you all your "privileges."

SCRIBBLER.—Get a copy of the "Journal de la Jeunesse" from Messrs. Hachette and Co., King William Street, Strand, W.C. Any French newspaper or periodical can be obtained from them. Send them a shilling's worth of stamps, and get them to forward as many as they can for the money. money.

H. M. P.—Refer to our articles on balloons in the November part for 1880.

E. CRAWSHAW.—The "Red Man's Revenge" was in the second volume.

A. S.—Tattoo is said to be derived from the French tapotez tous=tap all—that is, all the drums. In our service it used to be spelt tap-too.

tapotez tous=tap all—that is, all the drums. In our service it used to be spelt tap-too.

7. J. Roberts (Yaamba).—1. We are pleased to hear our sail-plan in No. 285 works as well in Queensland as it does in the old country. We may as well quote: "I have tried your sail-plan for a schooner 2ft. 9in. long, 6in. broad, and 9in. deep. She sails very fast, and works to windward beautifully, and has in three races beaten a cutter of the same proportions. Altogether I find it very satisfactory. At first sight the foresail appears ont of proportion to the mainsail, but a trial of the boat disples that idea." 2. For a boat 3ft. long, 9in. broad, and 9in. deep, you would require a longish lowsprit. The proportions are all right, and the boat, if well designed, would be powerful and handy. 3. The worst of letting a lead keel into a wooden keel is that the lower slip of wood always breaks off. It can be done, of course; but the greatest weight should be at the lowest point, and this you do not get if you have much wood below your leaden keel. The easiest way is to make your keel all of wood, and cut ont of it as much as ought to be lead. The piece you cut out does for the model of your casting. When yeu make your casting do not forget the matches for the screwholes.

H. R.—1. The "Austria" or the "Barney and Berry" are most in vogue. 2. We do not think a French code of football rules exists. Your best plan would be to translate the rules, and leave the technical terms, as they are giving explanations of them in the notes. them in the notes.

E. R.—1. Get "Life in the Ranks of the British Army," published by Messrs, Clowes and Sons, Charing Cross, price one penny; and "Advantages of the Army," free, from the nearest post-office.

L. M. A sailing vessel seldom has more than I. M.—1. A sailing vessel seldom has more than two bulkheads. The Lady Jocelyn has six bulkheads, but then she nsed to be a steamer. There are several converted steamers doing duty as passenger clippers. 2. The office of the Surveyor of Shipping at Liverpool is in Custom House Arcade.

PÆDEST.—A "Day by the Lea," with the legend of Waltham Abbey, was in No. 443.

J. E. J.—The easiest brass to melt is that made of tin and copper. First melt the copper in a crucible, and when it is just hot enough to continue fluid add the tin, which should be quite dry at the time. Drop a piece of borax the size of a walnut into the pot. To keep the metals from scparating as they cool, turn the mould, and keep it in motion till the alloy is chilled till the alloy is chilled.

olly when you breathe upon them are drawn in some greasy substance, such as soap or printer's ink. 2. Such holes are punched, the die fitting into a socket so as to leave no margin for bending in. You might cut it out on a flat-iron with a sharp chisel.

F. E. PASSMORE.—1. There is no examination for you to pass to become a volunteer, but a certain num-ber of drills is compulsory. 2. We never heard of Charles Stephenson. Do you mean George?

PLYMOTHIAN.—We do not know, but we believe that that that that that sentence contained was the last with which sense could be made.

A. D.—You do not get light dumb-bells from iron-mongers or cutlers, but from athletic outfitters and school furnishers. Try W. G. Bell, 20, Argyle Street, Glasgow; McNeill, 91, Union Street, Glas-gow; Paisley, 96, Jameica Street, Glasgow; or Percival King, of 54, Lothian Street, Edinburgh.

H. BINKS.—The close time for freshwater fish extends from March 15th to June 15th, both days inclusive.

ENQUIRER.—To become a professional accountant you have to pass three examinations—preliminary, intermediate, and final—and to be articled to a member of the Institute. For particulars apply to the Institute of Chartered Accountants, Copthall Buildings, Throgmorton Street, E.C.

TADLOO .- The Chartist riots broke out in ferent parts of the country between 1838 and 1848. The riots at Birmingham and Newport were in 1839. The meeting on Kennington Common was in A. R. C. D. and EDGAR,—1. The Umbria and Etruria are 7.718 tons gross, 3,267 register. The Aurania is 7,269 gross, 4,029 register. The Germanic is 5,008 gross, 3,149 register; the Adriatic is 3,888 gross, 2,451 register. The Parisian is 5,359 gross, 3,445 register. The Polynesian is 3,983 gross, 2,023 register. The Vancouver is 5,217 gross, 3,385 register; the Alaska is of 6,932 gross, and 3,553 register; the Alaska is of 6,932 gross, and 3,553 register. 2. The Umbria, Etruria, and Aurania carry each seven officers, six petty officers, and forty A.B.'s. The Germanic and Adriatic carry five officers, four petty officers, and twenty-eight A.B.'s. The Parisian has five officers, three petty officers, twenty-eight A.B.'s, and one o.s. The Polynesian has five officers, three petty officers, and twenty-two A.B.'s. The Alaska has five officers, and twenty-two A.B.'s. The Alaska has five officers, three petty officers, thirty-seven A.B.'s, and two o.s. 3. Yes. The City of Rome has seven officers, thirteen petty officers, and thirty-one A.B.'s.

JACKANAPES (Ontario).—1. An Austrian thaler is worth 2s. 11d.; a Bremen thaler is worth 3s. 3d. A krenzer is the hundredth of a florin. Centesimi is the Italian for centimes, and a centime is the hundredth part of a franc. 2. The coins are nickel, not silver.

nickel, not silver.

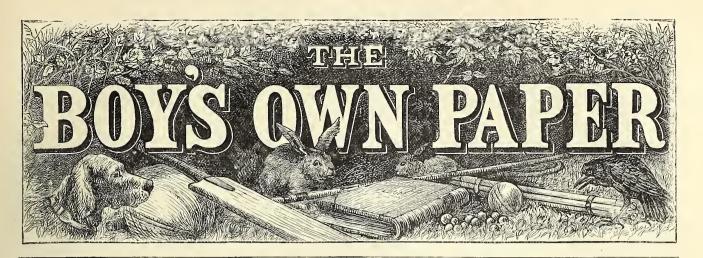
R. W. B.—1. From Plymouth to the Cape of Good Hope by steam route is 5,890 miles. The first-class fare is from thirty to thirty-five ruineas. 2. "Harold the Boy Earl" was in the sixth volume. 3. It is not possible to give the complete staff of a man-of-war in these columns. What ship are you thinking of? Some ships, like the Northumberland, have over 700 men; others may have less than 100. We recently gave the list of officers on the Nelson, the flagship of the Australian station, which now has a crew of 556. The number of "officers" on board a ship—petty, warrant, and commissioned—is quite bewildering to a landsman. Buy a quarterly Navy List, price three shillings, and see for yourself.

B. D. BEXFIELD. — We had an article on secret writing in our last volume, if that is what you mean. The story of the "Cryptogram" was in the fourth volume.

A. A. CHUCRAFT.-The colour of the steel depends upon its tempering, and the temper may be suitable for a different purpose to that you are thinking of. It is not a question of quality. There is no hard-and-fast line between iron and steel.

no hard-and-fast line between iron and steel.

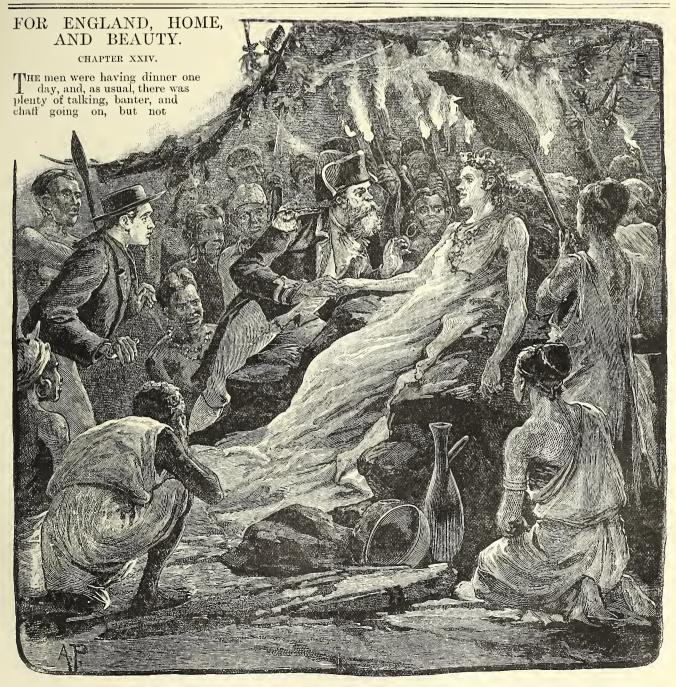
A Reader from the Fifth Volume.—1. The first, second, third, and fourth volumes are out of print, and no good would be done by giving their contents. 2. No one has ever seen the flery state in the centre of the earth. There is little reason for supposing it exists, and there are many reasons why it should not exist—in fact, the theory is being slowly given up. 3. We do not know what will be the doom of the earth, nor do we know how long the sun will last. 4. You would be far better employed in preparing for your own death than in making arrangements for the collapse of the universe.



No. 505.-Vol. X.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1888.

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"Next moment he stood in the presence of the siren."

much that was serious, except when now and then some son of Neptune anathematised the beef contractor in language vigorous enough but far from complimentary.

For, although this was a "plum-duff" day, the men stuck to their rights—the

right to growl.

"I say," said one, "I'd like to have the lubber here that supplied this beef

to the service. "Aisy wid ye," replied Paddy Lowrie. "Sure it isn't out av his grave you'd be after calling the gintlemin, like Samuel

"Out of his grave, Paddy?"

"Yes, for sure. And I say, man, don't look at me like that. I tell you it's dead he's been these forty years. The bit av mate in your mouth, sorr, is as ould as the century. It was all through the seven years' war."

"Good for you, Paddy," said Jack Norris, "and maybe a year or two in the merchant service besides, and a voyage round the Horn before that."
"When I was in the old Malaga," said

the carpenter's mate, "and it's the truth I'm going to tell you-

"Think av that," interrupted Paddy,

"the blissed truth, mates!"
"Our bo's'n, old Bill Haggerty, had a natty little snuff-box, and a pistol-handle, and a brooch he was goin for to give his Sally when he got to Plymouth, and all made with his own hands, and as beautifully polished as the binnacle or the captain's chest of drawers; and what wood d'ye think, mates, they were made out on?

"Oak." "Teak." "Ebony." "Mahogany."

"None o' ye is right. They were made out of salt junk. Salt cow. True

as I'm sitting here.'

"True as he's sitting there," said Paddy. "And troth it's meself that belaves him, too. There's sorra a thing but truth in his face. Look at him,

boys."

"There's only one thing that Chips makes a mistake in," said Norris. "It wasn't cow, Chips. No, no; cow don't wasn't cow, Chips. Say often find it's way to a navy ship. Say

horse, and we'll let you off.

"That's so," continued Jack; "and I know a man at this moment that lives in a house fit for a lord, and they do say he made his money in the wars by salting dead horses and selling them for beef."

"Pass the glass, Jack, after that. The King, God bless him!"

"And death to cow contractors!" "Allan Gray, you're lookin' very lemn. What be the matter, old solemn. chummie?"

"Thinking," said Allan, "thinking."
"Ye don't often do that 'ere."

"No; but tell me, Paddy, for they do say you're book-read."
"Troth, and so they may. It was a gintlemin me father was entoirely; but I would run away to say, and break me poor mother's heart. And me father kept me at school till I bate the

"With a shillaly, Paddy?"

"Deed no, it is at larning I mane."
"Well, Paddy, what's a siren?"
cause I think I've seen one."

"A siren?" replied Paddy, thoughtfully feeling his chin. "Let me see now. A siren you said?"

"Yes, that's she. A siren."

"So it is," cried the Irishman. "Sure

nothing could be aisier than that. Noodle I was to forget it."

"Well, but what is the precious

thing?

"Och, didn't I tell you thin? It's on a stone she sits on a bit av rock close by the shore. Maybe when the sun's going to his hammock, or when the moon has rison. And oh! sure it is sweetly she sings, till the big tares come rowling down the cheeks av the sailor who hears her. But you mustn't go near her. Oh, faith and 'deed, you mustn't go near her.

"Why, Paddy, why?"
"Cause, fegs! if you do, it is limb from limb she'll tear ye, and she won't lave enough mate on your bones to feed

an emmet!"
"Well, I saw the siren, too," said

another.

"So did I."

"And I heard her."

"Precious glad none o' us landed, though," quoth Jack Norris, "if what Paddy tells us be true."

"Well," said Allan Gray, "it is just a little adventure like this I'd like to follow to the end. If I see or hear this siren, bother my wig if I don't land and shake her by the fist!"

The above conversation was taking place on board the old Blazer, in the early part of the memorable year of 1805, the ship being then stationed for a time in the West Indies.

History repeats itself.

It had, to some extent at all events, repeated itself so far as the officers of the Blazer were concerned, for we find on board of her, in this new commission, many of our old friends. First and foremost, Peniston Fairfax had the proud honour of being appointed her captain, with no one above him. As a matter of course, he applied to have Dick as his first lieutenant, McNab as his chief surgeon, and honest Barry Hewitt—who had been promoted at last—as his second luff.

The gun-room was as merry a mess as ever, filled with young bloods of the time, culled from the best families in merrie England; all plucky and daring, and just as fond of a bit of honest fun or practical joking as they were of a

brush with the French.

During the time (about two years) the Blazer had been on the station she had had several hand-to-hand, or yardto-yard, encounters with the French, and on each occasion had come off victorious, though seldom without several of the crew being committed to the deep; and always after a fight McNab was busy "to the ring o' the bonnet," as he phrased it.

Among the men forward, as the above conversation indicates, we also find old favourites, notably Allan Gray, Dean, and the immortal Paddy Lowrie. These were on board also by special invitation, so we see that although in this case history repeated itself, Peniston Fairfax had a good deal to do with the making of that history.

About a year and a half after the Blazer had come out to this station she happened to be in the neighbourhood of one of the beautiful and scattered group of the Bahamas, the island of Iguana to name.

It was a lovely day, with the wind—about a seven-knot breeze—blowing off the land, bringing with it the delicious odour of fruit and flowers.

Presently the ship rounded a headland, and came to anchor in a clear and silvery bay. The sand on the beach, on which the snow-white breakers were booming in solemn cadence, was like frosted silver, and even the cliffs around were in many places patched with the same hue.

Presently boats left the vessel to seek

for fresh water and wood.
"By-the-bye," said Dick to McNab,
"this is the very island where the rich but eccentric old uncle of Miss Craibe lives, and where doubtless poor Miss

Craibe is at this moment herself."
"In that case," replied McNab, "we must visit the old man; we shall doubtless have a day's good shooting.

say you?"
"By all means," said Dick.

And half an hour after that they had bounded over the breakers, and been dragged by a party of Cuban slaves

high and dry up on the beach.

"Yes sure, massa, he lib up high

among de trees yonder."

Would they kindly consent to guide them thither? asked Dick.

"Yes, plenty quick!" and away rushed the tallest of the niggers, bounding along, by the aid of a bamban and the tallest of the same than boo pole, at a rate of speed that severely tried Dick's lower extremities, and even the Highland limbs of McNab himself.

There was little time to admire the beauties of nature displayed everywhere around them on this lovely island—the splendid trees, all a-tangle with climbing, trailing, creeping, hanging plants, bedecked with flowers of every shape and hue; the strange, bright birds that flitted and flashed like gems among the foliage, or soared far overhead, gorgeous in pinions of crimson and white.

They passed through glens or dells, at the bottom of which rolled streams of water pure as crystal, sometimes lazing along in the sunlight, anon foaming in cataracts over the rocks, then disappearing from view beneath the greenery of the woodlands.

They rose high up over braelands and traversed long stretches of bare flat prairie land, then they rose higher still, and still that nigger went limping and

hopping along on his pole.

All at once he stopped on the very edge of a cliff, and far down beneath them was spread out a glen of enchanting beauty. It was bounded on two sides by cliffs, at the top by a gigantic cone-shaped hill, and at the mouth by a bay or inlet of the sea.

The glen, taken as a whole, looked like one immense garden run wild, a kind of earthly paradise, planned by some wealthy millionaire, who had spent his fortune over it. But nature was the millionaire, if any one was. Nevertheless, at the head of this glen a

^{*} So it is called in the old log of the Biazer that now lies before me, but I think it may be a clerical error, and that the Isle of Inagua must be referred to.

beautiful castellated house, surrounded by verandalis, terraces, and lawns, where many fountains played, was to

The nigger simply pointed to the house, and disappeared in the direction in which he had come. He waited for neither thanks nor reward, but simply fled.

But both McNab and Dick had seen so many things, and had met with so many queer adventures since coming to the Indies, that they had long since

ceased to wonder at anything.

They found a path that led to the bottom of this fairy valley, and quickly descended and found themselves on the main road from the beach to the mansion house. This road was delightful in its devious windings, running through woods, meandering over green flower-strewed meadows, or crossing crystal brooks by rustic bridges; then, all of a sudden, landing them on an immense lawn with paths of coral sand.

A tall old gentleman sat on a rustic bench reading a book, and as the officers approached two immense bloodhounds of the savage old Cuban breed bounded up and stood on guard with flaming

eyes and flashing teeth.

A very pleasant gentleman indeed; his rosy old face beamed with pleasure as he bade them welcome to his

Castle of Indolence, as he called it. "Down, dogs, down!" he cried. "Like myself," he added, "they see strangers but seldom, and are naturally suspicious. Sirs! but I do like to see the British

Sirs! but I do like to see the British uniform. Come in; come out of the sun.

"You're like myself," he said to McNab, "a Scot, I ken by your looks and your tongue."

"Well," said McNab, "though I've often heard of you from Dick's father, and from poor Miss Craibe, I never knew you were Scotch; though indeed knew you were Scotch; though, indeed, I'm never surprised to meet a Scotchman anywhere.

"They're like bad shillings, sir;

spread about all over the world.

"But poor Miss Craibe, you said.

My niece. Heigho! You may well say 'poor Miss Craibe.'"

"Is she—is she worse then?"

The old man shook his head.

"She has gone," he said; "gone from here. Went away in her own little yacht; but where—if alive, which I doubt—she may be, Heaven alone knows."

"She took some one with her?"

"A retinue. As mad as herself they seemed to be, though, heigho! poor Janet was very quiet with a' her mad-

This was indeed news for Dick and McNab; but stranger news was soon to follow, for, while smoking their cigars out in the cool verandali in the starlight, and talking of auld Scotland, to his astonishment McNab discovered in this eccentric old gentleman a longlost relative, who had left the shores of Banff in a fishing-boat, without a bonnet on his head or shoes on his feet, and not even the lucky and traditional half-crown in his pocket.

Seated in rocking-chairs, the three talked till past midnight, sipping claret the while, for Craibe had surrounded himself with every luxury, while overhead the stars shone very brightly, and among the shrubs the

fire-flies danced.
"Yes, gentlemen," said Craibe, finishing a long narrative of his adventures in Cuba and elsewhere. "Yes, here I live, myself and my old Scotch gar-dener, in the lap of luxury, in an earthly paradise, surrounded by faithful servants that once were slaves. I own estates in Cuba and San Domingo, and have ships at sea. Yet I left the Hielan hills with nothing in my pockets except a bawbee and a button and a wee bit o' string. I'm alone, though. Ay! Heigho! I'm alone, even my niece has gone and left me, and my head must soon be beneath the sod. Auld Macalister, my gardener, will close my eyes; but wha in a' the earth will close Jock Macalister's?"

Now this visit to Craibe's Glen happened just six months before the conversation took place with which this

chapter opens.

The ship was once more among the Bahamas and lying concealed in a rockgirt bight of the sea that doubled inwards half through a well-wooded island.

This bay or bight was about three miles long by two broad, and had a lovely, fairy-like island in the centre. There were many caves in this rock-girt spot, and it was at the mouth of one of these that Allan Gray had seen the alarming vision of the siren, and heard her voice, not only he himself, but every one in his boat, so that it was no dream.

Allan was smoking forward that evening, as McNab came up out of the sick-bay. He stopped to speak to Gray, who was a favourite aft as well as forward, and so heard the story of the siren, which had made so deep an impression on his mind.

"Allan," said McNab, "I'll get the dinghey, if you'll row me to that island,

now."
"Well, sir, I will," replied Allan Gray, fearfully. So, in ten minutes after, their little boat was bounding along over the water, that shimmered and sparkled in

the glorious light of a summer's moon.
"We're not far from the place now," said Allan at last, as he rested on his

oars. "Hush! do you hear that, sir? It was the voice of a female songster sure enough, and it appeared to come from under the trees close in shore, and so mournful or weird a ditty McNab had never heard before. Highlander, as he was, it made his flesh creep with superstitious dread.

Again and again the song rose trembling on the night air, then all was

hushed and still.

"Land me," said McNab.
"Oh! sir, is it safe?"

whispered

'Do as you're told, quick." No sooner had the boat rasped upon the white sand than McNab sprang on

shore, and made straight for a grove of trees, through the boughs of which he saw a faint light glimmering.

He pushed aside the boughs and next moment stood in the presence of the

As he had surmised, it was none other save the poor, lost Wiss Janet Craibe.

She sat on a raised, throne-like daïs at the end of a kind of cave curiously hung with grass-worked mats. About twenty figures sat or crouched around on the floor, some of whom sprang up as if to defend their mistress.

He advanced slowly. She evinced no surprise, and his heart melted in pity for her. She was arrayed in some green drapery, her arms and shoulders bare, her long hair was tricked out with court of the court of the court with court with court of the court with the cou out with seaweed, and around her neck was a garland of the love-vine. in her eyes was the look that this surgeon had seen in the eyes of so many; a look that told him plainly he was too late to do any good. He sat down by her side, the tears in his honest eyes, and took her hand.

'I know you," she said, after a pause. "I know you, doctor. I—know—you—,

McNab started. Who could have told her the blood relationship that bound them.

"Yes," she added, "you came to take me away. But a Greater than you is here. I am going Home with Him." For quite a long time she lay still,

only emitting now and then a kind of

What need for him to speak? Had he tried it, his feelings would have choked his utterance.

Presently she opened her eyes.
"It is colder and darker," she sighed.

The startled slaves gathered nearer, some holding torches in their hands, the light of which fell on the thin, worn face, with a strange unearthly

The surgeon waved them back with

his disengaged hand.
"Good-bye," in a barely audible whisper. Then there was a quivering movement of the lips and all was still.

Poor Miss Craibe was dead. (To be continued.)

CHESS.

(Continued from page 783.)

Problem No. 216.

By G. M. HARE.

BLACK. đ ģ \$ 3 WHITE. $5 \pm 7 = 12$ pieces.

White to play, and mate in four (4) moves.

CESKE ULOHY SACHOVE.

(Continued from our last Chess Column.)

No. 263, by K. Kondelik, shows how the Q may be offered to four pieces, thus pro-

ducing four variations with the white Kts, namely:

Problem No. 217.

White, K-K R 2; Q-K B 8; B-K 5; Kts-Q B 2 and K B 4; Ps-Q Kt 2, Q Kt 5, Q 4, Q 7, K 2, K B 2, K B 7 and K Kt 6. Black, K-K 5; Rs-Q R sq. and K R sq.; B-K R 8; Kts-Q Kt 3 and Q B 2; Ps-Q Kt 6, Q B 5, K B 4, K R 4 and K R 6. White mates in four (4) moves.

Here the composer makes a third white Kt in one variation, which is unnecessary; it is better to turn the P into a B or a R. Indeed, the forces on the board are sufficient for the 64 squares, there is no reason to employ pieces which do not exist in the set of chessmen. The square of nine squares, called the K's domain, is much more nicely assailed by the eight officers and some pawns, than by an overwhelming force of nine or ten officers.

One of the best problems ever placed on the board is wanting in the collection, namely:-

Problem No. 218.

BY ANTONIN KÖNIG.

White, K-K 8; Q-Q Kt 2; Kt-K 6; P-K 2. Black, K-Q B 5; Ps-Q B 3 and Q B 4. White mates in three moves.

No. 266 is incorrect, as the second move may be Q-B 7.

(To be continued.)

SOLUTIONS.

PROBLEM No. 203.—1, Kt—K 3, Kt—K 3 (or a, b, e, d, e, f). 2, Q—Q 6 (ch.), K× Q. 3, Kt-B 7 mate.—(a) Kt-B 4. 2, Q -B 6 (ch.), $K \times Q$. 3, Kt—Kt 4 mate.—(b) Kt—K 5. 2, Q—Q 4 (ch.), K×Q. 3, Kt— B 3 mate.—(c) Kt—Q 4. 2, Q—Q 6 (ch.), K×Q or to Q 6. 3, Kt—B 4 or P—B 3 mate.—(d) Kt—Kt 4. 2, R—K B 7, B×P. 3, Q—B 6 mate.—(e) Kt—K sq. 2, Q×Kt (ch.), K moves. 3, Q mates.—(f) $B \times P$. 2, Q-B 7 (ch.), K moves 3, Q×Kt mate.

PROBLEM No. 204.—1. B—R 2, any move. 2, Kt or Q mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 205.—1, Kt×B P, any move. 2, Q or Kt mates accordingly.

THE LAST OF THE PALADINS;

OR, THE HERITAGE OF KARL THE GREAT.

By Charles Deslys.

'ART III.



was, Bertrade had waited a long time before she accepted Morgana's invita-

She had called to her help her two sons, Albin and Didier, who had submitted to Lodwig, and by him been appointed to attend on Karl. And these sons, educated in hatred of the old king and all he loved, endeavoured to get Karl into their power, and one day betrayed him into an ambush they had devised for him. But Judith's son was so good and generous that he had gradually won the affection of the two young men, who declared to their mother that they would always fight for him and never against him. And then it was that Bertrade had gone to Brittany in search of her old ally.

In the morning after the scene we have related, Karl, after a night of delirium, fell asleep under the tearful eyes of his mother.

In his own tent the two sons of Bertrade were watching for him to awake.

Both were in low spirits, and to amuse themselves thought of a little practice at arms. Near the panoply was the crown offered by Lothar to Karl. No one suspected that the evil had some from that had come from that.
"Poor Karl!" said Albin.
"He wore
it so proudly yesterday."

"Do you not think, then, it would sit as well on us, who are king's sons?" said Didier, putting the crown on his head.

'Do you think it does?" asked Albin. "Suppose some one was to come in

now?"
"Let them come if they like," said Didier. "Let us have a Royal Assault this morning. Guard!"

And for an hour they kept up their sword play.

Didier took off the crown, and wiped the sweat from his forehead.
"It is strange," said he, "I never felt

so tired before."
"It is the weight of the crown," said Albin, with a smile, "but it is a pity, for you looked very well in it."
"Will it suit you as well?" asked

Didier. "Try it and give me a chance of conquering a King.

And in spite of all he could say, Didier put it on his brother's head, and the sword play began again, and lasted for nearly another hour.

Suddenly Bertrade appeared. She saw at once the paleness and excitement of her two sons, and recognised on the youngest the poisoned crown.

To describe her terror, and the despair with which she rushed at Albin and snatched off the crown, would be impossible.

"Do not be excited, mother," said Didier. "It was my fault, and I set him the example by wearing the crown

Bertrade stepped back to the drapery and stood there terror-stricken, groan-

ing from the depths of her soul.
"I have indeed been punished."

The same day, more than sixty miles away, another criminal was suffering for his evil deeds.

Ragnar, with his hands tied behind him, was standing before Nomenoe. "It is time to settle our accounts,"

said the king

"I ask nothing of you," said Ragnar. "Yes," responded Nomenoe. "You ask nothing because Clothilda is dead, and what you desired so ardently was to be her husband. Do not try to lie, for I guessed your meaning. Your jealous hatred disarmed Count Efflam when he asked your help, when your duty was to save him. I saw it all, and I know you. The real author of his death, the man who killed both him and her, stands before me."

"But you guaranteed me my life," said the villain, white with fear.

"If you did not commit any fresh act of infamy," replied Nomenoe. "Besides, do you not remember that I promised you something?"

And as Ragnar remained silent, he

continued:

"What Morgana promised—what you have not completely received from her -what you so well deserve—imbecile!

When I promised that, I intended to keep my promise, and my hand grasped the leather strap with which Morgana had hanged you and which is here! Let justice be done!" We left the blind man in ambush in the tumulus of Plouharnel.

He had reckoned that Morgana would not delay in returning to her prisoners, whose place he had taken.

And Romarik, seizing him by the leg, dashed him against the stone at the

doorway.

Then the blind man stood back behind the door and waited.



"And the stones moved further apart."

And throwing the strap to the executioner, whom he called, he left Ragnar to his fate.

There remains but Morgana. But, no. She had already received her punishment, and at the hands of Romarila.

Nevertheless, it was the discordant cry of the dwarf that he first heard.

No sooner had Cormoran seen that

the door of the cell was half open and made a step towards it, than a hand seized him from the shadow, and a voice said to him,
"Diefirst. It was you who killed Bugh."

The door soon opened. Morgana at last.

Romarik's right hand fell on her shoulder and forced her to her knees, while the other sought her throat and made her for a moment lose consciousness, but more from fright than pain.

Then, lifting her as if she were life-

less, he carried her into the narrow passage by which she had come, threw her on the ground, and placed his foot on

He was in a sort of recess formed by two side stones and one above. It was the chief dolmen which held up the

mound.

The giant opened his powerful arms, and, by a herculean effort, thrust apart the vertical stones so that the mass began to fall in.

Morgana returned to consciousness, and, by the light of a fallen torch, she

recognised Romarik.

She saw that she was lost.

"Mercy!" she cried, "mercy! and I will give you all the treasures that are here. I will give up all you want of me! I will be your slave! Mercy, Romarik! Oh, forgive me! forgive

The giant contented himself with smiling as he pressed the stones further

and further asunder.

Morgana would have fought and fled, but she was nailed to the ground by the foot that crushed her.

Again she tried what her prayers and

tears could do.

And then the blindman spoke.

"Silence, woman! Let me pray to God that He will pardon my being the instrument of His vengeance, that He will not punish me for seeking in your tomb a refuge against my terrible infirmity. You dare ask my mercy! you, the Megæra that tore out my eyes! you hope that I will not crush you, the viper that has brought desolation and death on all I love. No! no! Heaven alone may pardon you."

And the stones moved further apart. Then Morgana ceased to speak.

The last words of Romarik had reminded her of the flask she carried, and in seeking for it she found her sickle of

With this sickle she began to hack at the leg which held her captive, while with the other hand she strove to pour out drop by drop the terrible poison.

But Romarik seemed not even to notice her.

Suddenly there was a deafening crash, and the tumulus fell in upon them both.

Morgana was never seen again, and when a few days afterwards some of her most fanatical partisans saw how the sacred mound of Plouharnel had

been destroyed, they said,
"Our gods will have it so. The old
religion is at an end. It is time for us
to become Christians!"

(To be concluded.)



BILL MARTOCK:

A TALE OF THE SEVERN SEA.

By J. Allen Bartlett.

CHAPTER V.

FEW days after the inspector's visit a body of coastguard were lurking within the gloom of the haunted tower, getting wet through and chilled to the bone; yet as the hours passed by nothing occurred to give them reason to suppose that anything out of the ordinary run was going to happen.

Darkness had settled early and suddenly, like the descent of a curtain of blackness, and the breeze, which all day long had blown in ever-freshening gusts, now began to develop into a gale which promised to become furious.

"This will be just the night for old Joe, I can see," said Jack Marling. "If there's a bad sea, be sure Joe will be in it; and if there's a risky job to be done, Joe's the man to do it."

The sea was rushing in wildly over the dark mud-flats, and thundering against the rugged cliffs of St. Thomas's Head, and the damp salt air surged Head, and the damp salt air surged eddying past the crumbling buttresses and walls, and swayed the heavy ivy which clung desperately to the mouldering pile. In the darkness the melancholy cry of the seabird sounded like the wail of a lost soul, as the rising blast hurried it away inland.

"They'll never be able to land a cargo a night like this," suddenly exclaimed the inspector. "I don't think we'll do

any good waiting longer."
"There's only one place where it could be landed, sir," replied Jack, "and that's on the beach yonder. It would be risky work there, even, but Joe's as likely as not to try it. There's a fisher-hut there, which would hold us all, if so be you sees fit, sir.'

The inspector did see fit, and in a few minutes our shivering tars were huddled together in the little hut, profiting by what animal warmth they could obtain from each other, and ardently hoping for a brush with the crew of the Lively Polly.

Here we will leave them for a time whilst we take advantage of our privilege and sweep down Channel to Lundy in the teeth of the gale.

A furious tide is running past the wave-washed sides of the island, bearing with it monstrous billows, which

try in vain to break.

It is one of the highest neaps of the year, and the rising gale will bring it up some ten feet above its proper level, submerging the low-lying lands, and carrying away sea-wall and dyke in its resistless rush.

Under the lee of the mighty cliffs some half-dozen pilot-boats are lurking, trying to imagine themselves under shelter, and failing grievously in the

attempt.

They are in for a bad night, and they know it, and every little cutter and schooner is as snug and tight as human hands and minds can make her; and every pilot has donned sou'wester and oilskin and great sea-boots, which in weight and size rival the mighty ones which Cromwell left behind him in Farley Castle two hundred years ago.

Most of these old seadogs are ruminating over the probable fate of their chum, Joe Davy, whose yawl has just been seen flying up Channel under a tremendous pressure of sail, which buried her nose in the back of each wave as it passed, threatening to swamp her by the bows.
"'Twill be a wonder if he don't

broach-to and capsize, running like that

in such a heavy sea. But there, Joe knows what he's about," said they.

"Been pilotin' they mounseers round Cherbourg, I specs," another confided to his mate. "Ay, ay, and got summat worth havin' in his hold," replied the other. These and similar observations were growled out aboard those different were growled out aboard those different craft lying under Lundy's lee, when their owners were not engaged in looking after their own skins.

Scarcely had the hull of the Lively Polly disappeared in the driving mist before another craft, a large cutter, was seen, close-reefed and running free, but kicking up her heels in fine style, and evidently doing at least one knot

"She looks like a Revenue boat," thought the pilot, and then they wondered to see her so gallantly handled, and shrugged their brawny shoulders at the thought of Joe Davy's twofold danger. The general idea was that the superior knowledge which Joe possessed ought to carry him safely through his difficulties.

"Shouldn't wonder if they wreck that cutter farther up Channel," said one.

They little knew whose hand held the tiller

As it happened, Joe had not seen the cutter, neither had the cutter seen Joe, but, as we know, they were both bound to the same port. Joe was jubilant, and felt sure of a safe landing, for, even if it should prove too rough to launch a

boat, he could still sink his cargo of kegs, and, as the tide retired, his trusty friends ashore would convey them to a place of safety, whilst the Lively Polly would run up the river to her moorings

like an innocent pilot-boat.

Bill Martock, on the contrary, was gloomy and ill-at-ease. He had a good cargo, but he ran a double risk, for perhaps the owner of the yacht had by this time discovered his prolonged absence, and in this case he would have great difficulty in explaining matters. Besides, he was not a little superstitious —as, indeed, all sailors are—and just after passing the Tail of Lundy one of his men had seen the "spectre-ship of Lundy," which, like the Flying Dutch-Lundy," which, like the Flying Dutchman of the Cape, brings nought but disaster to those who cross her wake.

This phantom-ship is said to cross the sea from Lundy to the mainland, and to sail sometimes right up the Devon Combes, carrying death and destruc-tion in her course; and it is said that in mediæval times prayers have been offered in the village churches when some unfortunate rustic has seen its shadowy hull and spars gliding past

him on the moorland.

"Ill-luck's in store for me, that's sure," thought he, as he gripped the quivering tiller just in time to prevent

the boom from swinging over.

The wild sea rushed up astern, and the good yacht tore like a living creature through the water, now riding on the crest of a wave and piling a huge mountain of foam beneath her bow, and anon lying almost motionless in the

trough of the sea.

A strong arm and a quick, intuitive knowledge of all a vessel's possible movements is necessary when running before the wind in a heavy sea. One false movement of the tiller, one moment's relaxation of the effort of steering, and the craft "broaches-to." Ere she can recover herself the next wave comes like a cataract over her quarter, and then short shrift to her wretched

With a square-rigged vessel, or with a cutter under squaresail or spinnaker, the danger, of course, is lessened, but when the ordinary fore-and-aft sails are used the difficulty of steering is almost

incredible.

Thus in the darkness and storm these two vessels were driving, the larger one gradually gaining on the smaller, though neither was visible to the other. They carried no lights, but the port-lanterns were lighted and masked behind a piece of stout sailcloth.

On they went, no lighthouse to guide them, no storm-bell to warn them of dangers imminent, but ever and anon the roar of breakers, or the hissing swirl of some tide rip, would show them

where they were.

Now a strong current carries them

southward towards the coast.

"Look out ahead for the Gore!" cries Bill, and soon the tumult of angry waters, white and threatening upon their starboard bow, shows where the treacherous sands commence.

The Gore passed in safety, another sheet of glistening white became visible on the port bow, where the Culver sands stretch for two miles nearly in the middle of the Channel. Then a wet mist swept over all the

sea, obscuring everything within a radius of fifty yards.

They headed s.E. by s., hoping to strike the mouth of the Pyll river, but who could do so with any certainty on such a night, and with so fierce a tide running up Channel? It ought to have been slack water ten minutes ago, but the fury of the wind still kept the water running before it with unabated speed.

Above the harsh, crisp roar of the waves Tom thought he heard the muffled thunder of the Howe Rocks, and he reported it at once to his chief. "Sounds on the starboard bow," said he; "we shall be on the Bearn if we

ain't careful."

"We must keep straight in to the Bay, and try and get into the back-water," Bill replied; "only we mustn't get carried on to the wrong side of the Bearn. I wonder—" But this remark was never finished, for suddenly the look-out yelled "Breakers ahead, on your starboard bow!" They were on the edge of the Honeycomb reef!

Round came the yacht in the nick of time, the black rocks almost scraping her rudder as she drifted by them on the slackening tide. Then she jibed again, and lay to under the Bearn, on

the wrong side, however.

"Never mind, in half an hour we will be able to round the Bearn again. Tide

must turn soon," said Tom.
Bill Martock made no answer. He was gazing fixedly into the darkness ahead of him, for there was something moving between him and the rocks ashore—a craft of some sort, surely.

"Wonder if that's Joe at his little game," thought he. "Pretty risky work, anyhow, and I don't envy him."

Then, as was not unnatural, he began to feel anything but amiably disposed towards the said Joe, and, being himself in a wild and reckless frame of mind, he determined to give him a fright.

If only he could make Joe abandon his idea of landing the bales that night, he would have the start of him, and get good prices for his goods. Besides,

"Yes, I'll give him a startler, I reckon," he muttered; and then, turning to his crew, "I see something in shore there, mates, and as the tide's on the turn, we'll get under way agin, and just coast along the rocks through the Race, so as we shall not have to beat out all round the Honeycomb."
"How about the coastguard?" said

"Oh, they'll be far enough off, depend on it. Joe ain't the man to run foul of they; and I'm thinkin' he's in the neighbourhood.

So along the rocks went the cutter, a dangerous feat under any circumstances, for not only was the water shoal, but the depth was constantly varying. Now that the wind was blow ing like a tornado on the lee shore, Dirk Hatteraik himself would surely have hesitated before venturing on

"Look out, mate," cried one of the crew; "keep her out, keep her out; I

felt her touch bottom.

But Bill was like a madman in the excitement of the moment.

To add to the peril, the thick drizzle came on again, shrouding the coastline in the cloak of invisibility.

"More'n I bargained for," the skipper

muttered beneath his breath. "Keep a sharp look-out ahead there," he added, aloud.

The men grumbled over their hairbrained performance, and scoffed at the idea of keeping a look-out in such blackness of darkness.

Still, this course ought to bring them to the mouth of the Pyll half an hour sooner than the route vid the Honey-

comb Rocks.

Suddenly the look-out cried, "Ship on the port bow. Hard a-starboard."

The yacht ran up into the wind, her

great weight forcing her through the mountain billows, but the smaller craft, which was close under the rocks, missed stays, fell off the wind, and vanished into the darkness.

"That's settled Joe," cried Tom.

"He'll be ashore, sure, and then God have mercy on his soul."

"Look you here, Bill Martock, I didn't come wi' you to commit murder."

"Murder!" answered the helmsman.

"The worst as'll happen to him will be the loss of his craft, and I'm sure I couldn't help it. We've got ourselves to think about now, and we ain't out o the wood

But Bill's conscience was making unpleasant remarks, and making itself heard above the tumult of the storm.

The rest of the trip was uneventful save for the constant struggle with wind and waves, and in half an hour the Miranda lay at her moorings in th-Pyll river, greatly rejoicing the eyes of a favoured few who were watching for her ashore.

Far above in the darkness the bells of St. Nicholas-on-the-Hill were pealing forth in joyous cadence, as if in defiance of the wild storm raging without, and a bright beam of light shone into the night from the little window in the belfry, where the ringers were practising for the still distant Christmas festival; but the heart of Black Bill was heavy with the shadow of coming misfortune, and in his mind's eye was the picture of that little yawl driven back rocks amongst the foaming breakers.

"How should he know that the Lively Polly was going to beat out to sea again," he argued to himself, but conscience refused thus to be silenced.

He turned to with a will and helped unlade his ill-gotten gains, which were promptly and swiftly conveyed to a great waggon, and then covered carefully with hay. In a marvellously short space of time the Miranda had assumed her wonted aspect, and if her owner had arrived on the following morning nothing would have betrayed her late mission, and, as a matter of fact, he never knew that she had crossed the seas during his fortnight's absence

Then commenced the long and weary tramp to Bristol town, but this goal of the smuggler's ambition was fated not to be reached that night, at any rate, for an outpost came and met them as they were following a cross-cut road, and told them that the Bristol highway was well guarded by those who were on the look-out for Joe Davy and his spoils.

It would be worse than useless to attempt to pass until matters should have quieted down a bit; and the waggon was hauled up the steep ascent to Wirral Church.

This old Somersetshire edifice possessed one of the few spires in the county, so its roof could not be overlooked from the elevation of the tower. Besides this, the roof of the North Chapel was a flat one, surrounded by a lofty and massive parapet. A turret-stair fulfilled the double purpose of leading to the old rood-loft within the building and to the flat roof above, and from time to time this roof bore the weight of a smuggled cargo, as it was going to do to-night.

No coastguard ever thought of going there, and the turret-stair was never used save by the smuggling fraternity, as only they possessed a key capable of opening the massive oak door.

Resident rector there was none, and the little village would have stared in wide-eyed wonder if the sleepy churchwardens had thought of repairing the church, or taking any notice of it whatever.

To this out-of-the-way roof, then, our

smugglers repaired, and in an incredibly short space of time the cargo was safely conveyed to the leads without attracting the notice of any late villager who, if he had observed anything, would merely have decided that he had seen a ghost. The old turret is walled up now, for some time after the occurrence here related our friend Jack Marling discovered a hidden store, and the smug-gler in charge of it escaped capture only by leaping from the parapet to the churchyard below, a drop of fully seventeen feet, if not more! The villagers still speak with admiration of the performance, and show the point from which the jump was taken. Strange to say, he reached the ground unharmed.

At this period, however, the hiding-place was still undiscovered, and the men, having securely locked the door, retired to their homes in perfect safety. The drowsy villagers heard the tramp of horses, and the rumble of heavy wheels, and some dreamed that the French were coming, whilst others, more wide awake, mentally wished the smug-

glers good luck.

Bill Martock was restless and perturbed, as well he might be, for the

vision of the Lively Polly was constantly before his eyes. He scarcely spoke to his companions as they trudged homewards through the mud and slush, and when all had left him he sat in his little cabin and pondered. Sleep was out of the question, and so, taking a long pull at his spirit-flask, he once more sallied forth into the night. The wind still blew in fitful gusts, and the retiring sea moaned dismally, as, walking like one in a dream, he made his way towards the base of the hill. Without having any definite aim, he found himself toiling up the steep slope which led to the encampment, and on its summit he paused. It was still quite dark, but down far below him was the Bearn and the Black Rock Reef, and all that remained of the little yawl. Here half remorsefully he waited for the day-break, hoping that somehow his rival might have escaped the destruction upon which he had been drawn. The gusts made him stagger, and blew back his coat, letting in the driving rain, but he seemed unconscious of it, and indeed of anything save that the wind was cool to his burning forehead.

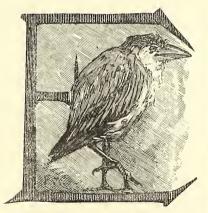
(To be continued.)

THE LAST OF THE GREAT AUKS.

BY ASHMORE RUSSAN,

Author of "Sunshine and Shadow," etc.

CHAPTER II.



VENTUALLY we came to anchor close to the town of Thorshaven, and lost no time in getting ashore. The captain of the vessel, who spoke "Iglis," pointed out the house of a sysellman, or ma-gistrate, and advised us to call upon him. Accordingly we called, accom-panied by every child able to toddle in the place.

The magistrate, who spoke English very well, gave us a welcome that was decidedly fair oh! But when we explained the object of our visit he considerably damped our ardours. Alas! he informed us that the aalka-Anglice, great auk-was, to the best of his belief, extinct. He had never seen one; but years ago they had been quite numerous near Westmannshaven—a bay in the vicinity—and on the Great Diamond roek. There might, he said, be a stray aalka still in the land of the living, but it was doubtful. The bird was a first-class fisher, and always plump; and the Faroese had caught and eaten them all. This was killing the goose that laid the golden eggs with a vengeance.

Charlie fairly shuddered at the idea. Feeding a horse with gilded oats was as nothing to dining Faroese fishermen upon birds worth £3,700 each.

The next inquiry had eggs for its object. Was there a great auk's egg in Thorshaven? The sysellman thought not, but remembered having seen one a few years back at a farmhouse on the Great Diamond.

Charlie sprang to his feet. The hundred and twenty guineas were as good as in his pocket. They were marked upon his brief, and this was the first he had had.

"I'm off!" he exclaimed. "Will you

kindly direct me the nearest way?"

Our host laughed. "With pleasure,"
he replied. "Wait until to-morrow; hire a boat; and if you start early, and it is calm, you will reach the Diamond

by midday.

He then offered to accommodate us during our stay, and to accompany us on the morrow. Needless to say, we gladly accepted both offers. Our host, whose name was Thorwaldsen, and nationality Danish, then introduced us to Faroese fare. We were very hungry, but the fare in question—ugh! I will not recall it! The fish and the fowl puffins and kittiwakes—had much about the same taste. The latter only remained upon the table by accident, aided, perhaps, by the force majeure of the dish-cover. The birds were alive, and, like Caliban, had "a most antient and fish-like smell." As for the mutton,

it was salt.

The meal over, we accompanied Mr. Thorwaldsen on a tour of inspection. We found the lions of Thorshaven very small cattle indeed. Our host informed us that the chief lion of the place had recently died. It was a cherry-tree-the only tree of any kind in the Faroe islands—and, until it gave up the ghost, it had occupied a conservatory all to itself. As for the houses, they were built of wood imported from Copenhagen; and the architects responsible for their erection evidently were actuated by one common idea, to make the timber go as far as possible.

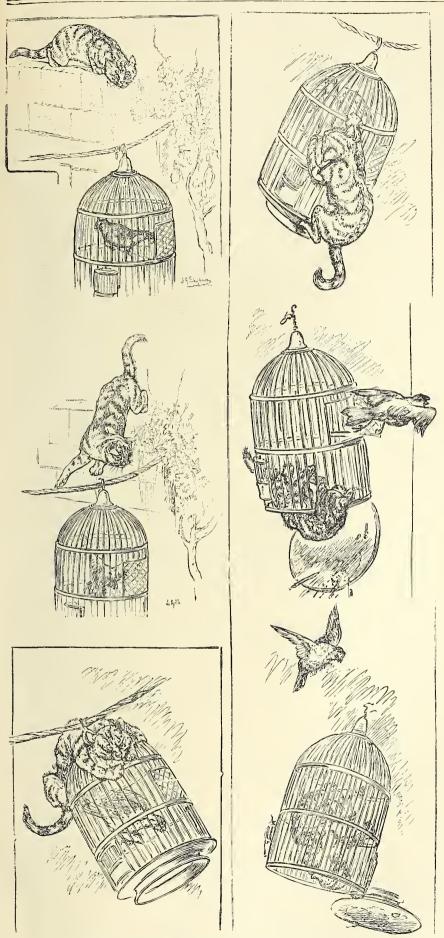
In half an hour we had viewed all

there was to be seen in Thorshaven; we had examined the scratching-post and boot-black's box, which did duty for a church; and as there were no shop windows in which to gaze, we returned to our host's abode, and sat by his fire-

Although June, it was sufficiently cold for a fire to be pleasant. At ten p.m. it was still broad day. To while away the time our host related anecdotes of the Faroese fishermen, which,

"Perhaps," said he, "you have never heard how the Faroese catch large whales."

"No," replied Charlie.



The Tables Turned.-Drawn for the B. O. P. by J. A. SHEPHERD.



"If they see one sleeping on the surface," our host continued, "they get out a boat, in which they place a coil of rope affixed to a harpoon. One end of rope affixed to a harpoon. One end of the rope they fasten securely to a rock. When they reach the sleeping whale they tickle its back with an oar. The whale likes the sensation, and rolls over, so that they may tickle its belly. Now is the harpoonist's opportunity. He drives the harpoon deep into the whale's blubber, and nothing remains but to tow the animal ashore. To prevent it from sinking the men stuff their comfrom sinking, the men stuff their comforters and mittens into its nostrils. This is done during the tickling."
A long-drawn "oh!" from Charlie

greeted this tremendous statement; but our host took no notice of it. They are used to such exclamations in the Faroes.
"That's very like a whale," Charlie

continued.

"Yes, they are very stupid animals," rejoined our host.

"So they stick a harpoon into it! Couldn't they throw a hatchet at it, or shoot it with a long bow, or something?" Charlie went on.

"A hatchet would be of no use; and

as for bows and arrows, the Faroese are some centuries past them.

Our host spoke English well; but was unacquainted with the bypaths and back ways. He took Charlie's remarks seriously. "The Great Diamond, where you are going to-morrow," he continued, "is a rock, in places fifteen hundred feet high. It is often impossible to land we pit from weak together. Some land upon it for weeks together. Some twenty people reside upon it, and, as there is no bay or beach, they are unable to keep a boat. When they have any produce which they wish to send away, they signal by means of hay fires to the people on the apposite island. to the people on the opposite island, and a boat is sent. Some years ago they allowed their fires to go out, and, as they hadn't any matches or gun-powder, they were unable to signal for two months. They hoisted flags; but the distance was too great. At last they hit upon the plan of stripping the turf from a green hill, the colour of which was distinctly visible from the opposite island. The people there thought the Great Diamond men were mad, and sent a boat to see what was the matter. This, of course, was what was required. The rock, which sup-ports four or five hundred sheep, can only be approached in calm weather, as you will see. The clergyman visits it twice a year, and is hoisted from the boat in a basket, as you will be if you land. If a couple want to marry, they have to wait until the clergyman

"And if they want to dic?" queried

Charlie.

"They never want to die; but Death won't wait for the clergyman. Once, the parson was unable to leave for fourteen weeks. There were fourteen people on the rock, so they had a week

"But I must tell you how the fowlers catch the putins. They are let down from the tops of the cliffs, and when they reach the ledges where the puthis stand, the birds retreat into their holes. The fowlers, whose hands are protected by thick gloves, thrust in their arms, and extend their fingers. The puffins seize the extended fingers, and when the fowlers withdraw their hands they usually withdraw four or five puffins."

Another long-drawn "oh!" from Charlie, and it was bedtime. We retired to rest, and both had the nightmare. Charlie dreamt that a monster puffin was eating his fingers, and could not be made to forego its feast. As he had eaten the greater part of a puffin before retiring for the night, it was only what might have been expected. I had a great auk upon my chest, which quite dispelled my doubt as to the bird's existence. I was convinced the bird was not only not extinct, but worthy of capture. It stood twenty feet in height, and weighed about half a ton.

Our host awoke us at an early hour; and, after a substantial breakfast of salted mutton and cold eider duck, we shouldered our breech-loaders, and made for the wharf. Our host accompanied us, carrying an old muzzle-loader, which required two ounces of shot as a charge. At the wharf we found a long boat, pointed fore and aft, and manned by twelve men, awaiting

We entered it, and soon were swiftly moving in the direction of the "Storr Dimond." In three hours we sighted it, and in another hour and a half were beneath its tremendous walls.

The inhabitants of the rock had observed our approach; and when we gained the base of the cliff they let down their basket by the aid of a long rope and a windlass. Charlie and Mr. Thorwaldsen elected to be the first to ascend, and went up together. The distance was about a hundred feet, and this was the lowest place. The first this was the lowest place. load safely landed, the basket returned, and I speedily was upon the Great Diamond. The entire population, eight adults and ten children, had gathered to welcome us. They seemed very glad to see us, and doubtless they were. was some twenty years since the last foreigner had looked in, and three months gives months since a Faroese had left his card. Luckily we were unable to speak the Norse language, or we might not have returned. We might have been drowned in long-drawn "oh's!"—the only distinguishable vowel sound. Our host was overwhelmed with questions; indeed, we had reached the tiny village before he had an opportunity to inquire about the aalka's egg, although Charlie had prompted him some half-dozen times. However, he managed to put the momentous question, and it was answered in the affirmative. The head man of the village had an egg in his possession. Five minutes later it had changed hands, and the Great Diamondite was the richer by half a crown, English money.

There was no mistake about it. Undoubtedly it was an egg of the great auk. Yellowish white ground, dashed, and speckled with black, measuring some five inches by three; it was a veritable egg of the Alca impennis, and its value was a hundred and twenty

guineas.

"What did I tell you?" Charlie exultantly exclaimed.

"That we might pay our expenses, and you were right," I replied.

The egg safely wrapped up in a small truss of hay, kept together by a pockethandkerchief, Charlie requested our host to ask the farmer if a great auk had been seen of late.

The reply was totally unexpected. It

"Yes: a pair came to breed in the

Vogelberg a few days ago; but one of the birds had been killed and partly eaten. The other probably was still there."

The Great Diamondite thereupon asked us to step inside his house and

partake of his hospitality.

Charlie was all eagerness to visit the ogelberg. His thoughts were with Vogelberg. His thoughts were with the last of the great auks, and I must But confess mine were with them. But when Mr. Thorwaldsen assured us that if we did not accept the headman's offer he would consider it an insult, we entered the house. In a few minutes a cold lunch was set out upon the table. It was the larger half of a bird—THE LAST BUT ONE OF THE GREAT AUKS!

The sight spoiled our appetites, and when a portion was served round we could not eat it. At least twenty pounds' worth of great auk was heaped upon my plate, or rather, platter, and I could not cat a mouthful. A mouthful represented about ten shillings. Mr. Thorwaldsen laughed at our squeamishness, as he considered our hesitation to be. He did not know the hesitation to be. He did not know the sum at which we valued the bird upon the table, if alive. As for our Diamondite host and his family, they probably preferred mutton, worth about ten shillings the sheep; but, having caught a very fat bird, they ate it. When we rose from the table £3,700 had vanished into the interiors of eighteen Farocsc—eaten, and without the aid of knives and forks. It was cruel! cruel!

The meal, the tremendous meal, ended, Charlie asked for the bird's skin. Mr. Thorwaldsen put the question.

It wasn't good to eat, and the down had been plucked from it, and the bare

skin thrown away.
"Another thousand pounds gone,"

murmured Charlie.

Seeing that we were interested in the fate of the fat bird, a Diamondite remarked that he had seen the other one that very morning, and that it was even fatter than the one eaten. It was seated on a rock at the Vogelberg. Mr. Thorwaldsen had no sooner translated the man's consolatory remark than Charlie and I were outside the house. We were followed by all the Dia-mondites; and the next minute the entire population of the rock was guiding the visitors to the Vogelberg.

(To be concluded.)

THE SCHOOL RHYMESTER:

ANOTHER IMPOSSIBLE STORY.

By Allison G. O. Pain,

Author of "Fantasio, the Strange Schoolboy," etc.

You will go into the Fourth Form," said Dr. Stokes, after a few more ques-

Most new boys over a certain age were put in that form, and some of them never

came out any more.

Of course the news soon spread abroad that there was a new boy in the school who never spoke but in rhyme. His translations might be all wrong—that indeed was

nothing new or exceptional for Fourth Form noting new or exceptional for Fourth Form work—but it was surprising to hear the immortal "Commentaries" of Casar, and the solemn precepts of the Greek exercise-book, all rendered in a variety of metres more or less peculiar. One of the masters called him "The Rhymester," and the boys agreed that this would do for a nickname till they could find something worse. more, the bully of the school, a tall, black-

haired fellow, announced his intention of pomelling some of the poetry out of him. But Spencer, though a poet, was sufficiently wideawake to divine Tanmore's benevolent intention, and quite able to take care of himself.

"Nay," braggart youth" (he exclaimed), "come not so nigh.

Or I will smite you in the eye."

Whereupon Tanmore caught hold of his right arm. And he swung out with his left, and smote his adversary in the eye, as he had promised.

> "There, braggart, go; insult no more, Or surely I'll give you what for.'

And Tanmore retired peacefully, and mo-

lested him no more.

lested him no more.

The only person who did not seem to appreciate Spencer's peculiarity was Dr. Stokes. He did not care about poetry; it did not seem compatible with mathematics, and he abominated nicknames. Euclid and he abominated nicknames. Euclid always called a square a square, without resorting to any colloquial definition! He hated to hear "Rhymester," "Rhymer," and a host of phonetic variations, shouted about the playground, so he determined to consult Standen, the school doctor, a blunt, straightforward, outspoken man, who knew boys and the ways of boys down to the very ground. He had made a special study of that mysterious and distressing com-plaint (morbus scholasticus), which totally incapacitates a boy from taking any part in school-work, but does not in any way impair his appetite or interfere with his enjoyments. He listened patiently to Stokes's somewhat long-winded narrative, and ob-

served, "You seem especially troubled by the

fact that the boys call him 'Rhymester'?"

"Yes; don't like nicknames. Quite a rare thing for a boy here to have a nickname; and as for a master—why the thing's unheard of."

Standen laughed.

"You don't mean to say that the boys have been calling you 'Stoker,' and 'Old Stoker,' for the last twenty years, and yet you never knew? Dr. Stokes looked hurt.

"I must say I think some one might have mentioned it to me."

Well, you could hardly expect the boys to tell you themselves, and everybody else assumed that you knew."

"To change the subject. What about this boy? Can you do nothing for him?"
"You don't expect me to minister to a mind diseased, do you?"

"I don't know why not. We expect you to cure anything in an ordinary way We expect

"But this is not in an ordinary way. The average British schoolboy is not troubled by an excess of poetry in his composition. He is about the most unpoetical animal on the face of the earth. Of course, when he falls in love for the first time, he very often writes verses; but after he has fallen five or six times he generally drops it. If not, marriage is a pretty safe cure. Never knew a married man write poetry, unless he expected to be paid for it."

"What do you consider to be the cause of this peculiar affection?"

Dr. Stokes naturally considered Standen's digression as altogether irrelevant.

"I should say the boy was under a spell."
"A spell! Good gracious! There are

no spells in this nineteenth century."

"My dear sir, 'There are more things in

heaven and earth,' there are more things in heaven and earth,' etc. Why I knew a boy once who was under a most curious spell, which caused him to put all the verbs in his Latin exercise in the subjunctive. The masters used to beg him almost with The masters used to beg him almost with tears in their eyes to give them an indicative, or an infinitive, or even an imperative, for a change. But it was no good. The subjunctive used to turn up every time like a faithful dog. Well, I cured him. I pre-pared an exercise of twenty sentences, so contrived that it was absolutely necessary to put every verb in the subjunctive. It succeeded admirably. He put every one in the indicative mood, and since that time be has used no other. Perhaps I can cure your friend as well. It's my belief that if you can get him to speak once in prose, the

spell will be broken."
"Your prescription," said Dr. Stokes,
"reminds me of the famous one relating to

the capture of birds-

"By salting their tails; quite so. Have you ever tried to salt his tail? Have you taken any measures to induce him to utter

"We have, indeed. He is a very good cricketer for his age, and the other day we asked him to stand umpire in a first-eleven match. No use! Instead of calling

'Wide!' like anybody else, there he was, solemnly chanting-

> Regretfully I must decide. The last ball that you bowled was wide.'

' No ball was that last ball of thine, Thou movedst the foot beyond the line;

Then, when they appealed for 'leg before, he said

> ' Nay, bowler, what are you about? The worthy batsman wasn't out.

'Go on,' said the bowler; 'it was out.' To which he replied, majestically,

'The umpire's word is law, say I; Let none dispute and none deny.'

Now it seems to me that one who will versify cricket will versify anything."

Then the doctor made a suggestion. At

first Stokes would not hear of was cruel, and barbarous, and illogical, but finally consented to try it.

The next morning, before the whole school, he called,

school, he called,
"Spencer, come here. I must request
that in future you will abandon your absurd
habit of speaking in rhyme. If you persist
I shall be compelled to adopt strong mea-

"Nay, sir," objected Spencer, "your charge is hardly

I only sing because I must."

Whoosh! Down came the cane. "Oh! Ah!

The spell was broken. Spencer had spoken in prose, and from that time he never spoke anything else.

So you see, by one blow of the cane administered judiciously, not in haste nor anger, nor so as to cause unnecessary pain, he was cured of a troublesome affection of many years' standing. I fancy there might be a moral to this story—if one only knew where to look for it!

MINING DISASTERS. GREAT

III. -TALKE-OF-THE-HILL.

GROUP of ten miners seated at their lunch a hundred yards from a shaft, and three hundred yards from the daylight.
At their feet their Davy lamps, giving just enough light to make the darkness visible.
At the back of them a hackly wall of coal; in front of them a narrow gangway, with a wall of coal on its further side; closing in the gangway near by, a black tarred sheet.
Suddenly the sheet is rent from its fixings,

and blown past them in a violent gust of wind.

The pit is on fire!" says one of the group. Before the words have quite passed his

lips the miners are on their feet, and have thrown their coats over their faces, fearing the flames will reach them. But there is wind, and as yet no flame, and the ten hurry off towards the shaft. But a few steps have they gone when in the roar they have factors and a step have they gone when in the roar they hear footsteps, and a man comes running towards them, shouting that the flame and the smoke are behind him, and too thick to get through. The miners turn, and, with the newcomer, they run down the air-road. A chance of escape at last! In front of them is a brick stopping. As they come in sight of it they see it blown down, and through the opening, straight towards them, advances the cloud of gas. To get through it is impossible; it is too thick for them to hold their breath long enough to them to hold their breath long enough to pass. Again they try, one road, then another, then another; the gas is in all of them—there is no escape! They return to the place they started from, an island of health begirt by deadly fumes, which slowly but surely are gathering round it, and every moment parrowing the circle of and every moment narrowing the circle of life. To stay is to die. The only road to safety is through the gas; and, knowing the risk, they date the venture. Each with his Davy lamp in one hand, and with a comforter or handkerchief in the other, held to his nostrils to filter the gas as much as possible, they set out, bent and creeping close to the ground. In single file they go, keeping their distance from each other, a forlorn hope, knowing that most of them will perish. First one, then another, is overpowered by the gas, and drops out to die. Over him go those behind, soon to be as he is. Now and then a corpse is found

of one who had gone before. Sometimes groups are found who have died as they were taken unawares; over them the surwere taken unawares; over them the survivors step; sometimes they are so close together that the survivors have to step on to them. One drops out, then another; then another; the file gets shorter as those in the rear close up. The gas is thicker, and the lumps close to the ground seem to be in a cloud. Another man drops; then another; all have gone now but four. Then and the cloud. Another man drops; then another; all have gone now but four. Then another drops! Three are left! But the shaft is near! Another drops. Two! The shaft is but a few feet in front. One effort more, though their legs are giving way beneath them. They totter and fall; but, though insensible, they fall into safety, for the cas rolls over them, and when the rescuers come they are found and revived. But all the rest who made the rush for life

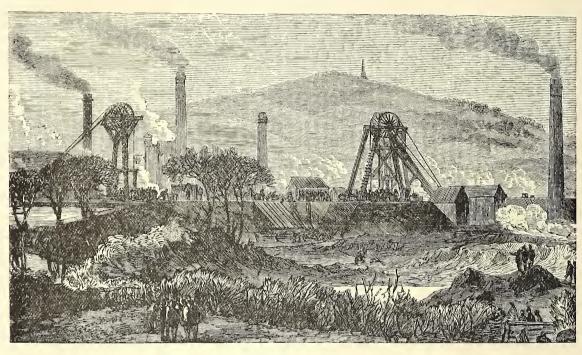
have perished by the way.

The pit, Talke, near Newcastle-under-Lyme, is a new one, and known to be dangerous; the coal has not long been found in paying quantity, for the mine belongs to a recently-formed company, and the shafts are still being sunk. Everything is new, and regulations are many. If they were only obeyed, all would be well. But one of the horses below has lost a shoe, and the blacksmith goes down to replace it. He lifts the horse's leg to look, but cannot see clearly with the dim light of the Davy. To get a better light, he unserews the top of the safety-lamp. As he lifts the cap there is a roar, and an explosion. He is blown backwards—dead. He has fired the mine! Above ground the sound is a long, loud growl, as of an earthquake; volumes of smoke are vomited from the shaft, and burnt and blackened timber thrown into the air with such quantities of soot that all

vance farther and farther along the galleries, and drag the living out to life. The night closes in, and huge fires are lighted at the pit-mouth, and by the glare the bodies are recognised as the sheet is removed from them. It is an awful sight, the dead and barely living laid there in the firelight, with the gangs of men that have found them being revived from their semi-insensibility, and other men crowding up to volunteer and do likewise, notwithstanding the risk that is so evident. Some of the rescuers are so affected that they have to be led home; others, as soon as they have come round, report themselves fit for duty,

yet dragged himself to an air-hole, and survived.

One man was at work six hundred yards from the shaft when he noticed the sucking of the air that told him of danger. Before he had time to get away there was a bang, and a sheet of fire enveloped him for a moment and rushed on, and smoke filled the workings. He was singed a little—that was all—and he drew back and waited for the smoke to sweep by. But it hung in a cloud and thickened instead of moving on, and to remain where he was meant death. Into the smoke he crept, bending low, lamp in front, comforter at his face. Three



The Talke-of-the-Hill Colliery.

the cottages and hedgerows round are black with it.

There are two hundred men below. All hear the roar and feel the shock, and run for their lives. At the shaft there is a peal as of thunder, and those nearest rush to the cage. The last to reach it is the hooker on. As he touches it he is caught by the blast and dashed to pieces, and yet those in the cage are unhurt.

They are drawn to the surface, and others follow. From the crowd on the bank relief parties are formed, and many of those men just narrowly escaped with their lives volunteer for the dangerous work. Down go the parties, to stay but a short time below, and come back half-suffocated. The gas is very bad, but the rescuers do not return empty-handed. Cageful after cageful of the rescued come up the shaft, until only eighty-nine are left, dead or dying. The engineers work their best to renew the ventilation destroyed by the explosion, while the rescuers ad-

and crave to be sent down again in the next

cage.
It is the 13th of December, 1866. As the men are at work the news arrives of the great explosion at Barnsley, and the horrors thicken. Many of the dead brought up are unrecognisable; many of the living are maimed or mutilated. Some of the escapes have been marvellous.

The furnaceman was blown through two air doors, but recovered. One lad of four-teen was blown down, and dragged himself for twenty yards along the ground, where he lay insensible till he was rescued; and it was not till four hours afterwards that his senses returned to him. Another was caught by the fire and burnt; a companion clutched him and drew him along, but dragged off the skin of his arm from the elbow to the wrist as he did so, and had to take a further grip to just pull him out of danger. One man was knocked up and down by the gas and burnt, and

roads did he try one after the other before he found the smoke and gas supportable. Then down the third he went on his hands and knees crawling. His lamp went out, and closer to the ground he kept in the dark, feeling his way, creeping at times over the corpses of men and horses that the flame that passed him had killed, until, in the very moment of despair, he sighted the shaft, and crept out of the darkness.

But the strangest of all the escapes was that of the young man who was eating his

But the strangest of all the escapes was that of the young man who was eating his lunch, and had just stuffed his mouth full of bread at the moment of the explosion. While others swallowed the gas and were killed, his mouthful of food prevented the deadly poison from finding its way down his throat. He was hadly burnt by the flash on his arms and body, but not otherwise injured, and he coolly dropped to the ground and crawled to the upper workings, dragging with him to the healthy air a little boy he found on the way.

GREAT RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

III.—ABBOTS RIPTON.

A T Welwyn three trains were wrecked in a tunnel; at Abbots Ripton three trains were wrecked in the snow. At Welwyn there would have been no collision had the goods guard done his duty; at

Abbots Ripton, which was a much more serious affair, all the men did their duty and the cause of the disaster was beyond them.

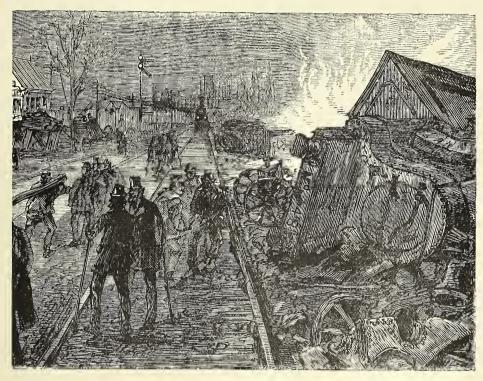
To understand clearly what occurred, it

may be as well to recall to mind what is meant by the block system, on which all railways now are worked. The essential of the system is that no two trains should be on any one section of the line at the

same time. These sections may be of any length, but they rarely exceed three miles. Abbots Ripton is on the Great Northern, a little over sixty-three miles from London, between Huntingdon and Peterborough;

approaches E, B signals on to C, gets "line clear" from him, has his instrument locked to "train on line," and takes off the stop from A. The instrument at A then shows "line clear," and another train can be

storm; the snow drove fiercely and fell in such huge, dense flakes that signals and signal-boxes were almost invisible. The air was so cold that the snow clung as it touched, and the trucks of the train, and



Effects of the Explosion.

and the signal-boxes to the north and south of it are from two to two and a half miles apart. In each box is a telegraph instrument. When a train is approaching a box, which we may call A, the signalman telegraphs on to the box ahead, which we will call B, telling the man in charge to be ready. B then wires back that all is clear, and A allows the train to pass on to the section from A to B. As soon as B tells A that all is clear, he pegs down his needle at "train on line," and by doing so he also

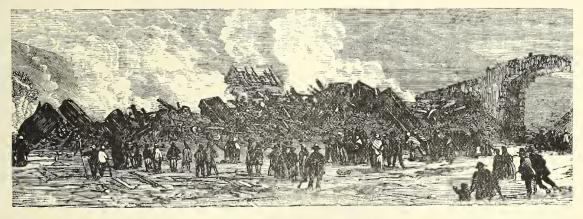
admitted on to the A B section. In this way only one train at a time can be between any two signal boxes; and so long as the apparatus works properly all risk of trains running into each other is avoided. Occasionally the unexpected happens, and then comes disaster.

It was a few minutes to six o'clock in the

It was a few minutes to six o'clock in the evening of the 21st of January, 1876, when a coal train of thirty-three waggons ran out of the New England sidings at Peterborough on its way to London. At five minutes

the signal-boxes, and the signals were coated with white.

For eleven miles and more the coal train with its powerful six-wheeled coupled engine ploughed up the incline through the storm. The driver, Bray, and his fireman, with much difficulty, made out the signals to be in their favour, and the guard, Hunt, by frequently cleaning his window, and looking out, just managed to assure himself that a clear line was in front of him. At Abbots Ripton the coal train was to be



The Scene on the Saturday Night.

fastens down the needle at A in the same position. And A cannot take off the stop till B allows him to do so. Once the train has passed A it is under the control of B, and so long as A's instrument stands on "train on line," A must bring all approaching trains to a standstill. When the train

past six it was signalled through the Crescent all well.

The third week in January is the depth of the English winter; in it we have the worst weather of the year. This particular day was one of the worst days of this worst week. The train left in the thick of a boisterous snowshunted to allow the Scotch express to pass, and Abbots Ripton was safely reached. Bray there found the signals against him, as he should have done. The line was "blocked" against an approaching train; and in opening the points for the coal trucks to shunt into the siding, the

signals were all locked at danger—that is, so far as the signalman knew. The distance signal was nine hundred and fifty yards to the north of him, and he could not see it for the storm, but his levers were all back, and, in his box, the signal stood at block. But whether it was that the wires were interfered with by the snow, or that the snow had coated the red glass with a white veil, certain it is that a faint white light was all that could be seen by the train that was coming full speed to destruction. For all the signalman knew, however, the Scotchman was waiting till the distance signal was taken off; and as the trucks were being shunted down the siding he shouted out to Bray, "Come, look sharp, you are stopping the express." The twenty-fifth truck passed off the main line as he spoke, and before the twenty-seventh was clear, the Scotch express leapt into it at full speed. Striking the heavy coal trucks at an angle, the express engine glanced off on to the down line, dragging the tender and leading carriages along with it.

The shock was tremendous, but though many of the passengers were injured no one seems to have been killed. It has been suggested in grim humour that accidents would never occur if a director were carried in every train. It so happened that at Abbots Ripton each train had its director, and both of them were in the thick of the peril. In the Scotch train was Lord Colville, the deputy chairman of the company. In the midst of conversation he felt the carriage sink beneath him, and instantly he was shot out into the snow. Scrambling to his feet he looked around, and saw the wrecked train, lighted by the blaze from the scattered engine fire, which glared blood red and thinned off into purple haze amid the thickly falling snow. The damaged carriages caught fire, and the snow turned to rain as it drove over them. Lord Colville and a railway traffic inspector,

who was also shot out of the train, took the lead in dragging the injured from the shattered carriages; and Carley, the driver of the wrecked Scotchman, although his hand was crushed and the middle finger squeezed off, headed a few who strove to put out the fire.

Instantly it was decided to send the coal engine south to give the alarm. Hunt, the guard, rushed into the signal-box for formal permission, and found the signals all locked at danger. The signalman, Johnson, was confused, and no wonder; for in spite of his signals the train had come to ruin, and the unhurt passengers began to swarm into the box demanding telegrams to be sent for help.

The whole affair developed itself with bewildering rapidity. The coal train reached Abbots Ripton at 6.47; at 6.51 the collision had occurred, and Bray was off into the night on his undamaged engine bound for Huntingdon for assistance. With him went a telegraph clerk, also pitched out of the Scotchman, and Hunt, the guard, returned from the signal-box. Six hundred yards from the scene he picked up his fireman, who had run south and put fog-signals on the down line. Everything seemed to have been done, and done quickly and surely to protect the ruined trains. And all was in vain. Hardly had the fireman been picked up than there was a roar and a flash of light on the snow, and while Hunt waved his red lamp and all on the coal train shouted, the Leeds express flew by, exploded the fog-signals, and vanished in the veil of whiteness.

There was a distant crash, and a shriek, and all was silent. On sped the coal engine to Huntingdon, with the red lamp waving over the six-foot. Another train was passed; and it was stopped in time. Huntingdon was reached, doctors were summoned and sent off in a goods train then ready in the station; and the breakdown gang was telegraphed for from Peter-

borough. The gang arrived at the north end of the heap of ruin at the same time as the doctors arrived at the south end from Huntingdon. There was much for both to do.

do.

The Leeds engine, a splendid machine that had been one of the attractions of the George Stephenson Exhibition at Darlington, lay on its side up the embankment buried in the snow, crushed and battered out of recognition.

The driver and guards had seen the red light and heard the fog-signals, and put on the brakes; but the distance was not enough. The speed had been reduced from fifty to fifteen miles an hour, when the engine dashed into the ruined Scotchman, and literally climbed over the carriages and crushed them in. The Leeds carriages were swung round and over and among the shattered North-Eastern carriages and coal trucks; and an awful scene presented itself as again the engine fires flared fiercely and lighted up the snow, while in the storm gusts the heavy flakes were hiding the ruin.

In the Leeds train were Mr. Cleghorn, a director of the North-Eastern Company. He had his arm broken and was dragged out by a North-Eastern superintendent, who was also in the train, and who, with a past President of the Society of Civil Engineers, also in the train, set to work to release the prisoners from their carriages. Helped by labourers from the cottages near the line, and by the rescued passengers of both trains, they soon had the unhurt, the wonnded, and the dead, clear of the mass of broken wood and twisted iron.

The breakdown men found two rails

The breakdown men found two rails knocked away and four others twisted up. Working through the night they had the up line ready for traffic at half-past seven next morning. The down line was ready an hour and a half afterwards. The medical report gave fourteen killed and nineteen wounded, as the results of the disaster.

THE STORY OF OUR WHALERS.

BY A MEMBER OF THE MARINE STAFF OF THE METEOROLOGICAL OFFICE.

PART II.

premonitory weather-signs are neglected. A thick mist comes on, the boats become separated, and, unable to find their ship, the men perish miserably from want and cold. Only a few days ago a vessel in the North Atlantic picked up two famished men drifting in a water-logged boat, who formed the sole survivors of the crew of a whaler's boat which had been towed away by the whale and had lost sight of the ship. The sperm whale will seize the boat in its mouth and crush it to atoms, and in such cases the whale as a rule turns over on his back, and then makes for the boat openmouthed. When the whale's month is wide open the cavity will comfortably contain fourteen men at one time. A small boat full of men has been known to enter easily. A cachalot, when wounded, vomited a shark fifteen feet long.

A whale can travel from ten to twelve miles an hour, and one stranded at Longniddry was eighty feet in length, weighed seventy-four tons, and had a tail eighteen to twenty feet across at the extreme end of its flange. With these data some scientists have calculated that in order to attain the rate of twelve miles an hour this whale would require to exercise a propelling force equivalent to 145-horse power.

The human race is not the only enemy of the whale, for an hereditary feud exists between it and the swordfish. This peculiarly armed fish will leap nine or ten feet out of the water, make a half-somersault, and fall headforemost on to the whale beneath. The whale defends himself with his tail, with which he could easily annihilate his mortal enemy, but the swordfish is too rapid in its movements, and delivers its blows with great frequency and impetuosity. A swordfish has been known to pierce completely through the stout oak planking of a large ship, and break the sword short off, leaving it firmly embedded in the ship, with the point of the sword well inside the hold of the vessel. The little calves in Magdalene Bay are preyed upon by a large fish called a killer. This fish seizes the calf by the lips like a bull-dog, and, having dragged it ander water to a snitable place, feeds upon it.

and, having dresself and the surface of the solution of the real surface of the surface of the occan, has become a source of unforceseen cated instances of the whale instances of the whale rushing headlong at a well-built ship and causing her to founder, or to leak so freely as to compel

her to put into the nearest port for the necessary repairs.

The Essex, in 1820, lowered her boats to

The Essex, in 1820, lowered her boats to catch whales on the equator, in longitude 118 deg. west. The master and second mate were soon fast to different whales, but the mate returned on board for another boat, as his own had been shattered by a whale. The look-out man in the crow's-nest reported that a whale was making a straight course for the ship, and the infuriated animal struck the Essex a terrific blow, which broke off a part of her keel before the mate could get away again in his boat in order to give battle to the monster. The whale retired a little, as if to attain his maximum velocity, then, coming on, he butted the ship with awful momentum, and his massive head stove in the ship's bow, causing her to heel over and fill with water. The Essex did not sink for a few homs, so that the crew were able to provision the boats, in which they set sail from the scene of the disaster. The Marquesas Islands lay to leeward of them, not very far off, but, being in dread of the reported cannibalistic propensities of the islanders, they unhappily decided to pull to windward for the main land. The sufferings of the poor fellows while in the open boats were heart-rending, and but few survived.

The Pocahontas, in the year 1850, when in latitude 34 deg. south, longitude 94 deg. west, had her bow crushed into splinters by a whale with his head. This whale had returned to the ship; and she was steered towards the pugnacious cetacean, with the result that he turned upon his pursner, and damaged her to such an extent that she was compelled to make for Rio Janeiro, in order to stop the leak.

The Panline, a French barque laden with sugar from the West Indies, was struck by a huge whale, in 1851, and sank almost immediately; barely allowing the crew sufficient time to launch a small boat in which they remained huddled together, on the open ocean, for three days, until picked up in a famished condition by a British vessel. This year also the Ann Alexander was struck by a whale and sank. A most remarkable incident is related in connection with this whale. He was captured three years afterwards with the harpoon of the ill-fated Ann Alexander still firmly fixed in his side and splinters from the ship's timbers deeply embedded in his head.

ill-fated Ann Alexander still firmly liked in his side and splinters from the ship's timbers deeply embedded in his head. The Herald of the Morning was struck by a whale off Cape Horn, in 1860, and the blow started seven feet of her stem. The whale himself was injured internally, as he was seen to spout large quantities of

blood.

Last summer the steamship Waesland, bound from Antwerp to New York with emigrants, was steaming at a rate of ten miles an honr, when a whale was sighted going in the same direction as the steamer. The captain assuming that the whale would keep ont of harm's way, kept the ship on her course and ran right into him. The steamer was uninjured by the collision, but had to go astern to clear herself from the whale, which had been killed by the blow

Last October the Petersburg, one of the Russian volunteer fleet, was traversing the Indian Ocean, in latitude 9 deg: north, longitude 73 deg. east, or about thirty miles from the island of Minicoy, bound through the Suez Canal with passengers from Vladivostock. The weather being very fine, she was making about twelve miles an hour through the water, when suddenly a shock was experienced, the way of the steamer was stopped, and she vibrated sensibly throughout her entire length. Her commander saw the sea in the ship's wake red with the blood of two whales which had met their death; one being cut open by the steamer's stem, the other killed by blows of the propeller. The dead whales were each about eighty feet in length, and many cetaceans were unconcernedly spouting near by.

Last January the steamship Kelloe ran into a whale off Seaham Harbour, and the concussion caused the steamer to heel over, but fortunately she suffered no damage. Meanwhile the whale went under water; and on his return to the surface in order to blow, it was noticed that one of his fins had disappeared, which was supposed to have been lopped off by the blades of the steamer's screw.

The swollen carcasses of dead whales have sometimes been mistaken for rocks, and reported as such to the authorities. The illusion is most complete, inasmuch as the dead bodies float on the surface of the sea for some time, are covered with bar-nacles and tangled seaweed, and the wash of the waves as they drive against them under the influence of every breeze tends to fill in the details of the deception. Weddell, in his voyage towards the South Pole, in 1822, was misled in this way, and several other commanders have had a similar experience. Captain Bennett, of the clipper ship Thessalus, while bound from Australia to California last year, which passage he made in fifty-one days, the fastest of the season, had a rock reported to him by the look-out. Looking from a distance with a telescope, a rock seemed just awash; but on coming closer the apparent danger was discovered to be a dead whale, whose upper surface, of a dark earthy colour, was five feet above water, and the submerged portion had the appearance of coral. The same ship also passed another very large dead whale last November, while homeward bound.

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

- AN OLD B.O.P'IST. The population of Perim is a little over 2,000. We do not know the origin of the name. The area is about four square miles. There is a map of it in Philip's Jubilee Atlas.
- CARPENTER.—1. Wood is stained by some such mixture as Stephens's Wood Stain, obtainable at most oilshops. It is French-polished to get the gloss, or it is warnished. Both varnish and French-polish can be bought at the same shop as the stain, and, like it, are cheaper to buy ready-made than to make. For instructions how to polish, see our articles in back numbers.
- G. H. W. BARRIE.—You will find hedgehogs easiest at early morn in antumn. Don't take them in spring or summer. They thrive best with freedom. Do not keep them in a box. They eat breadand-milk, and insects, worms, etc.
- W. G. GORDON (Brighton).—1. A complete edition of "The Arabian Nights" is published by Messrs, F. Warne and Co., in the Chandos Classics, for two shillb gs. 2. "From Powder Monkey to Admiral" is now published in book form by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, of Paternoster Row. Our numbers containing it are quite out of print.
- ALIQIUS.—1. In Vol. I., now out of print. 2. Very poor. 3. The sumach is a tree popularly known as the "stag's-horn."
- Anxious (Bradford).—Give up the sinful habit at once and for ever; take as much outdoor exercise as possible, with cold bath every morning, and some good tonic. Read our recent articles on Health and Athletics.
- IRISHMAN.—1. Not that we know of. 2. All depends on breed and condition. 3. Spratt's biscuits. 4. Hedgehogs: bread and milk is the staple, but they ought to have liberty to run about and forage.
- W. H. Brown.—1. They wear trews, but not tartan. 2. No; if strong, you may wear a kilt. 3. No.
- SIVEL, 1. Certainly; milk and water. 2. No. 3. Should be too cleanly kept and bedded ever to have fleas. Spriukle a little turps on the bedding, 4. No.
- H. A. Low.—Yes, leave boar and sow guinea-pigs together, but not two boars.
- APPRENTICE and W. FRANCE. 1. Do not stop too long in the water. 2. Oatmeal will make you grow as fast as anything.
- GEO. HEAVEN.—It is difficult to give a cure for mange in cats. To apply oily substances might kill boor puss. Try dusting sulphur iuto the fur of affected parts.

- H. ROBERTS.—If au Englishman has a son born to him in a foreign country, and leaves that country with his son two days after the boy's birth for an English possession, where the boy lives for the rest of his life, the boy is of English nationality. Is that clear enough? The question is, to what consul you would apply if in trouble in a foreign land. Would the Spanish Government interiere on the ground of the two days' residence?
- Telegraphist.—1. Yes, bathe in the river. 2. Weakness, perhaps. 3. Bad.
- A. J. B.—Feeding and bedding of rabbits must both be bad.
- A. B. C.—It is wrong to harness a goat in kid or giving milk. 2. About one year old. 3. Better cut out the model than bend the timbers.
- X. Y.—If the kittens are dead, gentle friction with a little spirits will help to disperse the milk.
- H. O.—There are several such bogs in the Fenland. Take a trip from March to Spalding.
- P. T. O.—Simply place the guinea pig boar and sow together in a large hut h with a dark room, and plenty of food and bedding.
- F. T. O.—Give the dog with chronic cough cod-liver oil thrice a day.
- J. G.—We knew of a henhouse being roofed as follows. It was rather a dirty job, but it cost little; and the roof lasted for years, and is lasting now. Some boards from an old egg-clest were laid ou the rafters side by side, not overlapping. Then these were tarred with hot coal-tar, and, while the tar was still hot, sheets of newspaper were laid on it, as you lay zinc plates. The paper was tarred, and nore newspaper put on that, which was again tarred, and then covered with a third layer of paper duly tarred all over. When dry the roof looked as if covered with smooth felt in one sheet, and a coat of tar each spring has kept it in condition ever since. The paper used was that of the "Field," but the "Times" would do as well.
- X, Y, Z,—1, For London University prospectus, apply to Registrar, Burlington Gardens, w. 2. Answered in detail a short time ago. Not less than £100 a year.
- year.

 V. DE M. O. R.—1. Speaking generally, a public school is one that is endowed, or supported by public funds. 2. To be a naval engineer you have to pass an examination, and undergo a course of instruction at Keyham. 3. There is a medical examination, and a very strict one; and defective vision is a disqualification. 4. The head men have nearly all passed through the Royal Navy, just as the sailors are nearly all old man-o'-warsunen.

- M. PHILLIPS.—The number is in print. Any number in print will be sent direct from this office on receipt of three halfpenny postage-stamps. Address your application to the publisher.
- N. H.—Berengaria died in France. Her bones were found in a barn, near Mans, under a pile of wheat. See "Our Kn gs and Queens" in the June part for
- ARCHANGEL .- Both are probably hens.
- BOB.—We never heard of the mixture; and there never was an Agricultural Exhibition in Kensington Gardens. There was no Agricultural Show in London in 1885. The paragraph is probably an advertisement of the bogus testimonial order.
- G. H. E.—1. For the sheet of diagrams apply to Mr. Stanford, Charing Cross. 2. For a cheap instorical chart you cannot do better than buy that issued by Messrs. Ward and Lock with the first part of their "Universal Instructor," which costs sixpeuce or sevenpeuce.
- or sevenpence.

 A Norwich Reader.—1. The match was Australians against England at the Oval on August 11, 12, and 13, 184. A. C. Bannerman got 4, P. S. McDonn II 103, W. L. Murdoch 211, and H. J. H. Scott 102. The total of the innings was 551. England s total was 346 first ionings, and 85 for two wickets. The match was, of course, drawn. The English tram was—Dr. W. G. Grace, Scotton, Barues, Shrewsbury, Mr. A. G. Steel, Ulyett, Barlow, Lord Harris, Hon. A. Lyttelton, Mr. W. Read, and Peate. 2. From his alarming delivery and general success. 3. No.
- H. W. LEE.—1. The volume is quite out of print. We cannot help you. You might get the missing numbers by advertising in "Exchange and Mart."

 2. "The Earl of Warwick" is a tragedy written by Dr. T. Franklin in 1767.

 3. Not miles you are in the trade. Try Confield, of St. Bride Street, E.C.

 4. Not too old for certain technical posts.

 5. All out of print.

 6. With fuller's-earth and a hot iron.
- G. V. JOURDAN.—I. If the story suits us we will take it, if not we will return it. But our arrangements are made for a very long time in advance. 2. There are many such agencies, as you will see by referring to the London Directory; but we can recommend none.
- STUMPY.—The best of the books is the first, Biddle's "Model Yachting." In the August part for 1884 there is the sail-plan of a schooner, which has proved successful in every quarter of the globe.
- ZED.—Your first cousin's child is your first cousin

- J. LUDSHALL.—Osiers should be cut between the fall of the leaf and the rising of the sap in spring. The best time is when the ground is frozen. They should be bound in large bundles, and placed so that water can flow at the depth of two or three inches over their butts. By the spring the stem will have absorbed water enough to render pecling easy. The pecling is the most expensive part of the process of preparation.
- easy. The peeling is the most expensive part of the process of preparation.

 ALARMED.—1. There is no doubt whatever as to the discovery of North America by the Vikings. 2. There was a Bishop of Greenland in 1121, and there were bishops of Greenland in unbroken succession after him for 250 years, so that the existence of Greenland at least was known to the Roman Government before the days of Columbus. There is a bull of Nicholas V., of datc 1448, in which the Greenlanders are actually mentioned by name. 3. There is a map of the world in existence, of date 1300, in which the American coast-line to Florida is laid down. The annals containing an account of the Norse discovery were last copied about 1350. The very manuscript, which was in existence when Columbus visited Iceland, is in existence now, and its contents have been printed. 4. The Vikings did erect boundary marks, and leave relies. In 1824, on one of the Wouan's Islands in Baffiu's Eay, there was found an old boundary-stone, with Runic inscription of the date of 1135. 5. Adam of Bremen in 1076 wrote a descriptive account of what is now New England. 6. Columbus sailed to Iceland from Bristol in 1477. 7. America is said to be so called from Americo Vespucci. If you like, you can take it as immortalising Eric the Red="Am-Erica," in fact!

 J. GOUDY.—1. To keep cheese from drying, put it in a cheese dish with a torm-cost or contents are contents and the contents are the cost of the contents are contents as a content of the c
- J. GOUDY.—1. To keep cheese from drying, put it in a cheese-dish with a terra cotta or crockery cover Such things are sold at all china warehouses. 2. Leave it alone.
- 2. Leave it alone.

 QUERIES.—1. The first four volumes are ont of print.

 2. To clean an engraving, lay it on a smooth board
 and cover it over thinly with a layer of table-salt.
 Then squeeze a lemou over the salt so as to dissolve
 a great part of it. Then raise one end of the
 board to about half a right angle, and pour on it
 boiling water ont of a tea-kettle until the salt and
 juice are all washed away. Then dry the engraving gradually, but not by the fire or in the sun.
 If the engraving is mounted it will come away
 from the mount in the process. 3. The date
 underueath an engraving is the date of the engraving; the date on the picture is the date of the
 picture. It is very seldom that the date of the
 engraving is put on the picture. 4. The same
 people that deal in stamps mostly deal in crests.

 T. H.—You must enlist in Canada for the Canadian
- T. H.—You must enlist in Canada for the Canadian Police. You can obtain particulars at the Canadiau Government Agency, Victoria Street, S.W.: or at the Emigrants Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.
- M. Lazarus (Alexandria).—The question is merely a catch. There is no object in multiplying pounds, shillings, and pence by pounds, shillings, and pence except as an amusement. You can either reduce oue of the amounts to peuce, or you can work the sum by aliquot parts.
- COMPANY.—The longest railway run last year without a stop was on the North-Eastern from Newcastle to Edinburgh, 124½ nilles. From Grantham to King's Cross is 105½ miles. The American mail runs on Sundays, from Dublin to Queenstown, which is 177½ miles, but it stops for water.
- H. R. and E. W.—The sixpences are not now coined—they were too much like half-sovereigns; but the others are still going on, and a new sixpence has been issued taking the place of the Jubilee one.
- W. G.—Buy a pennyworth of French polish from the nearest oilshop. For such a small thing it is not worth while getting separate ingredients.
- SIG.—There is a book on "Induction Coils: How Made and How Worked," published by Van Nostrand, of New York, and obtainable through Trübner and Co., of Ludgate Hill, E.C.
- ner and Co., of Ludgate Hill, E.C.

 NETIS Bell's "New Tracks in North America," Gnuter's "Life on the Plains," Dunraven's "Great Divide," Dodge's "Hunting Grounds of the Great West," Campion's "On the Frontier," and Buxton's "Adventures Annong the Wild Tribes of the Bockies," and "Life in the Far West," could all be got through Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., of Fetter Lane, E.C. Bird's "Nick of the Woods" is in Milner and Sowerby's Cottage Library; their office is in Paternoster Row. "Camps in the Rockies," by Baillie-Grohmann, and "Red Cloud," by Sir W. Butler, can be had of Sampson Low and Co. "Under the Avalanche" and "The Pursued" are published by Messrs. Warne and Co., Bedford Street, Covent Garden. Abbott's "Kit Carson," and "Beone the Backwoodsmañ," are published by Ward and Lock, Salisbury Square, E.C.

 B. E.—The Rayal Greave sank at Snithead on the
- B. E.—The Royal George sank at Spithead on the 29th of August, 1782. She was being heeled over to repair a pipe when a sudden squall washed the sea into her open ports. Altogether about 600 meu were lost in her.
- S. P. Q.—Postage-stamps were invented by Chalmers, not by Rowland Hill. They are a Scotch invention, not an English one.

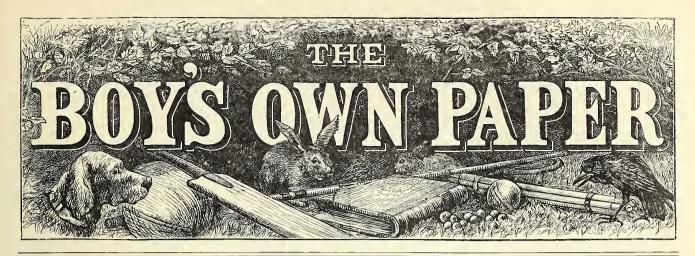
- Half Lever.—See "Modern Horology," Saunier's Treatise, and "The Watchmaker's Haudbook," all published by J. Tripplin, Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn.
- A. G. H.—You might get the volumes exchanged by advertising in "Exchange and Mart."
- OPTIC.—A microscope, seemingly the same as you describe, costs £12 12s., and is sold by Henry Crouch, 66, Barbican, E.C. It is the Petrologist's microscope. The same firm have a good student's microscope for £5 5s. You cannot get a trustworthy instrument first hand for less.
- E. O.—Particulars of all scholarships are given in the Oxford and Cambridge Calendar, both of which you could probably see at your town free library.
- BETA. See our article on the Musical Glasses in the March part for 1885.
- H. E. I. C. R.—The honey of the wild bee is hardly worth taking in this country. To say nothing of the cruelty of such an act, we bid you remember that if there were no wild bees we would have few wild flowers; so leave their store of food alone.
- VERY ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—It is nothing; a mer symptom. Sleep in a better-ventilated room.
- T. WATERHOUSE.—September, or late in August.
- CAVE CANEM .- Yes, St. Bernards swim well.
- MAY FLOWER.—For cold, put a little paregoric, fifteen drops, and a teaspoonful of glycerine daily in the parrot's drinking-water.
- J. J. TAYLOR.—Look in bird columns of "Exchange and Mart."
- and Mart."

 PRINCE and Others.—Get our back numbers containing papers on Boys' Dogs.
- ANGOLA.—We could not say price of rabbit unless we saw it. All depends upon points, age, condition, etc. Yes, "Exchange and Mart" gives most shows. "Poultry" does so too, we think.
- Cochin China, C. C. Cooper, and Others.—Egg-eating. The radical cure is to kill the fowl. All other plans have at times failed to cure the habit—blowu eggs filled with mustard and cayenne, stone eggs, etc. Do you give plenty of gravel?

- A LOVER OF ANIMALS. No, we have many girl readers. The hedgehog wants to rnn about more. Bread-aud-milk is all very well, but in time the skin will probably get bad and the bristles fall ont unless he is allowed the run of the garden, to pick and choose.
- RUDDIGORE. Take ten drops of dialysed iron in water three times a day, a cold bath in the morning, and pleuty of exercise.
- Cochin China.—There is nothing to prevent your marrying your father's cousin's daughter that we know of. But do not marry a wife unless you can give her as good a home as that you take her from —and pray tell her we said so.
- W. M. RIX.—1. You get such books from Trübner and Co., or David Nutt, or Williams and Norgate. 2. We do not know where Suva is—but, then, we are not under examination. You may depend upon it there is a town of that name in the United States. Every name in geography is duplicated there.
- AERONAUT.—Yes; and they have been described in our columns over and over again. See back.
- STUDENT.—Gct the "Science Directory," price sixpence, from Secretary, Science and Art Department, South Kensington, S.W.
- GEORGE.—There is Fry's "Handbook to the Loudon Charities," published by Sampsou Low, Marston, and Co., Fetter Lane, E.C.
- aud Co., Fetter Lane, E.C.

 TOMAHAWK.—In this country Indian clubs are kept on sale at the sports' warehouses, ruuning from 4lb. up to 30lb. per pair, and the scale we give is not considered out of the way. But it is a scale our readers are recommended not to exceed: aud in these columns we are constantly insisting on the fact that it is the exercises, and not the weight of the instruments, that does good. Dumb-bells used to be worked with of enormous weights; now a pair of iron dumb-bells is a rarity in a gymnasium, and the weight has completely goue over to the Indian clubs. "Light dumb-bells, heavy clubs," is now the cry of our gymnasiarchs.
- DEVONIAN.—You should advertise the volumes in "Exchange and Mart."





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Price One Penny.
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RED WHISKERS:

A TRUE INCIDENT OF THE INSURRECTION IN CRETE, 1866-8.

BY FRANCES EPPS,

Author of "Homeward Bound," etc.



"He rapidly sped up the cliff and knocked aside the rifles."

N August, 1868, the insurrection was practically over. The Cretan Christians had made their protest against their Turkish rulers in vain, for now, in the third year of the war, the gaunt, ragged "Patriotai" lay on their bleak hill-tops, behind their few remaining lines of defence, in a state of dumb

despair.

The eyes of some, nevertheless, looked with a gleam of hope across the blue sea to Greece, where, happily, wife, children, and aged parents dwelt in safe refuge; while the haggard faces of others, alas! turned gloomily and revengefully to the fair landscape below them. How could they ever set up "home" again in those burnt out lages? For the handsome, busy housewhere was she? Perished miserably, perchance raving mad from terror and Turkish insults, in yonder green valley; or perhaps she was amongst those who died of famine fever in the caves by that sea-shore, so bright with the crimson oleanders and dazzling sunshine. No ship came to fetch her away, save the boat of the grim, unseen ferryman!

And the dark-eyed, bonnie little children, too, where were they? All dead, from want, exposure, Turkish shot or

sword.

No wonder that these gallant, bronzed "patriotai," husbands and fathers, gazed in bitter despair at the graves of their homes, at their ruined olive and vincyards, and with an intense hate at the chain of Turkish block-houses now stretching from end to end of the beloved country, "wave-washed roundabout," they had sacrificed their all to

The blockade, which had lasted so long, and been so fruitful in adventure and excitement, was now over, and the officers of the French and English gunboats, which lay at anchor off Canea, joined some of the consuls and their friends in organising a picnic among the mountains a few miles behind

Canea.

The doctor of the Magician, the English gunboat, had been against the expedition from the first, as unsafe and toilsome, but his friend Lieutenant Selby, as daring and frisky as any boy out for a holiday, laughed and chaffed him out of his prudence and laziness. The American and English consuls had been in the island all through the insurrection, and thought it quite safe to go. The French officers of the Impérieuse had only just arrived, and the picnic was as a matter of course given rather in their honour.

Add to these consular and naval personages a Turkish officer (an Englishman, and friend of the English consul) with two servants, all three in uniform, a few man-of-warsmen, some mules and horses for riding and carrying the lunch, and the American consul's photographic apparatus, and you will have an idea of the imposing array of the picnic-party as it passed out of the western gate of Canea about 7 a.m. that hot August

day.

"I hate hobnobbing with that Anglo-Turkish fellow," growled the doctor; "we are certain to get some bullets as souvenirs from the insurgents in his company. It would have been much better to have given a dinner on board to those French fellows."
"Safe as Hampstead Heath!" laughed

"The Turks command all on this side of the Omalos; and besides, the insurgents are done for, the country is quite quiet. But I'll go and air my French with the monsieurs; I was at school in Paris when a boy, and could parlez-vous' very decently

The first plunge over, Selby managed to make himself understood fairly well, and as the party moved along westward over ten or twelve miles of level plain, the French officers had a lively and in-

structive time.

"Behind us, about the middle of the island," began Selby, in careful French, "is the wonderful and classic Mount Ida, about eight thousand feet high. have seen the grotto where the infant Jupiter was concealed and fed by bees. I have crawled, with much difficulty, to the cave where he was buried. It puzzles me greatly how his corpse was got in entire, unless an earthquake has altered the entrance since then.

At this point one of the listeners, thirsting for information, and not quite understanding Selby's rather rusty French, produced his note-book, and asked the name of the gentleman buried on so romantic a spot. The appearance of the note-book curtailed any further mythology from Selby, as he felt it a weak subject, and withheld the flood of information he had ready about the eighty ships which Crete sent to the Trojan war, the sea-supremacy of Minos, his blood-curdling labyrinth, etc., etc.; a cross-examination and a note-book, together with the difficulties of the French idiom, were too much for him.

But the sight of the mountain peaks far ahead spurred him on to fresh fields

of description.

"I lately made a journey to those hills before us," said he, "and if you want to understand the past history of this magnificent island, you will find it there plainly written in a most charming book, spread open for you in the won-derful ruins and relics lying scattered about. On the level top of an isolated limestone peak, seven hundred feet high, stands the city of Polyrrhenia, formed of the ruins of centuries. First, deep down are the huge blocks of square stone of the Cyclopæan builders. them are found fragments of delicate sculpture, bits of pottery, Greek coins; and if you want still further proof of the presence of the early Greek settlers you have but to look at the lovely Cretan girls of to-day, especially in the mountains, and examine the Cretan language that they speak, to realise that the old Greeks have indeed handed down their world-famed beauty and speech to these far-off descendants.
"But soon after the time that Rome

laid one hand on Gaul and Britain, she laid the other on Crete, and here at Polyrrhenia, above the Greek foundations, the thin red Roman bricks still hold well together, and the name of Hadrian speaks boldly to this day from a block of sandstone as to who was master here in the second century.

"Above the ruins of the Roman work come the remains of the Venetian city, for the Saracens and Byzantine emperors left no traces here, and the Lion

of St. Mark held the island in his cruel grip for four hundred years. Traces of this occupation are found everywhere." "Ah! yes," interrupted the gentle-man with the note-book, "we have seen

the fortifications at Canea, the arsenal and galley-slips, the Italian coats-ofarms over the doors and windows, and the mutilated lions over the sea-gates.

"Well, I have come to the surface now," said Selby, "for above the Vene-tian ruins there is nothing but the wretched hovels of the modern Cretans, all built anyhow on the mountain slopes, amongst fragments of the past—huge tipped-up blocks, Greek sculpture, Venetian work, all at sixes and sevens, with maiden-hair fern, wild vines, and fig-trees growing amongst them. hovels themselves are, in many cases, a patchwork of marble, Roman bricks, and mud. The Turks will certainly leave no buildings for posterity here!

By this time our party had reached the River Platanos, where they were to turn southwards. They were glad They were glad to halt a few minutes, and noticed the half-ruined villas, mostly Venetian, embowered amongst the orange and olivetrees, and then pursued their way, zigzag along the river, up to Lakus, on the summit of the hill. Traces of the war they found here in plenty. Empty ruined houses, scarcely one with a roof on, the greater part of the brave inhabitants now refugees in Greece, those left behind looking utterly jaded and listless. Here a guide was obtained, a picturesque-looking fellow, Demetrius, who undertook to lead them to Meskla, where the party had arranged to lunch.

The man scowled when he saw the Turkish uniform, but the English and American consuls, who both fortunately understood Cretan, hurried him well on to the front, and Selby quickly joined them, anxious to lay in a fresh store of

information.
"That is Zourba," said the guide. "Do you see that church amongst the The bell there has a story. trees? When the Turks came at the beginning of the war, the priests fled after burying the bell. Thrown into prison, they were made to discover its whereabouts, and the Turks re-hung it, and made it give voice to joyous peals of victory. Down came the patriotal to that opposite steep hill, and, on hearing how the bell had been forced to its unwelcome task, 'Ring away,' said they; 'we will fetch it to-night!' And so they did, while the Turks slept, and hanging it on one of those high trees yonder, made it ring the night out!

This being interpreted to Selby, he made known to Demetrius, by vigorous smiling and nodding of head and clapping of hands, his approval of the pluck

of the patriotai.

"I am very anxious to see the plain of the Omalos," he continued. "Ask him if it is quite impossible to get there

"Quite impossible," returned Demetrius; "it will take you all the day to get back to Canea by Lakus and Theriso. have been there many times. hold an annual fair there, and to it, in May, 1866, streamed the representatives of the people to discuss the redress of our grievances.

"Were not the grievances rather naginary?" asked the Doctor, who imaginary?" imaginary?" asked the Doctor, who had just caught up the advance guard,

feeling cross, tired, and thirsty.

"Imaginary!" flashed out Demetrius.

"Would you call it an imaginary wrong if your word was not taken against a Turk's in the courts of law; if you were taxed and ground down, and your money spent out of the country, while your beautiful motherland lay starving and barren for want of nourishment and development of her wondrous fertility; if promises of reform were made continually to you, only to be broken; if your home and honour, too, were never safe?" And the Cretan's hand sought the row of weapons at his girdle, and his keen eyes flashed with indigna-

"Tell us about the gathering at the Omalos," put in the English consul,

anxious to calm him.

"Ah! the beautiful plain," said the patriot, "till now never in the hands of any conqueror. At the time of our May gathering it had just put on its glorious green robe of freshly-springing oats; the waters, that make a lake of it in winter, were still roaring in the huge cavern at one end, by which they subside into the very bowels of the mountain; the golden furze stood out against the blue sky on the walls that bound the plain, and below it rose the dark ilex with blood-red buds, and the varied greens of the olives, planes, vines, and myrtles. Sadly and anxiously the chiefs waited in vain for the answer to the petition they had sent to Constantinople, and at last, after the assembly had moved down nearer to Canea, the long-smouldering flame burst forth;
"On, on to the war!" was the cry all

over the island.'

" Oh! Cretan lads so bold, With sword in hand like heroes, Shout freedom as of old!

Poor Demetrius here lapsed into goody silence. The war so eagerly moody silence. The war so eagerly begun had cost him very dear, and it

was all for nought, he felt.

The Doctor's grumbling at the folly of toiling up the hill in the heat to Lakus, and then descending to Meskla, the bother of having to lead the mules, and the want of air, on account of the hillsides being so steep and meeting so closely, were brought to a satisfactory ending by Demetrius calling a halt, as Meskla was now reached. A charming spot under the plane-trees by the pure cold rushing mountain brook was speedily settled upon, and the picnic party most thoroughly enjoyed the "picnic proper," as Selby called the lunch, and after it the rest they felt they had really earned.

The insurgents' lines were not far off, and a gentle peppering of shot seemed

continually in progress.

The American consul left his companions to the enjoyment of cigarettes and forty winks, and climbed a neighbouring hill to see what was going on. His curiosity, however, as he said, was quickly satisfied when a few bullets came uncomfortably near him, and on rejoining his party he found that Demetrius had just ascertained that it would not be safe for them to proceed to Theriso by the usual route along the main mountain ridge, but he offered to conduct them by a path running along the ridge farthest from the insurgents.

Such a path it turned out to be! mere sheep-walk scratched on the side of the hill. The beasts were led hesitating and hobbling along, and all were glad when Theriso was reached. Selby was greatly disappointed at having no time to see the celebrated limestone ravine where disasters to the Turkish army had happened more than once. With a draught at the delicious spring, the party had to push on, as the light was beginning to fail.

As both the consuls said they knew the way, Demetrius took his leave, and the party set off full speed for Canea, which they expected to reach in about

an hour.

But it was a case of "more haste, less speed," for in the hurry a wrong path was taken, and they got into a vine-yard-path, which led nowhere in particular. Selby felt confident that, with his large bump of locality and previous experience in surveying, they would be sure to strike the road soon, and insisted on their all pushing on. When some shepherd boys called out to them, they thought it was insurgents, and hurried on still faster and farther out of the way. Then the insurgents, catching sight of the Turkish colonel's fez, demanded an explanation, and when not answered fired a shot, which a servant of one of the consuls thought it his duty to return. Then began a scrimmage! The insurgents sending bullets from the top of the ridge, and the picnic party flying, mules, photographic apparatus, and all, dodging from apparatus, and all, dodging from boulder to boulder, hoping to gain the road before their pursuers.

There was not much conversation. The man-of-war's-men seemed rather to enjoy the excitement, and so did Selby, but the Doctor and most of the others were in a fume. At last the ridge broke down, and there was a maze of huge rocks which afforded a little shelter for a time. A hasty council of war was held, and nine of the party, including the colonel and the American consul, decided to go on, leaving beasts and baggage behind; and a bad quarter of an hour they had of it! It was almost dark, and they had to cross a field which was a bed of springs. It really

was a case of

" Slipping, tripping, Air so nipping, Up in the hills Away from home!"

However, they did just manage to reach a place of safety, thoroughly tired, muddy, and perspiring, before their pursuers closed upon them. Then, hearing voices behind in colloquy, they con-cluded all was right with their companions, and enjoyed in peace the pipes and coffee offered them in the Turkish block-house.

The consular and military dignity was still further appeased by the turning out of a heavy escort to take the party back to Canea. And so ended

Those who had stayed behind amongst the rocks had a much more interesting time of it.

"Just exactly what I said," growled the Doctor, as the nine wheeled madly off. "Now I beg to propose that one of you unmarried fellows just climb that rock and tell those bloodthirsty ruffians at the top that we are a party of non-combatants" ("pleasure-seekers," put in Selby, with a twinkle in his eye). "It's no use standing here as targets for their sharp-shooting practice!

Apparently it was a party either of Benedicts or bad climbers, for no one seemed anxious to face those rifles at the edge. Selby was thinking of the poor little wife he had had to leave at home after being married a month. fresh burst of peppering roused him.

"Oh! I say," cried he, "I'm married, too, very much so; but some one must

So he rapidly sped up the cliff, knocked aside the rifles, and began making absurd attempts in English, French, and bad Cretan to explain matters. But the patriotai needed no speech to reassure them. The last rays of the setting sun illuminated a pair of red whiskers such as no Turk ever possessed, and as, fortunately, the captain of the band spoke some French, an understanding was quickly effected, and soon the whole party were comfortably seated round the fire and being treated with true mountain hospitality. Selby was in his element as a sort of interpreter and master of the ceremonies, and all began to enjoy the adventure, after a rest and some food, except the Doctor, who growled in an undertone about indigestion from the insurgents' supper, and rheumatism from the rough sleeping accommoda-

What stories they heard that night of the war as they sat round the camp fire of the awful destruction of the monastery of Arkadi, full of refugee women and children, so stubbornly and vainly held against the Turks, and then the powder-magazine fired in the moment

of victory.

"I have been there since," said one of the patriotai, "and it is one of the most awful sights I ever yet beheld. The dead, shrivelled and brown, lic stiff where they fell; mothers, with the look of horror still on their faces, hold out stiff dead arms to guard the murdered children clinging round them.

Then the blockade-running was dis-

"I made several trips in our chief blockade-runner, the Arkadi," said another stalwart Cretan; "with her long grey hull, raking masts, and telescopic funnel, she slid like a ghost past the great Turkish cruisers, carrying food, ammunition, and volunteers to the island, and bearing away to Greece refugees and sick and wounded." What speed?" asked Selby.

"Fifteen knots, easy," was the answer.
"She was English-built, and had always British engineers. Many a close exciting run she had for it, and at last died a hero's death. The fight lasted from ten at night till four next morning with the Turkish ship Izzedin. The captain of the Arkadi, man at the helm, and greater part of the crew were killed. After the starboard and paddle-wheel were smashed to pieces, she was set on fire, and the hull and engines sunk. Afterwards the wreck was raised, and

towed in triumph to Constantinople."
Talk such as this kept the picnic party and the patriotal sitting late over the fire. Very early next morn-ing, after a sound sleep in the captain's tent, wrapped up in cloaks and blankets, the visitors were abruptly roused by

"Come on and see the sun rise," shouted he; "it will be worth while from these hills."

And indeed it was a glorious sight,

making those familiar with the National Gallery think of Turner's hazy golden landscapes, and even the grumpy doctor allowed that he had felt no air like it for freshness since he was at Loch-na-gar, and that the view was about as fine.

After a hearty breakfast of biscuit, cheese, honey, and goat's-milk, the hospitable patriotai, having secured the beasts and baggage overnight, politely escorted their guests to the Turkish lines, where they were received by the detachment sent from Canea rescue" them.

Selby had no time to write his usual letter to his wife, as the mail was just leaving; the few lines he did send

rather puzzled her:

"No time to write; only just returned from a most jolly pienic. Insurgents inclined to bully us at first, but turned out bricks. My red whiskers proved of signal service. Will explain in my next. Please send at once a dozen handsome railway rugs for presents."

MARTOCK: BILL

A TALE OF THE SEVERN SEA.

BY J. ALLEN BARTLETT.

CHAPTER VI.

WITHIN the Black Rock is a winding cave, whose low-browed entrance seawards might be overlooked a dozen times, and whose other opening, on the summit of the dwarf cliffs, is equally well hidden by bushes.

Here Joe Davy had decided to land his cargo, and, having sent the coast-guard on their fruitless errand to the Abbey miles away, he felt fairly secure as on the stormy night described in our last chapter he guided the Lively Polly homewards through the boiling surf.

He had but one anxiety, and that was far from being a groundless one, for in so heavy a sea it would be next to impossible to land his cargo, even under the sheltered lee of the Black Rock Reef.

In the midst of a white squall he saw the signal-light, and, more successful than the Miranda's skipper, he fetched the very point he desired. But one glance shorewards showed how futile any effort at landing would be.

Huge rollers heaved beneath the little vessel's bilge, breaking even in deep water, and then, as they neared the rocks, curling over in a grand arch of some ten feet radius, they burst in thunder on the beach. On either side the rocks were buried in snowy foam, which climbed the cliffs and drenched the watchers far above, and then passed even higher, to the beetling brows of the encampment, where it spent itself in a fierce shower of salt rain.

No communication could pass between him and the shore, friends were practical seamen, and knew what his tactics would be in the event of no landing being effected; so, calling his men together, he gave orders that the cargo should be got on deck, and all the kegs securely lashed together. This being done, a heavy anchor was attached, and the whole heaved overboard at a given signal. Imagine the difficulty of such an opera-tion in such a sea, and hard by a lee shore! But it was done, nevertheless, and the kegs were dropped so close to shore that an hour of ebb would leave them high and dry. Then the long-shoremen, who were waiting, would paddle through the mud and secure the booty.

The bows of the Lively Polly were

now headed off to sea, the foresheet hauled across, and she began to gather way just in time, for her keel must have been almost in the mud when she sank

in the trough of a wave.
"Ready about!" roared the skipper, and round she came on the starboard tack, her headsails shivering in the wind as she hung a moment before going off on the port tack. It was a moment of suspense, of breathless anxiety, as she stood thus uncertain, for if she missed stays she would yaw

away and go broadside on to the rocks.
"Ah, she's doin' it, the beauty!" cried
the skipper, cheerily. "Round she goes,
boys! Now!"

But next moment his jaw fell, for right across his bow, her stays nearly scraping his bowsprit, came a cutter, her form looming vast and threatening in the fog and storm. The wind left his sails as the huge spread of canvas passed before him, and her surge beat against the bows of the Lively Polly, when, heeling over before the blast as it again struck her, she swept broadside on to the shore.
"She'll be on the rocks!"

A huge wave lifts her like a cork and dashes her broadside towards the black mass of limestone. Her crew hold fast to anything that comes handy, and wait for one awful moment. No, the sea passes beneath her, and the wild recoil carries her off again. Twice, and once again this happens, each sea carrying her a little farther down, till she clears the rocks and takes the muddy beach with a shudder and a thud. The next sea lifts her and lets her fall a few feet farther in, with a concussion that shakes her from stem to stern, and leaves her crew nearly breathless. Another, larger and wilder, follows in its wake.

"To the rigging, men," shouts Joe Davy, suiting the action to the word, and the deluge of foam and black water rushes beneath their feet, sweeping the decks from stem to stern, and carrying away bulwarks and hatchways in its

The hardy crew cling like limpets to the shrouds and crosstrees, swinging wildly to and fro in the cauldron of mad waters, and as each wave roars past, they expect to see the quivering hull fall to pieces beneath them. Their friends on shore can do nothing to help them, and, in fact, can hardly see them

"If we can hold on for another half hour, mates, we'll be all safe," suddenly cried Joe. "The tide's turned, and runnin' out as fast as it com'd in." But he looked down ruefully at the labour-ing hull beneath him, and shuddered when he felt the awful thumping and banging to which she was being subjected.

In his mind his craft was a living friend, and he dearly loved the little boat, which his sweetheart had chris-tened, and which had carried him safely through many a stormy night and hard-fought fight for life. "Poor old craft, thee'll never beat down to Lundy again," he thought, and the tears stood in his

His mind was almost too confused for continuous thought, but he found himthe vision of the cutter which had worked his woe. "Never know'd the man as could take a boat of her size along this shore on such a night. S'pose she was a Revenue boat as had smelt

But still he could not fairly account for the phenomenon. A Revenue bout would never run such risks to capture a smuggler; and no one but an inhabitant well acquainted with the coast would venture there in such weather. And then, the legend of "The Spectre Ship," to which he had listened with wide-eyed wonder many years ago, when a boy aboard his father's boat, recurred to his mind. Could this indeed be she? "No, she was never entter-rigged, that's certain, and that settles it." So he, being unable to satisfactorily explain the mystery refrained. factorily explain the mystery, refrained from thinking at all, or rather, arrived as near as he could to that enviable condition of mind, for no intelligent man can spend sixty seconds of perfect vacancy. Thoughts bidden and unbidvacancy. Thoughts bidden and unbidden will invade the brain, and no effort will keep them out.

Thus he clung to the rigging, his hands benumbed with the cold and wet drenched to the skin, and tossed to and fro at every lurch of the yawl, till presently the waves made less tremendous breaches over the little craft, and the concussions became less violent.

The tide was leaving her, and soon her crew were able to descend from their dizzy perches, and to find a footing on the wave-washed and slippery

Down sank the sea, and as it descended, so the hearts of the weary tars

plucked up courage.

In a few moments now, the men on shore will wade out to the little yawl, and the cargo, once safely hidden, the coastguard can be defied, or else their aid can be innocently invoked in the work of endeavouring to save the craft. Vain, delusive hope! There comes a scuttling sound along the shore; a ringing cheer, and the longshore-men, scattering right and left, are flying for their lives!

The coastguard had waited at the Abbey almost until the turn of the tide, when it was discovered that the farmer

was away from home.

At the same time, his two sons were observed making in the direction of

the Bearn.

"I almost think this is a plant," said Jack, and the inspector quite agreed with him; so, leaving two men to keep a keen look-out at the landing-place, the whole party set off in the direction of the caves, rejoicing in the pleasure of stretching their legs, and warming themselves by a "double."

They arrived, as we have seen, in the nick of time, scattered the men on shore, and then pounced on the Lively Polly, now lying high and dry, with all the evidences of her illicit trade about The sight was so ridiculous, they roared with laughter. Resistance on the part of her crew was out of the question, and they were too buffeted and weary to attempt to escape, so they surrendered with the best grace they could, and were promptly clapped in irons. When morning broke, the bales and kegs were collected and taken possession of in the King's name, whilst anchors and stout hawsers were carried out seawards, the former being buried in the mud just before the returning tide swept over them.

Joe and his crew were then marched off to Bristol, there to await their

trial.

The ringleader got a considerable term of imprisonment, and when, on once more becoming a free Briton, he found the Lively Polly on her moorings in the Pyll river, and not much the worse for her rough-and-tumble with the waves, let us hope he confined himself to the less exciting but infinitely more honourable profession of a Channel pilot. Certes, he never again appeared before the Bench for any similar misdemeanour.

Owing to certain suspicious circumstances, backed by the evidence of the crew of the Lively Polly, the Miranda was carefully scrutinised the next day, but nothing of a damnatory character was found on her, and her crew having given a good account of themselves, the

matter was allowed to drop.

One point, however, was most suspicious—Black Bill had disappeared. No one, not even his most intimate friend, could give the slightest clue to his whereabouts, although every effort was made.

The matter was a nine days' wonder, and then, like everything else, it ceased to interest, and eventually became almost forgotten. It was supposed that he had taken the alarm and thought it advisable to make himself scarce for a

The situation was very embarrassing for the rest of the gang, for Bill was the chief shareholder, and also the moving spirit of the concern, and his absence paralysed the others.

At length, however, Tom managed to dispose of the store on the old church roof, and having, with the concurrence and approval of the others, divided the net gains, as was originally arranged, he most honestly kept and secreted the lion's share, which belonged by right to the skipper.

"Bill will be back as soon as he thinks

things have quieted down a bit, and then he'll be glad to have a yellowboy or two ready to hand," said he. But Bill never

came again!

In the grey dawn of the morning which followed poor Joe's night of trouble a gigantic figure stood on the edge of the encampment cliffs gazing intently below, and trying to pierce the dense mist which hung like a cloud at its feet.

Suddenly it uttered a half-regretful exclamation and turned to leave the Then came a wild gust of wind from the sea, a stagger on the treacherous brink, an upward tossing of the arms, and a plunge head-first into a narrow crack or chasm which scarred the face of the rock wall just below. Dense bushes and shrubs, which apparently lived on air, clung and grew on the perpendicular cliff, and almost covered the fissure. They shook for a moment, and a little shower of raindrops pattered on the *débris* below. Then all was still as the grave.

Many and many a long year passed away, and the little village under the fortress forgot all about Bill Martock, and grew until it became a thriving town. The Great Western Railway stretched along the valley some three miles away, and a little branch line ran from it to the town, where it terminated in a rustic-looking station. No engine ran upon the rails, but two stout horses tugged the one carriage which monopolised the line, and a rare struggle they had sometimes, when the wind blew in from the west. Twenty pounds to the square foot means a pretty considerable pressure on the front of a railway carriage.

One summer evening this solitary vehicle brought in an old grey-headed man and a buxom wife, who hung lovingly on his arm. They gazed around them in astonishment, and seemed lost in the contemplation of their surroundings. There was St. Nicholas-on-the Hill, and the everlasting hills themselves, and the grey battlements of the ancient fortress; but, instead of the huts and cottages of old time, behold a thriving seaport, with its thousands of visitors, its baths and bands and pro-

The old man turned to his good wife,

in whose eyes rested a gentle, resigned melancholy, and said, "This won't do for us, Polly, my dear. I thought we'd have ended our days in the old village we knew so well years agone; but this noisy town—we'd better have stayed in Plymouth. I dessay most of our old acquaintance are gone too, for sure it is a long time ago. Never mind, I'm old, and not long for this world, so I'll make

myself happy here."
But Polly did not see it, and in the end she and her husband, Jack Marling for it was he—took a little cottage in Pyll, and there they settled down. Yes, honest Jack had won fair Polly's hand, and well he deserved it. For many a long year after that smuggling affair he had wooed her in vain, and she had grown thin and sad, and no one knew why. But as the years rolled by the faithfulness of the honest tar touched her, and she had wedded him. "I give you all I can," she said; "ask me nothing more." Then they went south to Plymouth, where Jack managed to "lay up a bit o' money;" and then, having arrived at a hale and respected old age, he felt a longing to end his days in the familiar haunts of his younger manhood. Polly made him a good wife, but he noted silently that a minor chord ran through the brightest moments of her life.

Twelve months passed by, and the little cottage under the hill began to feel like home indeed, and a few old friends, the stranded wrecks of other days, had found the coastguard out, and many a peaceful pipe was smoked in the woodbine-covered porch.

One sunny afternoon the old man wandered along the sands to the Bearn and the Black Rock Reef, and as he walked he thought of the days gone by. It happened that on the same day two truant boys had spent a merry morning amidst the stones and crags of the old encampment, and were now performing acrobatic feats along the ridges and projections of the cliffs.
Suddenly one of them cried, "Why,

here's a gurt caave!"
"Let's go in un," said the other, and in they went, by dint of much pushing and squeezing.
Imagine their horror when they found

themselves in the presence of a gigantic skeleton, which was lying head down-

wards in a fissure!

They uttered two terrific yells, struggled back through the crevices as surely no mortal ever struggled before, barked their shins, knocked their heads, lost their breath, and tore their clothes into ribands, expecting momentarily to feel the grip of bony fingers.

Then they rushed wildly down the steep slopes beyond, and never stopped till old Jack Marling stuck out his two arms like an animated semaphore and effectually arrested their further pro-

"What ails ye, lads? Have ye seed a ghost or a bogey?" he cried, cheerily. "Noa, noa; wusser'n that!" they gasped in chorus. "There's a awful skelenton in the rocks yinder!" and they began to boohoo most lustily.

With great difficulty the old man persuaded them to accompany him to the mouth of the crevice, but no powers on earth would cause them to re-enter it.

"Spose I must have a try," said the old man.

He was slight and thin, and by dint of supernatural squeezing he managed to get through the opening.

There it lay, with its battered skull half buried in the earth, and the whitened bones all huddled round it is the probability bad fellow on its bad. as though it had fallen on its head, jammed in the fisser, and in that attitude had decayed. Some few tattered remnants of clothing still clung to the mouldering frame, and on one of the bony fingers was a massive silver ring, all blackened with damp and age. This the old man took possession of, thinking it might serve to identify its former owner—if, indeed, it were possible to do so. Then he reported the case at the local police station, and, retaining the ring, took it home in his pocket.

His wife paled as he told the story,

and when he produced the relic from his pocket she gazed earnestly at it, gave one piteous cry, and fainted in his

It was long before she recovered from was sitting in the cottage - porch, dreamily watching the sun setting in amber behind the Bryn, the old man put his arm round her neck and said, "You're hear a good wife to the Bryn." the shock, but one evening, when she "You've been a good wife to me, Polly, "better'n I deserve. I guessed your secret long ago, but I wouldn't say nothin' about it. I loves you none the less, and I admires you the more for marryin' a poor chap like me just for pity's sake when your heart was sore for him as once wore this ring. Now you knows I've learnt your secret, let

me comfort you, Polly."

And the old woman smiled on him.
"You've been a good man to me,

John," she said, "and I'd have died those many years ago but for you. I felt he was dead, and now I'm glad I knows the end on him, poor Bill! What's done is done for the best," and the old woman was comforted.

The old church of St. Nicholas still stands on its hill, but roofless and desecrated, and in its sunny graveyard lie all that remains of Jack Marling and his good old wife. Hard by, on a broken headstone, you may trace the letters which form the name "Joe Davy," and beneath it the first line of "Affliction sore, long time he bore." A coastguard still tramps along the gay promenades which now line the bay, but the rugged characters and stirring times of the past are gone for ever.

(THE END.)

FOR ENGLAND, HOME, AND BEAUTY:

A TALE OF THE NAVY NINETY YEARS AGO.

BY GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Wild Adventures Round the Pole," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXV .- "ENGAGE THE ENEMY MORE CLOSELY"-"ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY."



HERE is little leisure during war times

for indulging in the sentiments connected even with death itself, yet Peniston had intended to pay another visit to the island where the lonely old man lived, and inform him of the death of his niece. They buried her with every token of honour and respect in the spot where for long months she had passed so strange an existence; then the Blazer put to sea, and made sail towards he south.

About the evening of the third day a vessel was reported in sight away on the weather bow. The drum immediately beat to quarters, and all waited in suspense, hoping it might be an encmy's ship, but fearing it might not.

But when near enough they descried

the British ensign floating on a small

sloop-of-war.

The sloop was looking for the Blazer. The admiral of the station desired her immediate presence in Port Royal. So the course had to be altered, and, instead of taking the sad news to Craibe, it had to be sent, and no one belonging to the Blazer ever saw the old man again alive or dead. For when they arrived at Jamaica they were hurried off with sealed orders almost immediately again.

When once well out of sight of land, Captain Fairfax opened and read his instructions, and found that for months to come his cruising-ground would be the neighbourhood of the lone Bcr-

mudas.

Events of great importance had taken place at home, and far greater were to come; and when some time afterwards the Blazer received orders to join the fleet of Lord Nelson himself, and return with it to England, great indeed was the rejoicing on board. For, under the flag of so illustrious a commander, they were bound to witness naval warfare on its very grandest and most impressive scale.

The story of our most illustrious commander, the gallant Nelson, is far too well known to every one to need even epitomising by me. As an "old salt" I must, however, be permitted to say a word or two about the great man. To begin with, I do not like that story of his boyhood—and what is more I do not believe it—where he is found at a distance from home, to which he had strayed, lured by the brightness of the summer's day, the gay flowers, and the butterflies. He is said to have been found by an anxious relative on the wrong side of a stream planning and wondering how he should get over. This anxious relative, perhaps a grandmamma, fondly reproached him-so the yarn goes—saying to him,
"Horatio, my darling, I wonder that

fear did not drive you to the bosom of your family."

"Fear, grandma," he is said to have replied, "I never saw it. What is it!"

The same sort of goody-goody stories are told about Washington and almost every other great hero. Now, as re-

gards young Horatio Nelson, it is as likely as not that the episode might

have been as follows:—

The young "nipper" was chasing the pigs, not the butterflies, and coming to a muddy pool determined to dance in it. And did dance in it. The pool was better fun than the pigs.

But his granny, who was cutting cabbages in the garden, spied him, and lugged him out most unceremoniously

by the arm.
"There's clothes," said the old lady; "and there's boots, and there's wet feet. I wonder you're not afraid.'

Then Horatio, looking merrily up into

her face, replied,
"Afraid, granny, eh? I ain't afeared

you, anyhow." Now mine is the most likely version of the story, but I leave my readers to

believe which they like.

There are many other stories told about Nelson's boyhood, all of which are to be taken with a few grains of salt. About two things, however, there is no shade of doubt—the lad was bold and plucky, and his father had brought him up to fear God and regard man.

Nelson's early days of life at sea were passed in hardships that would have made a less courageous lad shrink shorewards, and prefer the back of a draper's counter to the rough-and-tumble life in fo'c'sle and before the mast.

My admiration for the young man commences from the very day he stepped on board the West Indiaman. Regarding this voyage, he says himself that if he did not improve in education, he returned home a practical seaman, and with a saying then common among the sailors, viz.,

"Aft-the most honour; forward-the better man."

A better proof than the whole of Nelson's life could not be adduced that the merchant service was the true nursery of the Royal Navy sailor. is sad to think that we cannot look upon it as so in our day, more than half filled, as it is, with the sweepings of foreign docks; men who, if required, could not, and would not, fight with love and zeal for the honour of this country-

"For England, home, and beauty."

Besides his life in the merchant service, Nelson when a youth had a taste of the Arctic regions, and that in itself was enough to make a man of him.

Duty and honour, more even than honour and glory, were ever watch-words with Horatio Nelson, and whensoever he won a great victory he contented himself with having done his duty, and saved his honour untarnished, while he gave the glory to Heaven above.

I dearly like to read about his confidence and trust in himself and the noble ships and gallant men he led into action. Before the battle of Aboukir, for example, when Captain Berry, to whom Nelson was explaining his plans, exclaimed, in all the joyousness of hope, "If we succeed, what will all the world

say?"

"If, man!" cried Nelson; "why, there is no if in the matter, success is a certainty! But," he added, "who will live to tell the tale is quite a different question!"

And is not the following a beautiful yet simple memorandum sent off after the battle had been gained?

"To the Officers of the Squadron. "H.M.S. Vanguard, off the mouth of "the Nile.

" August 2nd, 1798.

"Almighty God having been pleased to bless his Majesty's arms with victory, the Admiral intends returning public thanks at two o'clock this day, and recommends every ship doing the same as soon as convenient.

"HORATIO NELSON."

He had on that memorable day received a most painful and ugly scalpwound, but that did not prevent him from dictating a letter of thanks to the captains, officers, and men of his fleet for having fought so well and behaved so gallantly in this memorable battle.

Like many great men and geniuses Nelson was subject to intervals of lowness of spirits—not that he felt bound to let every one know this. But when he arrived out to the West Indies, and found that the French fleet, like a hare before a hound, had been most successful in making a double, and starting back east again, Nelson was not in the best of spirits, and probably his own voyage home felt about as long and irksome as any he had ever made.

Perhaps Nelson's merchant-service experience stood him in good stead, for certain it is that in this search for and race after the missing French fleet our Admiral "cracked on" all he could was not "afraid of the sticks," as sailors

say.
After a race and chase which is surely

unparalleled in the history of our naval warfare, the fleet arrived at Ushant, joined that of Cornwallis, and finally brought up at Portsmouth.

On July 22nd of that year Nelson found out that Sir Robert Calder had met with and fought the combined fleets of France and Spain on their return from the West Indies. This officer had fought well and bravely, and captured two of the enemy. But, accustomed to the crushing victories of the great Nelson, Calder did not find his country very grateful, and he even received a reprimand from the Admiralty for not having done more.

Nelson now prepared with all speed to go against the great fleet that was to have smashed the power of England, swept our navy from the sea, dethroned the proud Queen of the Waves, Britannia, and given to Napoleon that six hours' possession of the Channel which he fondly hoped would enable him to invade these shores, and forth-with make him master of the whole world.

The great hero's health was but indifferent at present, and while his ships were making defects good and taking in extra supplies, he retired to Merton to make good the defects in his own health.

Though Peniston could not leave his ship, Dick must have a run home to see how things were moving. He found his parents and sisters, and even his old Captain, in the best of spirits, and nothing changed about the dear old

But he missed one familiar face that used to greet him so cheerily of a morning when a boy and young man. Old Hal was dead.

> " Faithful below he'd done his duty, And now he'd gone aloft."

Perhaps no hero ever before got so great an ovation as did Horatio Nelson when he arrived at Plymouth. showed how the nation trusted him, adored him, ay, and loved him. See those streets of kneeling men and women, praying for the blessing of God to descend upon a nation's hero; see the waving hands and hearts; behold the tears that flow, and listen to the shouts of hope and trust that mingle with the heartfelt good-byes.

As his barge moved away he raised his hat and waved adieu.

It was a farewell, a long farewell, to England, that he was destined never more to behold.

Away went the fleet to sea, and almost everything that followed is history, the history of a decisive battle, a history that I trust every true-born British boy knows by heart, and one that makes the glad blood leap in all his veins to think of.

Some things strike one as strange in connection with this great naval victory, and would tend to make one almost believe that Nelson was not only a genius in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but that he was really God-sent to save our nation and to humble the pride of the mighty Napoleon

He had presentiments of his coming Something seemed to whisper to him that he would fall on the battle-

deck. We all know the strange story of the Orient, one of the centre ships of the enemy at the battle of the Nile, which, after having been set on fire, exploded with terrific violence, scattering her burning timbers all over the fighting fleet; and how Sir Benjamin Hallowell caused a coffin to be made out of the Orient's mainmast and pre-sented to Nelson. Well, is it not strange that, before leaving England, this hero, who had little fear even of the death he expected, caused the history of this coffin to be engraved upon its lid, saving that it was probable he should need it on his return?

Again, even before the battle, it seemed granted to him to know that he would be victorious. He was not only hopeful, but confident of success.

The simplicity of Nelson's plan of attacking the combined fleets was mar-

vellous.

"When," he says himself, "I came to explain to the commanders of the fleet the Nelson touch, it was like an electric shock. Some shed tears; all approved. It was new, it was singular, it was simple, and from admirals downwards it was repeated. "It must succeed," they said, "if ever they will allow us to get at them. You are, my lord, surrounded by friends whom you inspire with confidence."

And Nelson's last thoughts before going into battle! When on the wings of the western wind, rolling slowly along on the swell, his proud ships were moving inwards to face the foe, he retired to his cabin and alone breathed out his thoughts before the God of battles, who alone can give the victory. The following is the prayer he wrote. It is fervent, though short and simple:—
"May the great God, whom I wor-

ship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it. And may humanity after victory be the pre-dominant feature in the British fleet. For myself individually I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessing alight upon my endeavour for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen,"

For many a long day before this, our Nelson had had a presentiment that just as this 21st day of October was the anniversary of a gallant victory which his uncle, Captain Suckling, had gained over the French, so it would be his day also. And happy he seemed to be that it turned out just as he had expected. And the presentiment that it would also be the day of his death must have taken fast hold of him, for we find that, as Captain Blackwood of the Euryalus took leave of him on the Victory, and said that he trusted before long he would be able to congratulate him on having captured twenty—it was the number our hero had said he would be content with - of the enemy's best

ships,
"Good-bye, Blackwood," he replied,
"and God bless you, for I shall never

see you any more.

Every British baby almost knows the famous signal that was hoisted on the Victory, and, being read, was received

with such rattling cheers as alone can issue from Britons' throats:

"ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY.

There was one signal that I believe Nelson always flew at the maintop-gallant-masthead when going into bat-tle, and it floated on the Victory that day also, viz., "Engage the enemy more

Like all true Englishmen, Nelson did not care to fight at a distance. I think. though, that the French preferred this, because, you see, reader, it gave them a better chance to run away when so

minded.

I know many boys at our village school near where I live who prefer throwing stones to coming boldly into closer quarters, and I always look upon them as sneaks; lads who may make pretty good shopkeepers, but could

never be either soldiers or sailors.

But to return to the Victory. As
the vessels moved slowly into action,

though with even stu'nsails set, our Nelson must go and have a walk round the decks. He was very naturally impatient, and perhaps, as all true heroes are in the hour that precedes a fight, a trifle nervous. He addressed the men at their quarters, and warned them to be cool and calm and not to throw away a single shot.

Nelson wore his old uniform coat with its tarnished and weather-beaten stars which, however, made him always a mark in battle for the enemy's sharpshooters. Captain Hardy, of the Victory, would have liked him to cover these, but he dared not say so, well remembering the hero's reply to such a suggestion on another occasion. "I gained them in honour, and in honour suggestion on another

will I die with them.'

In this great fight, and in his hour of triumph, fell Nelson on the battle deek; and as he was being borne below, even in his agony he remembered his men, and covered up his face and stars, which he had never hidden from

the foe, that his men might not know him, and thus be discouraged.

But somehow I for one do not feel sorry that our admiral wore those stars in battle, for although a plainer uniform might have saved his life, it might not have done so, and I should not have liked to have given the French the chance of saying he had disguised himself for safety, No, I would not have my hero's fair fame tanked by the absence of even one gilt button.

Farewell, Nelson, farewell. fought for our firesides and our freedom; for our hearths and our homes; and, as long as our little island remains above the water, as long as the purple heather waves above the hills of bonnie Scotland, and the sturdy oaks grow green around our English fields, so, green in the memories of Britannia's sons, will the memory last of him who lived and died in honour's cause, for

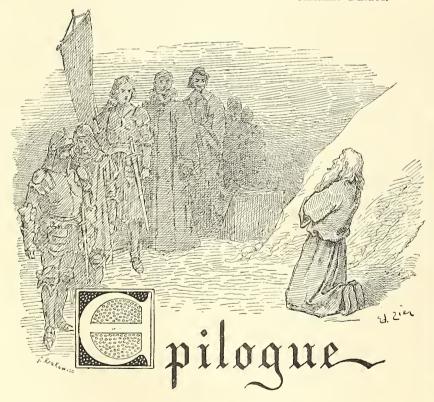
" England, home, and beauty."

(To be concluded,)

THE LAST OF THE PALADINS;

OR, THE HERITAGE OF KARL THE GREAT.

BY CHARLES DESLYS.



YEAR afterwards a boat stopped at the foot of Rolandseck.

A young man and two women, all three in mourning, stepped out on to the shore.

It was Amaury, with the Countess Bayard and Geneviève.

They went up the footpath leading to the hermitage and reached the plateau. Then Amaury went alone towards the cave, and called in a loud voice,

"Roland!"

Soon the hermit appeared. For the paladin had again changed into the her-

mit, and the hermit was an old man whose days promised to be few.

"Father," said Amaury, "before obeying the last command of Berenger, and my mother, and Geneviève, I have come to pray at my brother's grave.'
"Pray!" said the hermit.

Amaury and his companions entered

the cave, and among the thirteen tombs, each with a sacred sword upon it, they found that which held the mortal remains of poor Berenger.

Then they returned to the plateau, and all three kneeling before the old man, Amaury asked him to bless them.

A few minutes afterwards they went down the path to the Rhine.

The hermit watched the boat depart, and then turned his eyes to Nonnen-

The passing-bell was tolling. Night came, and there was no light at the window. And Roland knew that Thealda was no more.

A few nights afterwards—a beautiful bright starlight night—he felt that death was coming over him.

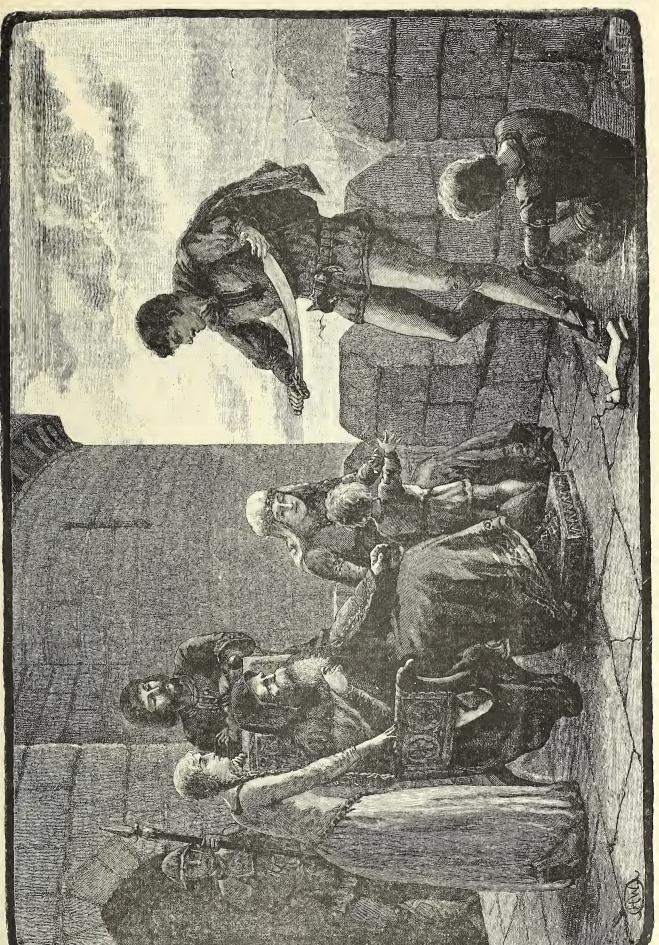
And he knelt; and in a vision, so the legend runs, he beheld the champions of France that were to come.

And he took his sword and lay down with it, and held it to his heart.

And he prayed for a while, and then his senses left him, and he was still.

And thus Roland died.





"Fighting his battles o'er again."-(Drawn for the Boy's Own Paper by H. WALKER."

THE LAST OF THE GREAT AUKS.

BY ASHMORE RUSSAN,

Author of "Sunshine and Shadow," etc.

CHAPTER III.



was Mr. Thorwaldsen's turn now to question the man who had last seen the "last" of the great auks as to its whereabouts, and why he did not catch it; to which questions the Diamondite replied that he was unable to approach it; and that unless we went by boat we should not be able to get within a hundred yards of "."

hundred yards of it.

Taking the man's advice, we returned to the windlass, and descended in the basket to the boat, taking the egg with us. Skirting the rock for half a mile, we came to an inlet, or creek,

between two lofty walls.

On our left towered the Great Diamond, fifteen hundred feet high, and on our right a mass of rock seven hundred feet high, which appeared to have been broken off the main portion. Between these two tremendous walls was the Vogelberg. At the foot of the least lofty of the walls was some six yards of beach, quite unapproachable from the Great Diamond, except by boat. On the left the rock rose sheer from the water.

The Diamondites had followed us along the cliff; and now stock looking down into the creek from a position at least five hundred feet above our heads. They shouted instructions, but not a word could we hear. The din made by the birds was indescribable. They were in millions: puffins, gulls, guillemots, kittiwakes, razorbills, geese, ducks, divers, and many another aquatic bird vied with each other in resenting our intrusion in the voice—always shrill—of its kind. They swarmed like bees in a hive. Along an abutting ledge of rock which marked a change in the geological formation, some thousands of puffins were drawn up in line, for all the world like a regiment of liliputian soldiers on parade.

Mr. Thorwaldsen landed on the narrow beach, and sent a couple of heavy charges of shot into the winged battalions, with the result that a dozen puffins fell upon the stones at his feet.

"Why don't you shoot?" he cried.

"I would as soon shoot the pigeons in the yard at Charing Cross Sta-

tion," Charlie replied; and, aiming at a vacant spot, he discharged both barrels

We had expected that the puffins would fly; but no. They closed up their ranks, as if in obedience to the word of command, and screamed back defiance. The gulls, however, and the other birds did not follow their example. They rose in a mass that fairly hid the sky. Mr. Thorwaldsen had shot at the puffins from a position close to the rocky wall, and the gulls had not seen the flash from his gun; but when Charlie fired from the boat they rose in a mighty cloud, and circled round and round.

A piece of rock hurled by a Diamondite into the water informed us when we were near to the spot where the great auk had been killed, and where the survivor had last been seen. Mr. Thorwaldsen understood the signal, and pressed on. We in the boat followed him.

Turning a corner, he was lost to sight for a moment; the next he came rushing back. He shouted something to our crew, and again disappeared. In an instant the boat was round the corner

corner.

"There he is!" he shouted, in Engglish, and looking in the direction indicated, we saw a bird, some three feet in height, sitting bolt upright, seemingly upon his tail, on a ledge of rock a couple of feet above the level of the water. The bird had two short fin-like wings, dangling on either side; and, excepting a patch of white on the head round the eyes, and down the breast, its plumage was jet black.

"By all that's lucky, it's a great auk!" cried Charlie, who had read up the bird's description in the authorities. "We must take it alive."

he of the crew understood a little English, and when Charlie shouted, it, alive or dead!" he informed his fellows of the meaning of Charlie's words. Their eyes glistened, and they bent to their oars. Mr. Thorwaldsen shouted instructions from the beach, and the crew pulled the boat up the creek until it was exactly opposite the bird, which took not the least notice of our proceedings. Evidently it had no better idea of its own value than had the Great Diamondites. Slowly moving its head from side to side, but keeping its body perfectly still, it calmly surveyed us, as if wondering what we might be, and what might be our business. Certainly it had not been informed that it was the last of the great auks, or it would not have allowed us to approach so near.

In obedience to further instructions from Mr. Thorwaldsen, the crew pulled the boat close up to the rock, on which, not half a dozen yards away, sat the object of our desire. In the prow of

the boat stood Charlie, upraised oar in hand, ready to knock the bird off its perch so soon as it should be within reach. Mr. Thorwaldsen approached it from behind. Silently and stealthily the boat's prow stole up, and Charlie leaned forward to strike; but, alas! just as he was within reach, the bird waddled to the edge of the ledge of rock, and dived into the water underneath the boat.

Round we came; and, pulled by willing hands, away went the boat down the creek after the bird. Our boat fairly flew through the water; but so did the great auk. In two minutes we were out of the creek and in the broad channel which separated the Diamond Rock from the islands. The bird headed for the open sea, diving, and swimming under water. Every fifty yards or so it came to the surface to breathe; and as it was fast increasing the distance between itself and the boat, and looked more like escaping every minute, Charlie raised his gun. Up came the head; a report followed; and the next moment we were floundering in deep water.

ing in deep water.

The steersman, intent upon the bird, had run us against a rock, and capsized the boat. The Faroese could swim like fishes; and they had the boat righted in an instant, and Charlie and me safe inside it; but the great auk was nowhere to be seen. It had vanished into the Ewigkeit. The channel was many fathoms deep; and, if Charlie had killed the bird, it had sunk to the bottom.

We rowed round and round the spot where the bird was last seen, but no great auk gladdened our sad eyes. It had gone. Yes—the last of the great auks was no more, and it had not left so much as a downy feather behind it. Sadly and silently we returned to pick up Mr. Thorwaldsen, who had been left behind upon the narrow beach. The last of the great auks had escaped us, and £3,700 had gone for ever.

last of the great auks had escaped us, and £3,700 had gone for ever.

"Well, have you caught it?" our host asked, as the boat's keel grated on the shingly beach

shingly beach.
"No," replied Charlie, lugubriously.
"I shot at it, and the boat upset. We didn't see it again."

"I am sorry to hear that. I felt certain when I heard the shot that you had it. However, you must console yourselves with the egg," our host rejoined.

"The egg!"
"Where is the egg?"

Alas! the egg, too, had gone. It had fallen into the sea when the boat had upset!

We took Mr. Thorwaldsen on board, and hurried back to the spot. There was just the chance that the hay in which it was packed had kept affoat. But when we reached the rock against which we had come to grief, there was no hay, no handkerchief, and, alas! no

egg, to be seen; and eggless, aukless, and dripping wet, we returned to Thorshaven.

We lingered on at the town for a fortnight, and visited every inhabited

island; but no great auk again blessed our visions; and no egg, either.

At the end of the fortnight we returned to Copenhagen on board the vessel which had brought us to the spot,

and left, Storm, ö! No oysters, ö! Sand, ö! Board, ö! and Away-you-go, ö! Sadder, and wiser, ö! Yes—very much sadder and wiser—for ever.

(THE END.)

A NIGHT IN THE OPEN.

I HAD been some three weeks residing with two brothers, who had the management of one of the first-established tea plantations in Cachar, learning the language, and picking up what I could of the industry; but there was at that seasou (a week after Christmas) so little doing that the time hung rather heavily on our hands, even though my companions kept me pretty close to the Bengali grammar, and transcribing the "pothooks and hangers" contained therein; aud, though I was making, as I was told, satisfactory progress, I felt somewhat relieved when a letter from Calentta to the eldest of my companions came in directing him to examine and select land for two new companions

Our preparations for the expedition were soon made, though, as camping-out in the open in the wildest and totally uninhabited part of the district would be entailed, our necessary baggage fully loaded the two elephants that were to be taken with us. There being no fear of rain, and neither of ns troubled with delicate constitutions, we decided on doing without a tent, and started early next morning, having to pass through the Civil Station to obtain the required permission from the anthorities for the proposed exploration. The elephant-drivers, who had never been in the part of the district we were bound to before, received the most minute instructions, which they assnred us they perfectly understood, and were sent on in advance, we accepting the Commissioners' invitation to tiffin, knowing that we could easily ride out to the camping-ground in the afternoon; so about two o'clock, mounting our ponies, we followed, threading our way in and out among the frontier homesteads, until at length all civilisation was left behind—now peutrating through forest-paths trodden by woodcutters, and then across meadow-like expanses of open land, covered with rich grass that took our little Burmese ponies up to the knees.

At length, just as the evening shadows were lengthening out, we reached the outskirts of the belt of tall grass that enclosed our camping-ground, losing some little time in finding the path which, we had been told, had been cut through it. Having hit it at last, we hurried on, for the increasing darkness warned us that night was closing in. And when we did emerge once more into the open, and made for a cluster of trees that crowned a grassy knoll in the centre, the last rays of the setting sun were fast receding from the cliff-line mountain-top, at the foot of which we had directed our people to await us.

Reaching the knoll, and dismounting, we glanced uneasily about, shouting lustily to ascertain the camp's whereabouts, but merely getting in reply the echo of our own voices seut back from the surrounding forest.

Gazing blankly into each other's faces, the truth flashed upon us that the mahouts (elephant-drivers), misled by some similarity in names, had gone several miles across the main river, to a place of much the same name. Following, at that time, was out of the question, for not only was it getting too dark to retrace our steps, even

could we have found the forest paths in the dark, but wild animals were numerous, and, moreover, our syees (native grooms), who had accompanied us, as usnal, on foot, were far too tired to resume the journey.

There was no choice but to remain where we were for the night and make the best of the very unpleasant fix we were in. Picketing the ponies close up to the clump of trees, my companions went off to the skirts of the forest to collect as much firewood as could be got together on such short notice (for there is but little twilight in tropical countries); I occupying myself in pulling as much of the grass, which fortunately was plentiful, to form some protection from the chill might air and by mightful may be a chill night air, and by nightfall we had made the best preparations we could. We should have been glad of both more wood and more grass, but as tracks of wild buffalo abounded round about the pools of stagnant water that were scattered over the open, it was too risky to venture to the forest for the former, or even far from the protection of the tree-clump for the latter, for fear of encountering some of those savage creatures in the dark. Having lit the fire and arranged our temporary bedding, we began to feel both lungry and thirsty; but there was no help for that, and though the syces had brought some parched rice, etc., in their cloths, and offered us a share, there being hardly offered us a enough for their own requirements we could not think of indenting on their scanty supply.

As night closed in the pouies were brought up as close to the fire as they could be induced to approach, and, recollecting an old American Indian precaution against sudden surprise, I singled my animal's reins, added the girths to them, and with my handkerchief and bootlaces made a pretty long chain of communications, fastening one end to his headstall and the other lightly to my left wrist, so that if alarmed the sudden jerk of throwing np his head would awake me; then, heedless of my companion's recommendation to keep awake, thrust my feet as close to the fire as was comfortable, and with my head in the hollow of my saddle, despite a keen, cutting wind and the heavy dew, was soon fast asleep.

About midnight a sudden jerk brought me instantly to my feet. The ponies, now huddled close up to the embers of the fire, with cocked ears, were peering out into the gloom, giving those short, quick snorts of alarm that told at once that something was astir. My companions, closely packed, back to back, for warmth, were fast asleep, while, huddled up at the foot of the nearest tree, huddled up at the foot of the nearest tree, the three syces were also in dreamland. All this I took in at a glance, theu roused the sleepers.

Springing to their feet, the syces jumped to the ponies' heads, but the startled animals were now quite beyond control, and the stringle was but momentary, for with increasing snorts of terror, they plunged, kicked, and reared, soon drew their picketing-ropes, overturned the syces, and galloped madly off into the darkness.

The lurid glare from the fire prevented us seeing more than a few feet in front, and while each stood with the heaviest brand

that could be seized in a nurry, with the three natives cowering behind us, we conjectured in undertones as to the nature of the presumed danger. One native suggested probability of a party of hillmen out after elephants, or, mayhap, human heads, and, as these gentry invariably travel at night, there seemed some possibility of his being correct, but the absence of the moon was against that theory, though our fire might have tempted them to move without If so, we were but courting danger by remaining within the light of the latter; but to take to the open if ele-phants or buffaloes were on foot, and quit the fire's shelter, would be almost certain death. We had but a small reserve of wood left, so, rapidly considering the *pros* and *cons* of the situation, decided to bring matters to a crisis, and, throwing the remaining branches into the embers, anxiously awaited the result. Merrily the flames leapt up, but, though revealing us fully, made the outer darkness more and more inteuse; and after waiting a short time we became convinced that it was no human foe we had to dread, as if it had been, and hostility were contemplated, the bright light of the were contemplated, the bright light of the fire would have enabled them to shoot us down with ease, or if friendly disposed they would ere this have shonted to us. Of course, there was just the possibility that, if hillmen, they were quietly sur-rounding us, but that did not occur to any of us, so we made up our minds that it was some animal or animals we had to deal with.

Unable to endure the suspense any longer, I apprised the others of my intention, and, keeping in the shadow of the tree-trunks, made my way some twenty yards into the open, where, clear of the reflection from the flames, I might be able to ascertain the canse of our alarm. For some time I strained my eyes in vain, and could make out nothing against the sombre background of the forest, while the only sound that reached my ears was the light drip, drip of the dew as it fell from the trees. At the end of perhaps three minutes I could distinguish, without donbt, the phosphorescent gleam of eyes, but so numerous did they appear that I was inclined to think heated imagination was playing me some trick, till the faint but distinctly audible click of horns sent me back to my companions in double-quick time.

We now shouted in chorus, and all doubts were speedily resolved, as the moving mass of animals—for buffaloes they were—came surging slowly towards us, till the formida-ble array of horns became visible. On they came in the close order that is customary with them preparatory to a charge, and, having read of their tactics, though never having had experience of them, my sailor instincts led me to spring for the lowest branch of the stoutest tree. It was a case of every one for himself, and all scrambled up somehow just in time to avoid the onward rush, as the herd, probably a hundred strong, came thundering down, sweeping round the clump and sending the remains of our fire in a shower of sparks in all directions; as they passed beneath onr place of refuge more than one horn struck the lower branches, for, jammed close together, none but the front rank could lower their heads. The whole affair was over in two or three minutes, and the thunder of their hoofs soon faded away in the distance, succeeded by the rushing noise of their headlong charge through the pampas-grass, which no animal but themselves and elephants can

penetrate.

Much cause as we had for congratulating ourselves on escaping from being trampled into pulp, our position was far from enviable, for, as my companions pointed out, the charge had been made to stamp out the fire, which these animals will do when such appears to them feasible, and their instincts tell them is their only chance for safety when the terrible grass conflagrations, from which they now and then suffer, occur, and that they would not return.

Tigers invariably hang about the herds on the chance of securing a stray calf, and in re-collecting the embers of our fire or gathering fresh fuel we might very likely drop on one of these latter, so we came to the conclusion that we had better remain where we were, but after a short time began to find out that the tree was infested with the small red ant, the attacks of which forced us once more to drop to terra firmu.

For an hour or more we stood shivering in the chill night wind until, somewhat reassured by the stillness, first one and then another ventured out to pick up some still smouldering embers, which, piled together, put a little life and courage into us, but from the scanty fragments we were able to collect it soon became evident that the fire would not last much longer, so we three determined to set out for the edge of the forest to gather more fuel at all hazards, telling the natives to keep the ashes heaped up to serve to guide us back.

Keeping elose together, the jungle was soon reached, and each quickly gathering as big a bundle as possible, we started on our return, and had got fully half way home when a sudden shrick from one number caused me to drop fully half my burden and make for the fire with all haste. Flinging what I had brought on to the ashes, I turned to see what had happened, when the elder of the two brothers came bounding up, stamping and tearing off his clothes, upsetting me almost into the flames, gasping out between his shrieks of pain that he had gathered a wood-ant's nest with his contribution. A heavy splashing, close at hand, accompanied with half-smothered gasps, told that the other unfor-tunate had, in his haste, tumbled flop iuto a buffalo-wallow, and he made his appear-ance dripping from head to foot with the oily, liquid mud, in a truly pitiable plight. Setting the syces to scrape him as clean as circumstances permitted, I gingerly picked up the other's scattered garments, shaking off the terrible biting insects into the fire not without getting one or two severe nips in the job—but we soon recovered, and, ascertaining that the muddy one had left his bundle of branches on the edge of the wallow, went in search, and were lucky

weight to secure the greater portion of it.

We had now sufficient fuel to last, as we hoped, till daylight, and flattered ourselves that the rest of the night would pass without further mishap. But it was not so, for, scarce had I composed myself once more for a nap and was just on the point of dropping off, when with a startled exclamation one of the syces jumped up, trampling over me, dashing right through the fire in his haste, to escape some animal whose breath he averred he had felt on the nape of his neck as he squatted at the foot of the tree.

Putting the flames between us and this new danger, we huddled back to back, shonting our loudest to scare the beast, whatever it might be, till a sudden leaping up of the flames disclosed the welcome white patch on my pony's face as he peered round the tree in evident astonishment at the uproar created by his sudden appearance. The other two were close behind him, so one auxiety—of which, by-the-by, uo oue had thought of till now—was set at rest, but sleep was banished, and, for about four long weary hours, we sat round the flames wishing for daylight that seemed as if it never would come.

It came at last, however, and, despite our combined troubles, we couldn't help laughing at the woebegone appearance each individually presented. All had that haggard, miserable look, begotten of hunger and want of rest. He who had encountered the ant's nest was spotted over face and hands with red blotches, as if in the first stage of smallpox. His brother, who had taken the involuntary midnight bath, was smeared all over with the half-dried greyishblue compound. I, from my exertions of keeping the fire going, so I was told, looked like a mixture of a chimney-sweep and charcoal-burner, while the nnlucky natives, whose light cotton clothing, saturated with the heavy dew, clung tightly to their shivering bodies, appeared on the point of giving up the ghost altogether.

The sun as it rose, however, soon put new life into us, and while preparing to start in search of the missing elephants, we were overjoyed at their turning up with all our belongings; and the troubles of our Night in the Open were soon forgotten as we discussed a hearty breakfast ere seeking the

rest we now so much needed.

o. w.

THE STORY OF OUR WHALERS.

BY A MEMBER OF THE MARINE STAFF OF THE METEOROLOGICAL OFFICE.

PART III.

PRIOR to the introduction of steam hardly a year passed by without serious loss amongst the ships in the Arctic whale fishery. In 1836, six whalers were frozen up in the floes of Melville Bay, which measured fourteen to sixteen feet in thickness; and were not set free till the following year. One ship was crushed by the pressure of the ice, all the crews endured extreme privations, and in the Dee forty-five men died out of a ship's company numbering sixty. So intense was the cold that while their hands were extended immediately over their small fire, which they kept burning with as much care as the Vestal virgins of old Rome tended the sacred fires of the goddess, their backs were freezing.

Coals ran short, and they were compelled to use up casks, masts, and other woodwork for fuel. In March scarcely one man was left who was strong enough to help his shipmates; and some faint conception can be formed of the utterly deplorable condition to which they were reduced when we mention that two or three men lay covered by one blanket, the outside of which was coated with ice, and underneath which was literally a mass of vermin and putrefaction. The dying often remained for days in the same bunk as the dead, for the ravages of scurvy had rendered the survivors too weak to perform the last sad rites for their fellows.

Five whale ships were cut to pieces in 1849 by the floating ice in a few moments. The ice came upon them without any warning,

as they were busily engaged fishing. The erews remained encamped together for four days on the ice, and then set out for Lievely, a small Danish settlement on the coast of Greenland, and distant five hundred miles, which place they reached after a weary march over the intervening ice, without loss of life. Last year five well-found ships, propelled by steam and sail, were dashed to fragments by the ice and abandoned by their erews. The loss in hard cash was estimated at fifty thousand pounds sterling, but fortunately not a life was sacrificed.

When the Arctic whale fishery was first opened out the whales were so tame that they were found floating, fearless of harm, in all the bays around Spitzbergen. One ship made two voyages to Jan Mayen in one year, obtaining one thousand barrels of oil ach time, so unwary were the whales. The Dutch alone killed fifty thousand whales in a few years, and when we remember that the female whale rarely brings forth more than one young one at a time—in some instances twins are known to have been born—it seems strange that the race was not exterminated. At Stornoway shoals of bottle-nosed whales get embayed, and once the fishermen captured a lundred, some of which were very large. The whole popula-tion turns out on such occasions, either to watch the gambols of the perplexed whales or to help in the work of destruction. whaling ships in Cumberland Sound spread nets, which hem in many small white whales, and oil is obtained from them in default of the common whale. As we write a whale has found its way up the Thames, and stranded at the entrance to Tilbury Dock. This unusual visitor is 35 ft. 4 in. long, 18 ft. 6 in. round the shoulders, 8 ft. across the tail, and weighs 6 tons 5 cwt. It is supposed to have followed shrimps and sprats up the river.

The female whales are extremely fond of their young, and may be seen during the breeding-time tenderly escorting their little ones in the shoal waters of Magdaleua Bay, on the Pacific coast. The whales come down from Behring's Strait to this breeding-ground with astonishing regularity, and are persistently followed in their change of quarters by their pursuers. The whalers speak of the males as bulls, the female whales are referred to as cows, and the young are calves; so at times the conversation of a whaleship's crew smacks somewhat of the stable, although a whiff from the putrid blubber would soon dispel any such illusion.

Some believed that the right whales of Baffin's Bay and Behring's Strait were of different origin, while others stoutly maintained that they were the same. Manry, the great American meteorologist, asserted their identity, and whales taken in Behring's Strait have borne harpoons in their sides having the brands of ships which fished in Baffin's Bay. A whale was captured in the Sea of Tartary with a harpoon

marked "W. B." embedded in its flesh, which was proved to have belonged to a well-known Dutch whaling eaptain, and to have been stuck into the whale by him to have been stack into the whale by him in the Spitzbergen Sea. Stone lances and bone harpoons had also been found in whales up Davis Straits long after the Esquimaux of those parts had been supplied with arms of European manufacture. On these data was based the conclusion that a North-West passage existed connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific. Many a priceless life, including that of the renowned Sir John Franklin, was lost in attempting to penetrate the labyrinth of ice, and the problem was only finally solved after half a century of hard work and continuous failure. The route is of no practical use whatever, except perhaps to point a moral or adorn a tale.

Excavations at Antwerp in 1872 revealed a complete cetacean burial-ground. ancient whales of the Antwerp crag were all much smaller than the modern whale, but were similar to those found in the Suffolk crag.

The whales are becoming scarcer or more shy, and consequently withdrawing them-selves amongst the inaccessible ice of the polar regions, and this fact, coupled with the inexhanstible supply of mineral oil from the wells of Russia and America, has lowered the price of whale oil to an almost nominal figure. In 1813 whale oil was £60 per ton, it is now, even in a scaree season, selling at £22 per ton. The price of whalebone has, however, gone up by leaps and bounds, for in 1720 it was sold for £400 per ton, whereas it is selling now for £2,000 per ton. A strange fact about whalebone is that it is quoted in price lists as whale fins, whereas, as we have said before, it is obtained from the mouth of the whalebone whale; where it hangs in the form of thin plates, some of which are fifteen feet long and one foot broad. More than three hun-

dred of these whalebone plates are on each side of the jaw. The whale when feeding swims rapidly under water with his mouth wide open and myriads of small marine animals, on which he lives, become en-tangled in the hairy part of the whalebone, while the water escapes at the sides of the mouth. The ship British Merchant passed through large patches of red-coloured whale food last January in latitude 40 deg. south, longitude 35 deg. west, and an immense school of finback whales extended to the horizon on every side. There must have been several hundreds, and some were close alongside the ship, tumbling over each other in their anxiety to swallow the whale food. In conclusion we would state that Captain Gray, a famous Arctie whaler, has suggested that it would be well to fish at the edge of the Antarctic ice barrier, owing to the failure of the Arctic fishery of late years.

(THE END.)

COMMON SENSE ABOUT HEALTH AND ATHLETICS.

BY GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,

Author of "Health upon Wheels," "Rota Vitæ," "The People's A B C Guide to Health," etc., etc.

PART V.

QUI s'excuse, s'accuse." This paper has been long in coming, but I mean to make no apology. Everything comes to him who can wait, and it is better late than never. The whole bistory of the world points to the fact that patience is one of the greatest virtues the human mind can be gifted with or acquire. You may have forgotten some of the things I said in my former article on Athletics and Health. Well, the remedy suggests itself. Read them over again. I am quite convinced that no boy wantonly destroys the goodly sheets of the Boy's Own Paper. Indeed when you are old Own Paper. Indeed when you are old men you may find much to amuse and iumen you may find much to amuse and instruct you in our issue of the present day. An old paper is as good as a new. I found the truth of this once when travelling in the wilds of Africa. Some one of our party had found an old newspaper in the bottom of his wallet. I can tell you this—around the camp fire that night there was neither yarning nor singing. That old paper was read aloud from beginning to and read yarning nor singing. That old paper was read aloud from beginning to end; read over, talked over, laughed over, ay, and I'm not sure a tear or two did not fall on it before we had quite finished and gone off to sleep to dream of "England, home, and beauty." beauty.

Now to proceed. Boys want to be well and light-hearted and bold. Well, I have already told them how they may become so—namely, by strict obedience to the golden rules of health. In order to be thoroughly practical, I would advise lads who really wish for health and happiness to read those over and over again, and to write them down—that is, a digest of them, the soul and substauce of them. Some will not do so, I know, being too much afraid of anything that savours of the outré, or what anything that savours of the outre, or what they may think ridiculous. In other words, too shy. They "dinna like," as Seotch boys say. Well, let me tell you this, a shy boy is never a healthy boy; he is more akin to a booby than any other animal I know; and a booby, you know, is partly a raven and partly a goose, in mental qualities

We often hear lads advised by their elders to "get over that shyness," to pluck up courage, and so on, and we have seen them try to do their best to obey, straighten-

ing their little bodies, holding up their heads, and straining every nerve to keep their poor little hearts from going pat, pat, pat, like the clacker hung up in an orchard to scare the birds from the cherries. But all in vain. And why? Simply because their muscularity and nerves are about as soft and "fushionless" as a garden worm's. ourage and strength of body go together. They want stamina. To attempt to be dashing and bold with nothing to stand upon is but to expend the little nerve-power they do possess.

Well, what is to be done? Heigho! the English boy sighs, how can I grow strong? How can I increase my stature and look less puny? While the weakly English boy sighs the weakly Scotch boy sings. But it is all the same in meaning.

> "Oh, to be bonnie and brave, Oh, to be burly and braw !

But wishes are not horses, else beggars ould ride. In order to be strong and to grow up manly you want good food, good sleep ou a hard bed with but little covering, fresh air, and all the exercise you can spare time for. As accessories there are the morning tub or the dip in the river, and judicious athletics. Following the tub must come the rub; and if you choose to have your splash in the sea, in the river pool, or even the mill-dam, do not forget to take with you a good rough towel and rub till you are red.

If the fingers or hands get cold and blue

If the fingers or hands get cold and blue and numbed it indicates a feeble action of the heart, and you had better avoid outdoor bathing for months till you are stronger. Or, at all events, just take but one splash and come out again.

What kind of athletic exercises are best for boys? Why their name is legion, to speak figuratively, and the choice of any particular branch will depend, not only on the condition of body a boy may be in, but upon his situation and life and whereabouts.

I would have you look upon mere calisthenics or gymnastic exercises as but pre-liminaries to the adoption of athletics proper. You see then I make a division and difference, and as an example of each I would name dumb-bells and cycling.

Let me impress this upon you to begin with, and I think I have given a like hint already. There is no earthly good in commencing a course of gymnastic exercises with a view of getting into form as regards muscle and nerve, if you do not carry it out steadfastly and regularly to the glorious end. Day after day, at the same times, rain or shine, nolens volens, you must go at it. If you do otherwise, and find yourself not benefited, then do not blame me. I can lead a horse to the water, but I cannot make him drink.

Join a class if possible. If there be no class of the kind, why form a little private one. Get some hints re dnmb-bells. Own Paper. Well, try those first. Do not have the dumb-bells too heavy—only a few pounds. They ought to be light enough at first to toss. Long-bells are also good; they are used with both hands.

I believe that with dumb-bells, regular walking exercise and most strict attention to diet, etc., any boy can be brought into hard form in about six weeks.

But, if possible, go in for other exercises. Next to dumb-bells come the Indian clubs. They are manipulated slowly and steadily, They are manufulated slowly and steadily, swinging them, extending and elevating, raising from the ground, etc. All the movements, etc., of the various gymnastic exercises, may be found in handbooks, and one of these you ought to get; it will be worth its weight in gold to you.

Well, then, country or village boys cau, with a little assistance from the carpenter, erect and fit up their own gymnasium. The parallel-bars are so easily made, so is the horizontal-bar, and a ladder—a strong one—is always at hand. Fathers of families would be consulting their own interests to help their boys in this matter, and they might do worse than take a swing or a vault now and then themselves, just to prove their limbs and joints are not stiffen-

ing for want of use.

Having fairly hardened yourself by gymnastics, you will be fit to go in for any kind of outdoor game or exercise, and the term "athleties" includes all these.

Let me think of the names of a fewrunning, jumping, vaulting with the pole, wrestling, fencing, swimming, rowing, and cycling. Add to these the various games and field-sports, and you have plenty to pick and choose from. But, remember, I am not advising you to hold by any one. You might well be an adept at several, although you may not expect to become an Admirable Crichton.

In my limited space I eannot, of eourse, lay down rules; these you must learn either from a book or, better still, by getting a

few lessons from an adept.

Fencing is a most useful exercise, but a very much neglected one. It is taught now at many schools, but, I am sorry to say, looked upon by many boys as a mere penance. No exercise so taught should be neglected at home.

Wrestling is most excellent for strengthening almost every muscle in the body. is very exhilarating, too, and during the performance you are not likely to flag till on the ground, either above or below your "man.

Swimming every boy should learn. There is no knowing how you may some day find yourself situated. The art has twice saved

Rowing.—This is also good exercise for the muscles of arms and upper part of body. It should never be carried to extremes, however, or a permanently enlarged heart may

be the consequence. Nor should spurting be much indulged in.

Cycling.—This is a sport which has now completely got hold of the world. As a completely got hold of the world. As a health-giving pastime it has no equal, for it combines exercise in its most scientifie form with recreation. Just a word of warning, and parents please attend. No weakly boy should attempt it, and no lad whose bent bones give evidence of a lack of strength. Nor should the cycle be too heavy; it is most dangerous for a youth to ride a man's eyele. Another hint is this: never, at the commencement of the season, attempt a long journey, or go on tour with some one who may be bigger and older than yourself.

"MEUM ET TUUM."

BY PAUL BLAKE,

Author of "School and the World," "The Two Chums," etc.

Boys are notoriously and regrettably lax on the subject of property in apples—whilst they are growing on trees. When whilst they are growing on trees. When they are picked it is quite another thing; no boy with any sense of self-respect would dream of opening a playbox and taking out a "quarander" or a "stubbard," but many seem to imagine that to hop over a hedge and help themselves from the hundreds on the low-hanging branches is an offence that it would be very harsh to stigmatise as a crime.

There was one boy at our school, named Quayle, who had no misgivings whatever on the subject. He was more than usually indifferent to all questions of morals, his actions quite justifying the close inspection which the masters honoured him with. He had a great taste for apples, and as his nocket-money was very limited he was

pocket-money was very limited he was often hard put to it to indulge his liking. "Look here, Salter," he remarked, one fine day in September, when his favourite fruit was newly in season, which made it

the more desirable.

Salter was a new boy, and not up to Quayle's little ways, so he replied, "What's

"Give me a couple of those Blenheims; I'd give you some if I had any."
"But you didn't when you had some,"

was Salter's guarded rejoinder.
"I didn't know you liked them."

This was too feeble an excuse to pass

muster, but to gain peace Salter offered him a "bite."

Quayle had had long practice, and knew how to take one. Fixing his upper teeth firmly in the top of the apple, he pulled hard. The apple split in half. He handed back the balance without a word—in fact, speech was out of the question, for his jaws were fixed open.

Salter looked grieved and astonished. He had learnt a lesson: Quayle's "bites" were

to be avoided in future.

The next day Quayle came up, unabashed, with a similar request, which met with a

prompt refusal.
"Well, then, I'll bowl for you if you'll give me a whole one," he suggested.

"How long?

"Quarter of an hour."
"All right."

The bargain was struck, an apple disappeared down Quayle's throat, and Salter prepared to take its value out in batting

Quayle bowled tolerably well. had to block his first two balls, then he caught one on the rise and hit it far enough to run four, had runs been his object.

He felt that he was taking it out of Quayle, but changed his opinion when he saw that his bowler stood his ground tran-

"Fire away!" cried Salter.
"I'm not going after it," was Quayle's pply. "I said I'd bowl for you, but I didn't reply. "I said I'd non.... say I'd field."
"But you don't expect the batsman to do

"You'd better get another fellow, then," was the cool suggestion. "Or I'll tell you what, I'll field as well if you'll stand another apple.

There was nothing for it but to acquiesce, so Salter threw another apple to him, feeling he had been swindled. Quayle then leisurely walked after the ball, and began bowling again. Salter was afraid to hit hard for fear of losing time; but when a lob came he could not resist it, and swiped with all his might.

Quayle stood motionless.
"It's fourteen minutes," he said; "'tisn't worth while to fetch that as the quarter of an hour would be up before I could get I'll bowl for you again to-morrow if you like.

But Salter had had enough of cricket on these terms, and Quayle lost for ever his chance of getting any more apples out of

Though not wanting in pluck—or "cheek," whichever you like to eall it—Quayle did not care about risking the punishment at-tached to orchard-robbing if he could help it. He had been caught several times, and a condign punishment was promised him next time he offended. So he looked round to see who would act the part of the cat with the hot chestnuts in the fable, he of course reserving the part of the monkey for bimeelf.

No one of his companions was likely to steal apples for his benefit. If a boy ran the risk he would naturally want the spoil for himself. Quayle meditated, and came to the conclusion that Bates, the urchin who cleaned the knives and shoes, would

answer his purpose.

By promises of future gifts, and by using his powers of cajolery, he persuaded poor Bates to procure him a pocketful of his favourites from the orehard of a neighbouring farmer. I am glad to be able to say, however, that the little plan which he concocted proved a failure. Bates climbed over the hedge at an inanspicious moment: the farmer was in sight. Bates ran away as hard as he could, coming to grief on the hard road in his hurry, and scarifying his

"Well, where are they?" demanded Quayle, on his return.

Bates related his misadventure. Quayle was very angry, and slanged him copiously. "Hand back that stick of liquoriee I gave you," demanded Quayle, who had generously bestowed that gift on the knifeboy as an earnest of future favours. It is true that he hatel liquories kinnelly. true that he hated liquorice himself.

"Please, I've eat it," said Bates.
"Oh, you young sinner! Now, you'll

just have to get those apples another day, or I'll tell the Doctor." But Bates was not the young innocent that Quayle supposed. A year's chaff and tricks from the whole lower school had put

him up to a few things.

"All right, tell the Doctor," he retorted.
"and I'll tell him, too, and we'll see who

likes sneaking best. There was evidently nothing to be done

with Bates, so Quayle suddenly remembered that it was very undignified to have any-thing to do with the knife-boy, and walked away as if he had never spoken to him in

Still, apples were a luxury which with Quayle had almost become a necessity. There was now no alternative left him, he

must get them himself.

He laid his plans with great precautions, for he was not unmindful of the trouble in store for him if he were eaught. A week passed before he saw a good opportunity of making a descent on his favourite orchard, but his chance came at last.

He was careful to reconnoitre the ground thoroughly before venturing over the hedge. The coast was clear, not a man or a dog in sight. He slipped over and was soon under a heavily-laden tree.

A good shake brought a dozen or two rattling down. He filled his pockets hastily, but there was still room for a few inside his waistcoat. There were some very tempting ones a few yards farther on, and he thought he might risk it.

He did, and nothing occurred to prove his boldness misplaced. Then he hastily ran back to the hedge. He was just in time, for he saw a man entering the orchard

in the distance.

He was over the hedge in a twinkling. His fear led him into an indiscretion; he did not take a look round to see if any one were in the lane. As it happened, the farmer was walking along with his dog, on his way to the village.

"Ah, you young rascal! I've got you this time," he exclaimed.

Quayle had no time to run, even if he could have run to any purpose, loaded as he

was. He was ignominiously collared and taken to the Doctor in spite of his protests.

When he was left alone with the Doctor he felt far from comfortable, with good

reason.
"This is not the first time, Quayle," said the Doctor.

"It's the last, sir."

"Yes, I've no doubt it will be. You have broken my express and reiterated commands, you have laid yourself open to prosecution for transgressing the laws of your country; what punishment do you think you deserve?"

There was a pause before Quayle's aswer came. When it did it rather answer came. assonished the Doctor.
"Please sir, would it do if I were to write

you an apology?"

But the Doctor was emphatically of opinion that it would not!

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

FRESHERDOM.

This is the preliminary stage of University life which the freshman enters on directly he comes into residence—an event usually happening in October, when the commencement of the University session is marked by an invasion of the "fresher" tribe

into residence—an event usually happening in October, when the commencement of the University session is marked by an invasion of the "fresher" tribe.

The freshman is in a state of transition. He is no longer a boy, but a "roan," having just exchanged the restraints of school for the liberty of college. Accordingly, he is greatly excited at the prospect of his new independence. He longs to figure as a full-blown "Varsity" man; but his ignorance of college ways and customs often leads him astray.

Do what he will, he cannot conceal his identity. The tradesman detects him at a glance, and acts accordingly; the passer-by recognises him almost before he asks to be directed to a college a few yards distant; the scout puts him down at once as "werry green and werry fresh," and sees in his guilelessness the possibility of unlimited "perquisites." Look at him in the shop of Credit and Swindlum: that brand new card-case so ostentatiously flourished reveals the freshman. See how proudly he gazes on his manly form clad in a commoner's gown, while he solemnly puts on his college cap the wrong side foremost.

His fondness for cap and gown is remarkable. He wears them on every possible occasion. For instance, a freshman has been seen in cap and gown and boating-flannels going down to the river to be "tubbed;" while another misguided gentleman was once observed in the same incongruous attire travelling by train to London. But the finest sight of all is when he sets out in the afternoon for a walk, accompanied by another enterprising "fresher." Both wear the ohonxious cap and gown: one carries a walkingstick, the other braudishes an umbrella. They march proudly along the High with that supercilious mile and haughty bearing peculiar to freshmen, blissfully unconscious of the huge sensation they cause, and utterly regardless of the personal remarks of the errand-boys following in the rear.

The ordinary undergrad, be it remembered, only wears his "rag" (as he aptly terms his dilapidated gown and battered "square") when he is co

"bounder."
Before he has been "up" a week, the freshman will find cards left in his rooms by senior men desirous of making his acquaintance. The captain of the boats thinks that his weight and muscle make him a likely candidate for No. 7 in the eight; the

cricket captain thinks he may contribute to the success of the college eleven, and so forth. In fact, he may expect to go through a searching examination as to his capabilities, whether literary, social, dramatic, or athletic. But he must beware of "putting on side" at such interviews—in other words, he should be modest in speaking of his achievements. A bumptious freshman is never popular either with men or dons.

should be modest in speaking of his achievements. A bumptious freshman is never popular either with men or dons.

After Hall, perhaps, the freshman, feeling lonely, visits an "out-college" friend. Putting on the indispensable cap and gown, he sallies forth. Presently he thinks that he will look more like an Oxford man if he lights a cigarette—and he does so. Unfortunately the ubiquitous proctor and his faithful "bull-dogs" appear round the corner. The hapless freshman is informed "that he has committed a serious breach of the Statutes, which will necessitate his attendance at X— College the next day at nine o'clock": for smoking in cap and gown is punished by a statutable fine of ten shillings, payable to the University chest, which is humbly represented on such occasions by two soup-plates.

His scout will take the earliest opportunity of presenting him with a "small account" (it is always a "small account" at Oxford) for "little bits of things," such as clima, glass, crockery, etc. These articles have been bequeathed to the sout by the last occupant of the rooms, and are now offered to his successor. If he values his comfort he pays the bill, however extortionate, thereby gaining the goodwill of his scout, who in innumerable little ways can make his master comfortable, or the reverse. But really the freshman has no option in the matter, owing to that same arbitrary custom which compels him to order out daily "commons" sufficient for a family, and to "tip" scout, porter, boot-cleaners, et hoc genus onnue, at the end of term.

The freshman's first experiences of college life are somewhat miscellaneous. He is fully initiated into the mysteries of "screwing up," "making hay," and "ragging." He understands the advantages of "putting in an aeger;" he "cuts" his lectures;" is occasionally "gated" for "knocking in" after welve, and often "hauled" for not keeping chapel. Before the end of his first term he has his own opinion ou the subject of claret. And so the freshman, whose smooth course is as yet unruffled by "du

TO RATTLER.

I HAVE a dog, a noble dog, a terrier born and bred, And every line and curve I love, that marks his comely head.

I cannot find his eloquence in speeches or in books, And language is not rich enough to grace his meaning looks.

Something so like a soul is that which beams from

So full of love and sympathy, so tender and so wise.

I blush to think of heartless men, less human far than he.

Less faithful far to friend or kin than is my dog to me :

And loth am I to think that in the cloudless world above

There is no corner to be found for such unclouded

love.

A. BAKER, R.N.

IN MEMORIAM.

Never was merrier Little fox terrier: Life was a cycle Of frolic and fun. Ah! what a sadness Fell ou my gladness When it was done. Like a cloud gliding, Ruthlessly hiding, This April sun.

Lovely in living. Love for love giving, In true affection Swift to defend; Master to Rattler, Rattler to master. Pledged to the end; Each to the other Almost a brother More than a frien

Lovely in dying, Dumbly replying, With sad eyes gleaming To each caress Eloquent preacher Was this dumb creature, In mortal dress. Spite of our vanity, What must humanity Sadly confess!

A. BAKER.

Correspondence.

- M. H. S.—You must uot perform a stage play aud take money at the doors unless you have a licence. It matters not what the object may be.
- FARMER.—1. You might get a very serviceable telescope for the price of Messrs. Dollond, St. Paul's Churchyard. 2. We should say it would be impossible to learn to dance merely from the description in a book. There would have to be a cut for every
- Box AND Cox.-Stand your boots for a night in a dinner plate, and pour on to the plate enough castor-oil to form a layer an eighth of an inch deep. The soles will suck up the oil, and the boots will never creak again.
- J. F. Greig.—Place a lump of camphor in the case in which you keep the stuffed birds.
- R. W. MULLOCK.—Mix your colours with varnish, lay the glass on the picture, and trace the cutline in the colour you like best.
- W. M.—There are six feet in a fathom. One hundred and twenty-six and two-thirds fathoms in a cable length, and eight cable lengths in a knot. The knet is the same as the geographical degree, and is 795½ft. longer than the statute mile. The statute knot is 6082 66 feet.
- MERCURY.—There was a coloured plate of Birds' Eggs in the second volume, and one of all the British Birds in the fourth volume; but both plates are now out of print.
- FIRM SUPPORTER .- Get a situation in a shipbuilder's yard for a few months.
- STAFFORD.—Drawings can be set by washing them over with a weak solution of collodion.
- V.—Dumb-bells can be had of any cricket out-fitter or gymnastic appliance maker. Try Spencer, of 52, Goswell Road; Goy, of 21, Leadenhall Street; Piggott, of 59, Eishopsgate Street; or Stempel, of 75, Albany Street.
- STUART.—Your eggs are (1) Tree Sparrow (probably); (2) Whitethroat; (3) Red-backed Shrike; (4) Robin; (5) House Sparrow.
- Vogel.—The birds' eggs which you send are (1) Reed Warbler, a rather small variety; (2) Wren. How this latter came to be lying upon the ground is a mystery.
- READER OF B. O. P.—The weight of boys depends of course largely on height, etc. If too fat, take the morning tub and more exercise.
- A. Hollingworth.—The egg which you send is that of the cuckoo. We have never heard of a "peatlark" under that name.
- C. E. C.—Yes, gymnastics will aid growth.
- RABBIT.—Wild rabbits kept as pets are fed in the same way as tame ones.
- Eggy.—British birds' eggs are constantly advertised in "Exchange and Mart," and other papers.

- R. BLACK.—The jelly-bag tail cousists of six or more linen cones, about six inches deep, sewn on to circles of cane about four inches across, and fastened one over the other a yard apart, so that the tail looks like a series of funnels. The best way to start is to cut a semicircle of newspaper, fold it in half, and fasten its semi-diameters together; then cut the mouth until the cone will stand upright, and then unfold your paper and cut your linen to its pattern. Sew the mouth of the cone over a cane hoop, and fix the hoop with three strings from its edge to a single string, which single string you tie to the apex of the next cone above.
- . Beckwith. 1, Bavariau. 2 and 8, British. 4, North German. 5 and 6, Swiss. 7, Austrian. 8, German. 9, Wurtemberg. 10, Portugal. 11, Huu-gary. 12, Holland. 13, Wurtemberg. 14, Den-mark. 15, Swiss. 16, Holland. 17, Sweden. 18, Norway. 19, Spain. 20, Prussia. And please don't send any more. don't send any more.
- H. A. SIMPSON (Belleville, Canada). The report is uot true. It was started for party purposes, with a view of damaging the Government. It was owing to its source that it fell so flat, and nothing more has been heard of it.
- OLD Box would like to know where the following is
- from:

 "Oh! mortal man, beware,
 For one false step
 May cause au age of care,
 Thy credit keep. "Tis quickly gone.
 Though gained by many actions,
 Lost by one."
- CIENTIST.—Yes. "The Young Scientist" is sold by Kent and Co., 23, Paternoster Row. It is a three-penny mouthly. SCIENTIST .-
- penny anotany.

 COMPTONIENSIS.—1. The stamps being unnumbered, it is impossible to identify them intelligibly. There are two Spanish, a Dane, an Austrian, and a sixpeuny English. 2. Stamp-dealers buy stamps as well as sell them. See the advertisements on our wrapper. 3. The commoner varieties are of little value, and perhaps ten shillings for the lot is putting the price rather high.
- F. W. D.—1. Bud roses in July. 2. Never ride the cycle directly after a full meal.
- R. H. (Hurlford.)—Your eggs are (1) Yellow Wagtail; (2) Whitethroat; (3) Hopelessly smashed in transit; (4) Meadow Pipit; (5) Ditto; (6) Whitethroat; (7) Spotted Flycatcher; (8) Whitethroat.
- CAVY .- Give the cavy less bread and milk, and more
- P. W. Jones.—Best green food for canaries—chick-weed, groundsel, and lettuce-leaves.
- S. S.—Squeeze out the tick, and take a bath, rubbing well down every morning with a rough towel.
- W. H. CAVE.—Take five drops of dialysed iron three times a day.
- T LOVER. 1. Yes, milk will come better. Letter addressed to Mr. Pegler (British Goat GOAT LOVER. Society).
- FANTASTIC.—Vide answer to W. H. CAVE. Drapers, we believe, do well in Canada, especially if knowing French.
- LOVER OF ANIMALS.—1. Leave the guinea-pig boar always with the sow. 2. By the size.
- O. AND C.—1. You should get the Oxford and Cambridge Calcudar, through order of any bookseller.

 2. When vitriol is mentioned, ordinary oil of vitriol is meant. In fact, it is what you ask for at the shop.

 3. Crowded out, probably: but the answer may be in type.
- WORKING LAD.—The articles on Cardboard Modelling were in the December part for 1882, and the January part for 1883.
- J. PATRICK.—Write to the Emigrants' Inquiry Office 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.
- PET KEEPER.—1. Keep parrots, perches, and all cage clean, and do not give meat or bones. 2. Yes, better pare the bullfinch's bill, but be careful.
- Lover of B. O. P. Far too old for Royal Navy. Twelve is the age,
- STRIVING CHRISTIAN.—We cannot give advice on serious trouble like yours. Self-doctoring is highly dangerous.
- WARRIOR.—Apply to the post-office for a pamphlet on recruiting for the Navy. It contains a list of the measurements, and instructions where to join.
- CITO.—1. Fish are found as low down as the Silurian. 2. The lowest southerly latitude yet reached is 78° 11′. See "The Thrones of the Ice King" in the fifth volume.
- Biggs.—1 The opaque black for magic-lantern slides is asphaltum black. Any black is opaque that will not transmit light. 2 The articles on Photography were in the last volume.

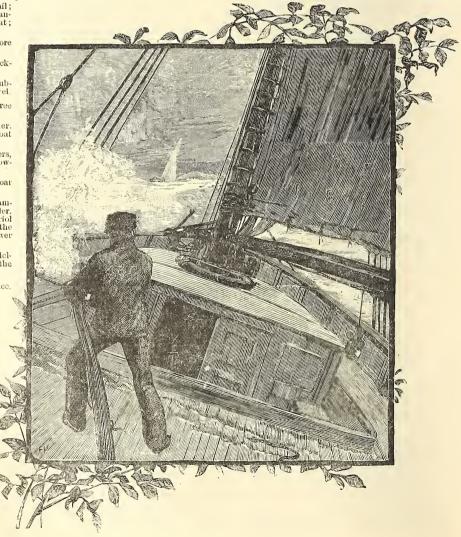
- STARGAZER.—The harvest moon is the full moon at the autumnal equinox, just as the hunter's moon is the full moon at the vernal equinox. They are of equal brightness and equal apparent size, and due in every way to the same canses. If the full moon occurs exactly at the time of the equinox, it rises nearly full about the time of sunset for several successive evenings.
- JUPITER.—There is no more interesting Scottish History for boys than Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather."
- CRABTREE. —1. Mr. Gladstone draws his salary the same as any other Prime Minister. 2. A Prime Minister cannot force the Queen to give him a
- TELEPHONE.—We had an article on "How to Make a Telephone" on page 187 of the first volume.
- a Telephone" on page 187 of the first volume.

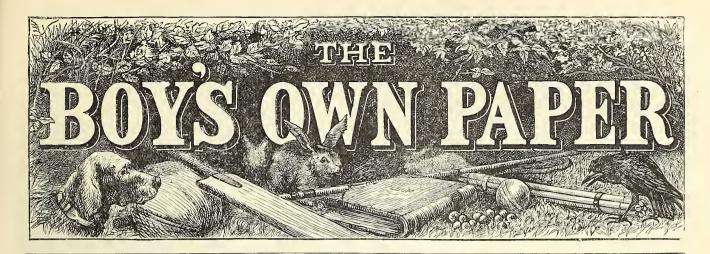
 J. B. R. 1. Briton is probably derived from "brethyn," the Welsh for cloth, the Britons being the clothed people as distinct from the pre-Celtic uations, who wore but little clothing. The Briton, with the body stained blue, etc., has been decently buried for many years, and only hauuts out-of-date school-books. Briton is now occasionally written Brython, as distinguished from Goydel (the Gael).

 2. Refer to Elton's "Origins of English History," or Rhys's "Celtic Britain." 3. Cadsand is an island at the mouth of the Scheldt. Sir Walter Many won a victory there in 1337. 4. Lord Eldon was Chancellor in 1801, Lord Erskine in 1806, Lord Eldon, again, in 1807, and for tweuty years afterwards.
- W. HARRIS.—The question has been answered several times. I.H.S. with the stops between the letters is Roman, and the initials are those of Jesus Hominum Salvator; without the stops the letters are Greek, and the first three of IESOUS.
- J. B. B.—Almost any bleaching agent will do that but the edges will be woolly. To get a defined edge you must use body-colour.
- eage you must use body-colour.

 P. E. Lewin.—The puzzles are too easy. They are self-evident in the result, if not in detail, for there is only one country in Europe with a name having the same number of letters as its capital, and so in Asia, and so in South America. There is no good in a puzzle if you can solve it in an easier way than you intended.

- L. Brown.—You might learn to play the cornet without a master if you had a piano or tuning-fork to give you a good note to start with—but pity your neighbours! Iustruction-books are obtainable of Chappell and Co., Bond Street; Cramer's, of Regent Street; and any musicseller.
- IOLINIST.—"How to Make a Violin" was in the fifth volume, in the parts for November and December, 1882. Cost, including postage, would be
- E. STONEMAN.—The cricket fixtures are published in the newspapers on the first Wednesday in December in each year. The meeting of the county secretaries takes place at Lord's on the Three-lay.
- E. W. R. HULBERT.—1. Yes. 2. The modern method is to spell the word as judgment. The spelling of the Bible is in several places still old-fashioned. 3. The B. O. P. is not printed in a foreign lan-
- HERBEET. Oliver Goldsmith's first work was the translation of the memoirs of a Protestant condemned to the galleys of France for his religion. It appeared in 1758. The "Vicar of Wakefield" appeared in 1766. The "Deserted Village" came out four years afterwards.
- NIGHT HAWK.—1. Don't let your buck mice together.
 2. They sometimes kill the young. 3. Re pigeons, you must hreed them, then they will not fly away.
- BILL LONGO.—The more exercise you take the better. Have a cold bath every morning, and immediately afterwards have a quarter of an hour with Iudian clubs. Never walk less than five miles a day.
- J. C. W.—The native language of the Hungarian is Magyar, as you can see on the stamps.
- LILLE.—You can get a magnet of the strength you want from Messis. Elliott Brothers, instrument makers, 101, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.
- A. C. PICE.—Yes, rats will kill pigeous.
- E. G. West.—A master is bound to abide by the indeuture of apprenticeship. It is a matter of in-difference how much you earn for him if no stipu-lation is made at the time of binding yourself.





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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1888.

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After Trafalgar.

hero, Dick Trelawney, is not yet an admiral.

True enough, but nevertheless I mean to sketch his dashing career no further with any degree of minuteness, for we have followed him through the most eventful portion of it. Besides, he stood, sword in hand, on the battledeck at

TRAFALGAR.

"See Venice, and die." You have often heard the old saying, I dare say, and there is a good deal of sense and merit in it, I can tell you; although little truth, if not considered in the light of a proverb. See Venice, and light of a proverb. See Venice, and die! No, you would see Venice, and dine! People nowadays have a greater desire to dine than to die, after witnessing even the biggest wonder in the world—namely, the great Yellowstone Park in America.

On the other hand, you are walking thoughtfully through some splendid picture-gallery; you have an eye for the beautiful, and you have seen much that captivated it, the drawing in this study, the colouring in that took your fancy, and the trueness to nature in another. You have lingered beside old engravings, loitered alongside etchings, and duly admired many an unfinished scrap from a master's hand. And so you saunter on, till suddenly you are brought up with a round turn. You have arrived in front of a work. You haul your foreyard aback now. One glance won't do, nor ten, nor twenty; you back astern, keeping your weathereye on the picture, but taking care, nevertheless, not to tramp on the toes of the gouty old gentleman behind you. You back and back, till perhaps you are stopped by an ottoman, and into that you sink, and on that you sit entranced for mayhap half an hour. You think and dream of better things, and feel all the while a terrible sense of your own littleness. There are many more pictures to view, but you pass them by, almost wishing they were not there. Figuratively speaking, you have seen Venice, so you go and give up your metal tag, get back your stick, and walk away—on the air.

Or you have come to a concert, and taken a front or back seat, according to the extent of your pocket-money; and you listen pleasantly enough to one artist after another, singing or playing, till all at once it begins to thunderpedal thunder, I mean—some bright particular star that has never before greeted your sight is about to appear.
Lo! there the star stands, fiddle in hand—Madame Néruda.

"Mercy on me!" you think. "Can

this be real? Can such music be conjured out of a little brown box with four strings, or such sweet, such dulcet accord exist 'twixt gut and hair?"

When Madame retires for good you glance nervously at your programme.

Are you looking to see who is coming next? No; you want to see if she will again appear. She will not. And so, if you have as much sense as a sucking peewit, you will leave for home, and go to bed and dream, for again you have seen Venice!

Well, in the same way Trafalgar has been our climax; we have seen Venice, we will fight no more in this tale.

The old Blazer had been terribly battered and beaten about in the fight, and could barely stagger away when it was all over and the hush of death had succeeded the tremendous thunder of

excitement.

The carnage on and between her

decks had been sad enough.

Many men had fallen, and many a gallant middy would never see home or kin again. I need mention but one or

two of those we know.

Poor Mullins, the assistant Sawbones, you may be but little interested in hearing about; he has not been one of our conspicuous heroes. He died doing his duty, nevertheless—died on the quarterdeck while carrying a report from the cockpit to the captain. Well, perhaps he had some one at home in Ireland, some sister or mother, who both missed him and mourned for him, though no kind hand could ever lay a bunch of shamrock on his grave.

Why could not Snufflums, the loblolly boy, have taken that report? one might ask. For two very valid reasons: first, it was not etiquette; and, secondly, Snufflums was non est very soon after

the battle began.

Whether Snufflums had been blown overboard with the wind of a shot, or been actually hit in the stomach— Snufflum's vulnerable part—and reduced to invisible atoms, nobody could ever say, only Snufflums was never seen again.

Barry Hewitt hauled down his flag at Trafalgar, never to hoist it more.

Not without courage was Barry, and he died as heroes die, or, as most fighting heroes ought to die, sword in hand. The eternal peace fell upon him as he stood on the ship's poop. Like all officers, I dare say that, quiet though he ever was, quiet even to shyness at most times, he had his ambitions, but they were quenched.

Dean was among the dead. How did he die? At a gun he fell. He was pulled aside by his friend Allan Gray, and soon breathed his last in his arms.
He had strength to pull Allan's head closer down to him, so that, speaking in his comrade's ear, his words could be heard, even amid the roar of the guns

and rattling of handspikes.

"My brother Jack," he said, "and sisters, and father—find them—you know. Say I died thinking of them. Through you I crave father's forgiveness, and all their prayers. I have been the prodigal—" What more he said was never heard.

Allan Gray lifted the body gently up and laid it on the top of a tarpaulin-

covered hatchway.

"Good-bye, dear old shipmate," said Allan.

He just touched the white brow gently with his fingers, then went away back to duty.

* The scene is changed.

It is one year and four months after that sad morning in January, when the body of the

"thrice famous man, The greatest sailor since the world began." was laid to rest in the Abbey of Westminster.

Dick, now captain in a home ship-Captain Richard Trelawney, R.N., if you please—is at home at Agincourt Hall, on a brief spell of leave.

He had found his father, the old

Colonel and the Captain—now retired Rear-Admiral, Dawkins, at the gate to meet him, both looking hale, hearty,

and happy.

It is wondrous the interest those two quondam warriors now take in agriculture. To hear them talk about the prospects of the coming season: about their oats, their hay, and pigs, and turnips, you would imagine they had never been anything else except farmers since their boyhood. They had, in a very practical way indeed, beaten their swords into ploughshares, their spears into pruning-hooks.

But, just as you may have seen an aged cab-horse, that had once been a hunter, prick up his ears and neigh in glad response to huntsman's horn or deep-mouthed bay of hound, so a word, a reminiscence, will often set the Admiral and Colonel off; pigs and turnips will be instantly forgotten; then, for hours at a stretch will they fight their battles over again, or debate excitedly on the doings of the British officers

still active on sea or land.

Dick—we must call him so till the end, leaving his good kindly mother to proudly call him Richard—had been at home a whole week doing nothing, unless interesting himself in the pursuits of his sisters may be called any-thing. He sauntered a great deal thing. He sauntered a great dear about the old home farm and in the woods, sauntered sadly almost, because the days of his boyhood would come up before him. He paid more than one visit to the grave of old Hal in the little churchyard by the river. A whole week—so it must have seemed a long

But a day came soon that threw eveverybody about the Hall into a fever of commotion, because, on the morning of this particular day a mounted messenger brought the news that Peniston's ship (and others of the fleet) had arrived from the Cape, and that he himself might be expected at any time within a week. He must pay off first, and then
—Then what? Then hey! for old Agincourt Hall, for had he not been engaged for years to Dick's sister Petrina. surely that is the reason the birds were all singing so jubilantly, the sun so bright, and the sky so blue immediately after the arrival of the mounted messenger. So, at all events, thought Petrina.

Peniston came at last.

The man came, and before very long the day came—the day big with the fate of Peniston Fairfax. It would take pages and pages to describe that wedding, and then I could not do it justice. After all, weddings are of but little interest to any save those more immediately concerned.

Suffice it to say that the marriage took place, and that everybody was more or less happy and gay. But it must not be supposed of my hero that he was content after this to settle down upon dry land on account of so simple a matter as being married. For the

war was not over yet.
As for Dick, his sword was his

There is one of our dramatis personæ who got settled in quite another fashion, and who did, by the permission of his gracious Majesty, leave the service—I refer to honest McNab. His lucky star must have been on the ascendant when he found his uncle out in the Bahamas. That gentleman died, and left the Doctor all his wealth.

McNab went back to Scotland. We are told that Scotchmen never "gang back," but here was one instance, at all events. McNab had a purpose in "gaun back." During all his service he had never forgotten the lonely shieling in the glen where his grey-haired father and mother lived, nor the braces where his brothers held the plough. Neither father nor mother should ever toil again. They say that wealth brings no happiness, but verily it does if we do but use it for the good of others as well as for ourselves.

Allan Gray had had a limb shot off in the battle, and though it could not be said that even the skill of a McNab was capable of setting him on his legs

again, he did his best, and that right successfully, to put him on one leg. Then he had a faithful nurse and con-

Then he had a faithful nurse and consoler in Paddy Lowrie.

"Ah, botheration!" Paddy would tell him; "is it one leg you're after throubling about? If it were the whole lot av the two av thim now! But one—sure his Majesty will put his hand in his pocket and give you the price av a

timber toe!"
"And a beauty I'll be!" said poor

"Yes, sure; and why not? Let those who don't care to look at the one ind av ye look at the other. Then won't ye

have Peggy to console ye?"
"Peggy!" sighed Allan. "Ay, that is the worst of it. I fear—"
"Ye fear, fiddlesticks! You're an invalid; that's how it is. Wait till you be walkin' around the cliff-top, a bowld

coastguardsman! You'll be as gay and happy as a skyrocket!"

Paddy proved a true prophet, for, sure enough, through the influence of Admiral Dawkins, Allan Gray was appointed to a coastguard station, and Peggy, his wife, was the merriest little matron of their small though cheerful cottage that ever was seen, and often and often she used to bless the roundshot that carried away Allan's leg.

And, talking about legs, who should Allan Gray see one day, singing in the streets of an inland town, to which he had driven Peggy over to spend a few hours, but another limping sailor. His heart naturally melted to him, and looking narrowly, he noticed, first and foremost, that it was one of those accidents in which the limb, though supported by "tree-leg" from the knee, is not off, but sticks out behind; secondly, the man's face seemed familiar to him.

On this particular day Allan was in plain clothes, and very respectable he looked. He walked up to the sailor-

singer and addressed him,

"Where did you meet with your accident, my poor fellow?" he said.

"At Trafalgar, sir," was the reply.

"Do you not remember me?

"Allan Gray!"
"Yes, Jim Transom, I am Allan Gray. That I bear no malice I prove by this coin, and this bit of advice—let down your leg and go and work like a man, and may God make you a better one.'

So ends our tale. Haul down the flag! (THE END.)

MINING DISASTERS. GREAT

IV. -SEAHAM.



HALF-WAY down the Durham the Durham coast is the thriving seaport of Seaham, where the Marquis of Lon-donderry has the collieries to which the Shetland ponies are shipped from Bressay, and from which the coals come, in the big steam colliers with the shifting masts, up to the coalsheds at Vauxhall. At Seaham, on the 8th of September, 1880, there occurred one of the most serious mining accidents in the North of England.

It was about two o'clock on that morning when the

explosion shook the ground, and even shook the sea-bottom so that ships in the offing logged an earthquake among the experiences of the middle watch. The whole district was aroused. When the would-be rescuers reached the pit-brow they found the shaft bratticing in ruins, the cages jammed, the winding gear useless. In the pit were a larger number of men than usual, for a local flower-show was about to be held, and those who wished to attend were working their turn beforehand, so as to have a holiday. A great event was to take place at the show. One of the col-liers had won the Queen's Prize at Shoeburyness, and it was to be presented to him by the Marchioness of Londonderry.

Alas! for the vanity of human wishes! Hindson was at work in the lowest seam when the explosion happened. It was the

very seam where the "blower" of gas shot out from the face of the workings and originated the mischief. The wreckage there was fearful, the bratticing was set on fire, and when, days afterwards, the rescuers made their way through the fallen rubbish, they found the corpses of one hundred and forty of the men and two hundred and fifty of the ponies.

In the main seam above, ninetcen men were at work, the farthest four driving a were at work, the farthest four driving a heading, twelve hundred yards away from the shaft. Suddenly there was a strong rush of wind. "There's something up!" said one of them, stopping his work. Then three explosions followed. "The pit has fixed!" he exclaimed, and away rushed the men towards the shaft. A quarter of a mile from it they stumbled over one of their companions, insensible and covered with blood. At the same moment they met the afterdamp, and through it they hurried. The next doors were blown down, and soon they were in the thick, snoky return air. At last they were through that, and had reached water, but were cut off from the shaft by a fall of the roof. Although important the shaft by a fall of the roof. prisoned, they were in safety, and when the relief party began to clear away the obstruction, they signalled to them to leave them alone until the men in the lowest seam had been rescued. For hours, then, these men remained voluntary prisoners in the main seam in order that all possible help might be given to those who needed it

It was not easy to enter the pit. Three It was not easy to enter the pit. Three times did Mr. Stratton, the manager, attempt to go down and fail. The gearing being broken, the men were lowered in loops—short lengths of plank, hung to the rope like the seats of a swing. But the shaft, divided into two by the bratticing, was blocked, and the party could only get as far as the upper seam, from whence, by a circuitous way, they reached the seam below, and there again took to the shaft. There were five seams in all, and in them nearly two hundred men were at work at the time of the explosion. There were two shafts, the downcast and the upcast, a hundred and fifty yards away. In order to cope with the fire in the mine, the relief parties took extincteurs down with them—the portable fire-engines, in which the water is highly charged with carbonic oxide.

Before any help could be given the afternoon had well advanced. The first man sent up was much blown about, and nearly blinded, but he refused to be carried, and with a man each side to steady him walked to his home. And the same spirit animated the rest of the sufferers. In the Harvey seam three men had a very narrow escape. They were at work with others in a remote part of the mine, from which they had two miles to walk underground. The shock of the explosion did not knock out their lights, but burst the water pipes, and the water streamed into the gallery, and nearly drowned the fugitives as they hurried along. At last they reached the furnace drift, two hundred yards long, at an incline of five feet in ten, and almost impassable from the fragments fallen from above. Up this rugged slope the men made their way, but rugged slope the men made their way, but so great was the effort that only three of them reached the top. The rest dropped behind to die. It was impossible to go back to save them. The three reached the furnace. Close to it they found the onsetter, blinded with the fire, dreadfully burnt, and lying on the ground covered with rubbish. They got him out and brought him round to life, and, watching him, they remained till after six o'clock at him, they remained till after six o'clock at night, when the rescuing party under Mr. Stratton reached them.

So many and great were the falls from the explosion that it was not till the 16th of September that the lower seam was clear and the victims found. And foremost amongst them was the poor Volunteer Artilleryman, the hero of the hour, of whom all had been thinking, and whose fame had so swiftly faded in the common grief.



CIVIL SERVICE PAPER.

BOY COPYISTS AND BOY CLERKS.

OME of our boys may be interested by a perusal of the following sketch of the situations under Government for boy copyists (or, as they are also called, boy writers) and boy clerks

Before starting, however, we must advise the Civil Service aspirant not to entertain the idea that when he has achieved success in the examinations, he will have very little work to do, an abundance of pounds, shillings, and pence to take, and a good round pension to draw just when he is in the prime of life to enjoy it. The random statements respecting Civil Servants made by persons from time to time-statements conveying the sense that servants of the Crown have next to nothing to do—generally have the only truthful foundation that in days gone by there were often many more clerks cases of neglect on the part of the clerks were brought before the public. It would perhaps silence some of these cryious gossips if they had to perform a similar day's work in the allotted official hours as many

Civil Servants constantly do.

The limits of age for boy copyists are fourteen to eighteen—that is to say, candidates must be not less than fourteen nor more than eighteen on the day of examination; if the examination lasts two days, as does the boy clerks', the first day is reckoned. The subjects are merely handwriting (slow andfast), orthography, and elementary arithmetic; and a schoolboy of thirteen or fourteen should satisfy the examiners, although of course he may not be successful; this depends almost entirely upon the number of vacancies, and the constitution, both numerically and the constitution, both numerically states of the same states of the same states and the constitution, both numerically states of the same states rically and intellectually, of the competi-tors. There are two drawbacks, however, to this class of appointment: 1. compulsory resignation at the age of twenty; which, by-the-bye, is one year later than it was some two years or so ago; 2. the temporary

nature of the appointment, although it is mattre of the appointment, atmosping it is more than possible for a copyist to remain in the same department as long as his age will permit. The pay of a boy writer starts at fourpence per hour (thus amounting in a at fourpence per hour (thus amounting in a six-hour office to twelve shillings per week, and in a seven-hour to two shillings more), and is augmented by a halfpenny per hour at the end of each year of approved service. If piece-work is given, a special rate of pay is fixed. Leave with full pay is granted at the rate of one day for every twenty-four working days, and not more than twelve days' leave is granted under this condition days' leave is granted under this condition between the first day of January and the thirty-first day of December, both days inclusive, even supposing that leave due was carried forward from one year to the other. Of course if a copyist is out of employment, he will not be allowed to reckon that time towards leave. If borne on the register for one year or upwards, sick-leave with threefourths pay is allowed on the production of a satisfactory medical certificate, provided that not more than twenty-eight days, is that not more than twenty-eight days, is taken, including ordinary leave, but excluding public and general holidays. A medical certificate is required even for one day's illness. Thus, in comparison with the easy examination, the pay of a boy-copyist is not inconsiderable, especially if his appointment, as far as his age permits, proves to be virtually permanent. virtually permanent.

We will now pass on to the examinations for boy clerks, which are usually held twice a year. Candidates must be over fifteen and under seventeen on the first day of the competitive examination. The subjects, coupled with the competition, are not to be spoken lightly of, although the average schoolboy of fifteen or sixteen, if coached for a short time by a Civil Service tutor, should have little difficulty in the path to success. The subjects, with their corresponding marks, are:—

(1) Arithmetic, in Decimal Frac And Compound	tions			ar ar	nd •	300 1 00		400
000	2) Orthography 3) Handwriting 4) Copying Manu 5) English Compo 6) Geography	script osition	(to	test	accu	rac	(y) .	:	400 · 400 · 260 200 · 200
•	o, deographj	•	•			Te	TAL	1	,800

The first three subjects, that is, Arithmetic, Orthography, and Handwriting, are called *obligatory*, because candidates are not eligible unless they qualify in them to the satisfaction of the Civil Service Commissioners—that is to say, candidates must obtain a certain percentage of marks in each of these subjects of these subjects.

In the July examination of last year, 836 candidates presented themselves for examination, of whom 432 failed to qualify in one or more of the *obligatory* subjects, one was ineligible on the ground of age, and one withdrew from the examination.

The marks of the first and last successful candidates were as follows:

	Higher Arithmetic.	Arithmetic (Test).	Compound Additton.	Orthography.	Handwriting.	Copying MS.	English Composition.	Geography.	FOTAL.
Maximum.	100	200	100	400	400	200	200	200	1800
No. 1.	99 42	193 193	95 99	380 400	277 280	162 99	145 113		1491 1337

Some readers may smile contemptuously at the thought of an examination in compound



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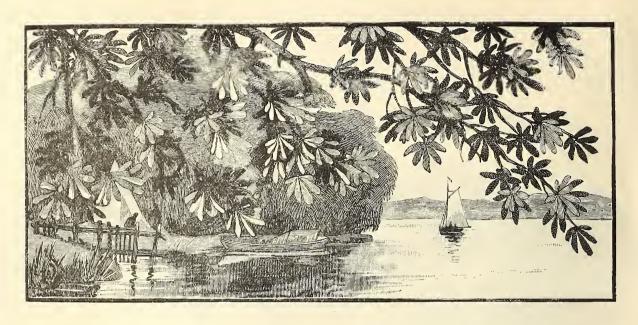
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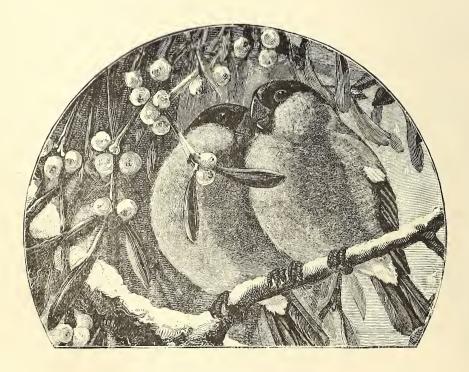
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Drawn for the Boy's Own Paper by G. A. LABY.

addition, little thinking that, if put to the test without previous practice, they would still have about half the exercise to finish when the superintendent of the examina-tion-room called, "Time is up for this paper; all cease working." The Copying Manuscript is an illegible exercise to test accuracy in quick deciphering and rapid writing. Intending competitors should apply themselves with much patient diligence to the subjects of this examination, and not conclude that they have merely to practice compound addition (commonly called tots., as an abbreviation for totals), copying manuscript, and essay, because they have had arithmetic and the rest drummed into their heads at school. To be too sanguine is undoubtedly a fault on the right side, since it banishes nervous-ness; but if it breeds laxness in study, the probable experience of candidates will be that of failure. There is too much ten-dency amongst us to fix our aims on the minimum rather than on the maximum; by that, boys, is meant that we are apt to soliloquise after this manner: "So many marks will probably pass me, and I ought to gain that number." Whereas we should rather say, "Such a number of marks secured first place in the last 'exam.;' I must try and beat that."

Boy clerks receive fourteen shillings per week (whether the office be six-hour or seven), and rise by one shilling per week for each approved year of service. But there are advantages enjoyed by the clerk of which the writer cannot boast—the position is permanent, till the age of nineteen is attained; as much as one month's holiday is given in some offices, such as in the Savings Bank Department and Money Order Office; more sick-leave is granted if necessary, and that, too, with full pay; he is excused the Men Clerks' Preliminary

Examination; and after two years of good service-or if appointed when over the age of seventeen, one year—he can compete with other boy clerks in similar circumstances for admission to the ranks of men-clerks, the number to be selected not to exceed one-fourth the number of such competitors.

Thus, if an examination is announced for fifty men clerks, and there are, say, thirty boy clerks qualified to compete amongst boy clerks qualified to compete amongst themselves, one-fourth of thirty places— that is seven—out of the fifty will be awarded to the first seven on the Boy Clerks' Limited List. We should here ex-plain, with reference to boy clerks being appointed when over the age of seventeen, that a candidate under seventeen before the examination, may be some months beyond that age on receiving his appointment. last advantage—called the *Limited* competition because it is limited to boy-clerks who have served as before stated—should not be lost sight of, as the last successful boyclerk would generally fail in the Open competition. For instance—but this is an exceptional one—in the examination for sixty-one men clerkships in September, 1884, the last successful boy clerk in the Limited competition only obtained a total number of marks equal to the one hundred and thirty-scrotth candidate in the Open competition. More-over, the boy clerk qualified to compete in the Limited examination can also compete in the Open; so that if an unsuccessful boy in the Limited should happen to obtain more marks than the would-be last successful marks than the would-be last successful candidate in the Open, the latter would have to give place to the former. Lastly, the service of boy clerks, unlike that of boy copyists, counts towards superannuation allowance. Thus by these encouragements it can be seen that the Civil Service Commissioners are really desirous that boy clerks should eventually become men clerks.

Nor is this surprising, as it must be to the advantage of the Public Service, especially if they be appointed in their new capacity to the department where they have previously served.

We must not omit to add for the informa-We must not omit to add for the informa-tion of our many readers that candidates for boy clerkships must be natural-born subjects of Her Majesty, and of good health and character. The latest regulations for boy copyistships say nothing of these es-sentials, but of course the last two go without saying. The fee for either of the sentials, but or course the without saying. The fee for either of the examinations is one shilling. Notices of examinations are published in the "London Gazette" on Tuesdays and Fridays, and in the principal London daily papers on Thursdays; they are headed "Civil Service Commission."

We will conclude by taking word for word two extracts from the Regulations,

the first applying to aspirants for boy copyistships, the second for boy clerkships:
(i.) "No person who has been trained, either wholly or partially, at the public expense, for the occupation of a teacher in schools in connection with the Committee of Council for Education, or the Board of National Education, Ireland, is eligible for employment as a boy copyist until the consent of those Departments, given in conformity with rules sanctioned by the Lords of the Treasury, has been notified to the Civil Service Commissioners."

(ii.) "Persons who have been trained in Normal Schools at the public expense will not be qualified to receive appointments until the consent of the Committee of Council on Education, Great Britain, or the Commissioners of National Education, Ireland, as the case may be, given in conformity with rules sanctioned by the Lords of the Treasury, has been notified to the Civil Service Commissioners."

GREAT RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

IV.-YANWATH BRIDGE.

STRANGE and startling accident, worthy A strange and starting account, which of notice in this series, happened near Penrith, in Cumberland, in 1867. The London and North-Western Railway, on its way from Lancaster to Carlisle, along the skirt of the Lake District, runs, it will be remembered, through Tebay Junction, Shap, famous for its granite, and Clifton, and then reaches Penrith, where tourists of the non-walking type change for Keswick.

It was along this lonely rocky road, about

twenty minutes past eleven on the night of the 26th of February, that a goods train, having successfully mounted the Shap incline, went putting through Clifton in that spasmodic way peculiar to goods trains.

Amid the noise the axle of one of the waggons broke, but neither the driver nor guard was aware of the breakdown. On went the goods train puffing hard in the darkness; a long string of trucks with mis-cellaneous cargoes, some laden with salt, one laden with gunpowder.

Suddenly the truck with the broken axle slipped off the rails. Before the driver

could stop, another truck followed suit, then another, then another; and, as the engine slowed, the hinder trucks ran closer and forced the forward ones across the "sixfoot," and slewed them on to the up line. And fate so ruled it that the van with four tons of gunpowder was brought to a standstill immediately 6. the up metals. The train had so buckled as to barricade the line and throw its most dangerous element in the very front of danger.

Before the men in charge did anything to give notice of the danger in the path the roar of an approaching train was heard. Fortunately this was a goods train, and carried only three lives to lose. The driver, seeing no signal, and supposing the line was clear, came along at full speed, and dashed right into the powder van. Instantly there was a shower of sparks and a terrific explosion. One vast cloud of flame shot up and lighted the whole district. The explosion shook even the Lake hills to their centre; the hard earth trembled as if from the shock of an earthquake.

For four miles round the windows of farm-houses were broken; and for twenty miles round the roar was heard, and the people came hurrying to know the cause. The driver and stoker were killed; the waggons and goods were whirled about in all directions, and fell in heaps on each other.

From the engine fires they caught alight, and they burnt for hours, the heavy smoke-cloud hanging over the blaze and glowing red with its reflection.

As soon as they had recovered from their terror the four survivors-the driver and stoker of the train from the south, and the guards of both trains—took measures to stop the traffic north and south of the block. The explosion had occurred close to Yanwath Bridge. From there to Penrith is but a mile or so. The accident gang were soon on the spot, and by seven o'clock next morning the line was clear, but the wreckage piled by the side was left to burn itself out, and it took all day to do so.

(THE END.)

DOINGS FOR THE MONTH.

OCTOBER.

Our next monthly part of the B. O. P. will commence a new volume—the eleventh—of our magazine, when we hope not only to retain all our old friends, but to make many new ones. We have much pleasure in saying that we are receiving an

increasing number of letters from "Our Boys" who have benefited by the hints thrown out in these columns. In the building and arranging of hutches, some of these have even improved upon our suggestions, showing that many of them have old heads

upon young shoulders. This gives us much gratifi-cation.

Pecuniarily speaking, perhaps, no very vast advan-tages may have accrued to those who have taken up any of our hobbies. Yet if they look back to the time

they have spent with and among their favourites, they will hardly consider it has been thrown away. Besides, if they have done their work in a businesslike way, and, as we have always advised, kept not only note-books to jot down experiences, but a book to enter debits and credits, they will have laid the foundation of a species of education which will not be without its advantages in after life.

We have also during the course of the year received uot hundreds ouly, but many thousands of letters asking ns for advice. All of these, of course, could not be answered, though we never yet let a letter drop into the waste-basket without heaving a sigh. Did our boys but once see the postman coming staggering up our office stair of a morning with the letters, they would uever forget it. However, we manage to reply to all that require really useful information, and information that has not been given over and over again. Boys, we may say here, should, when writing, confine themselves to one subject, and if they can find the knowledge in back numbers, they should not trouble us. The following is an example of the incongruous miscellaneousness of some lads' letters: "1. What is the proper food for thrushes? 2. Give me the show points of the mastiff, fox-terrier, Dandie Dinmont, and collidogs. Do they bite, and what does it cost to keep them? 3. Who was Confucius? 4. Please work out for me the fifth problem of 1st Book of Euclid. 5. Give me a cure for pimples, freckles, black ticks, bandy legs, and a tendency to stutter. 6. Is my writing good enough for the India Office?"

Well, to show our willingness to oblige, we beg to assure our frieuds that if any boy asked for the points of the Great Suapping Turtle of the Far West we would endeavour to give them if they had not been given before; but to submit to such an examination as the above—on points, too, on which we have given before; but to submit to such an examination as the above—on points, too, on which we have given before; but to submit to such an examination as the

THE POULTRY RUN .- Continue to look well after

fowls not yet through the moult, and if any one is extra sickly or lying about, take it away and put it in a warm, dry place by itself, so that it may have better attention and feeding. The other fowls always bully a sickly oue. If you are lucky enough to possess birds worthy of show, they also should be separated. Be most careful of the feeding and plumage, and get them as tame as possible. Weed all useless fowls. Attend to repairs. See that there is no leakage, and no draughts where rain or snow might beat in on the wings of a cold, bitter wind. Give good food, and enough of it. Meaty scraps—not too much fat—will make fewls lay all winter. We do not believe much in condiments. Prepare for winter generally. Buy a cheap lautern. You will find it most handy on the dark evenings.

THE PIGEON LOFT.—Several boys during the past season have complained to us about pigeons that would not breed. We fear that, in purchasing, some of these have been "let in." Some dealers are rather unscrupulous, and will sell a "griffin"—two hens for a cock and hen. Only experience can teach you how to distinguish 'twist cock and hen. Continue to protect from cold and damp. This is a good month for a thorough overhaul of the loft and for all repairs

repairs.
You will, of course, weed out, and keep only the birds you mean to breed from. But let me point out to you a very common cause of non-success in breeding. It is neglect of the birds in the winter months. The season once finished, we are sorry to say, many lads lose all taste in their lofts; the food given is scaut, and often forgotten; the water allowed to become foul, and the loft generally dirty. Then they wonder, when the season comes round, that their pigeous are weakly. Take our word for it that, in cases like these, they could be nothing else. For the season has reduced their strength, and it takes all the winter months for them to recruit. Be warned, therefore. warned, therefore.

THE AVIARY.—There is little to be doue this month, except attending to the golden rules of health as regards your favourites. Feed well and naturally. Do not give dainties, except, perhaps, a rumb of sweet bisenit now and then, and the traditional morsel of sugar. A bit of seedling plautain or other green food will be a treat, or a bit of ripe apple.

THE RABBITRY.—Better remove hutches now into winter quarters, unless, indeed, you have an extra well-sheltered position for them out of doors. Do not overcrowd. Keep but few rabbits now, but let them be good. You may carry your pets out of doors in fine weather for a run, only do not haul them about by the ears. Make new hutches and repair old ones.

THE KENNEL.—The weather may be cold and wet. See, therefore, that the dog is well fed and well bedded. The bedding ought to be very dry, and abundant enough for the animal to bury himself in if so minded. Shavings make a fairly good bed, but straw is better.

THE BEE WORLD.—The chief work of the month is that of wintering, feeding, and protecting generally the skeps from cold, and the possibility of a snowstorm, which is not unusual even in October.

KITCHEN GARDEN.-On sunny days finish THE KITCHEN GARDEN,—On sunny days Imish taking up potatoes, and other roots, such as carrots. Leave parsnips down. They are better in the ground till they begin to show signs of fresh leaves in spring-time. Plant green stuff to come on in early spring. Weeds may still seed in sunny weather. Down with them wherever seen them wherever seen.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.—You may plant your earlier spring flowers now. They do well if they set a good hold of the ground before hard frost sets in. Lay out new gardens. This is very delightful employment for boys. We had articles on this subject in back numbers, to which we would refer you. Attend to your beds and borders. Kill weeds. Gather leaves, and keep walks tidy and free from crass

grass.

The Window Garden.—Make window-boxes, and put anything in them you like for the winter months. Here is a hint for making one we cull from a Scottish periodical called "The People's Friend." "Make a simple deal box of the size desired. Get a piece of glass the same size as the front of the box, and a piece of zine an inch larger than the glass all round. Now procure some pictures—such as floral or sea-views—paste them together, place them between the zine and the glass, and bend the rim of the zine over the glass, and let this be placed on the front of our box." This is very artistic and pretty.

Correspondence.

- AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—A dime is worth fivepence; so are five cents. A real is worth 4.166 of a penny. A kreuzer is the hundredth of a florin; and a florin is worth 1s. 114d. A pfennig is the tenth of a penny; and a guilder is worth twenty peuce.
- UN PARISIEN.—We have no athletic clubs in connection with the B, O. P., but there are such in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association in Aldersgate Street, and at Exeter Hall, and at the Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street.
- EBONY.—You can get such a piece of wood from Melhuish and Sons, 85, Fetter Lane, E.C.
- S. F. W. D.—The distance in a hurdle race is 120 yards, with ten flights of hurdles forty-two inches high and ten yards apart, thus leaving fifteen yards at the start and fifteen yards at the finish. The width of the flight depends on the number of
- UMSLOPOGAAS says that he has often held a kettle of boiling water on his hand, "but it is absolutely necessary that the bottom should be covered with soot; carbon being a very bad conductor of heat, does not allow the warmth of boiling water to come to the hand." And he thinks this is worthy of a place in Quicquid agunt pueri nostri farrago libelli, which means that "The book is about whatever is of interest to boys," and was provided by Juvenal. Now, Umslop, cease to be haggard!
- LE JARDIN.—There was a series of articles on Gar-dening iu our sixth volume. And since then there have been many notices in the monthly Doings.
- TUKVAR. Situations on tea plantations are most easily obtained through recommendations from the wholesale tea houses.
- the wholesae tea nouses.

 JURIST.—1. The best story about Montezuma is Lew Wallace's, published at two shillings in Warne's Crown Library.

 2. In Abana the second syllable is long.

 3. The answers appear in six weeks at least, not at most. Some of them are as many months before they appear. And hundreds of them are crowded out.
- AN IGNORANT MODEL YACHTSMAN. Let the mast be the same height as the boat is long, make the bowsprit outboard three times the beam, make the gaff half the length of the keel, and slope it so that it points to the stem-head; let the boom be half as long again as the gaff, and the topmast the same length as the hoist of the mainsail.

- SCOTCH COLLEGE CADET.—1. The "Boy's Own Book-shelf" series can be obtained at our depot in Mel-bourne. 2. If you cannot buy it in Melbourne, do not run the risk of having an engine sent out to
- F. BRINDLE.—A book regarding shadows on the wall, made by twisting the hauds about, is published by Messrs. Griffith, Farran, aud Co., St. Paul's Church-yard.
- F. BARRETT.—It would take at least a page to answer your questions. We have already given the portraits of the artists you uame.
- SKATE. 1. The following are the best times on record for long distance skating. They were made by Mr. C. G. Tebbutt at the Sport Club Ice Rink at Amsterdam on March 1st, 1888. Mr. Tebbutt is an Englishman

H. M. S. H. M.	. S.
1 mile 0 3 50 32 miles 2 2	
5 miles 0 21 3 33 ,, 2 25	5 56
10 ,, 0 43 10 34 ,, 2 30) 41
15 ,, 1 4 52 35 ,, 2 3	
20 ,, 1 26 34 36 ,, 2 3	37
25 ,, 1 49 6 37 ,, 2 4	1 25
28 ,, 2 2 22 38 ,, 2 4	3 47
29 ,, 2 7 3 39 ,, 2 5	1 30
	7
31 ,, 2 16 22	

- 2. The best time for the mile is three minutes exactly.
- KINGFISHER.—You can get almost any animal on earth by return of post from William Cross, 18, Earle Street, Liverpool. Write to him; he may tell you of a correspondent in your neighbour-hood.
- H. S.—1. You are too old for the Britannia; and you would, under any circumstance, have had to pass an examination. 2. Collect them from letterpaper. There are none now sold in sheets. 3. "Catapults, and all about them," was in the fifth volume.
- . P. Q.—We do not know "if tobacco injures the brain," or "if snuff clears the brain;" but your friend need not tronble about such matters, for a very obvious reason; neither, and for the same reason, need he know "what food is good for the brain." Poor fellow, what a pity there is such a vacuity!

- HUBERT T. B. W.—1. Such a book on stamps is published by W. J. Linceln and Son, Holborn, W.C. 2. Our articles on Swinning were in the first volume. They are now out of print. 3. The cases are for the twelve monthly parts, and they will not comfortably hold the Summer and Christmas numbers.
- G. E. LIGHT.—If you were to pronounce your words properly, you would spell properly. "Meanin' is not the proper pronunciation of "meaning." Primary education may be said to be the three R's—Reading, Writing, and Ar-ithmetic (to give the point to the alderman's joke). Secondary education includes languages, history, rudimentary scieuce, and such things as are now taught in upper schools.

Dome Again.

We're back once more, our voyage o'er, We've chased the sun around the vear.

Through frost and snow and summer glow, And on his track been always near.

Twelve ports we've made, twelve visits paid, And friends discovered everywhere, Some old, some new-all joined our crew-And yet we still have berths to spare.

Now in our hold is wealth untold, Which we've collected on our way, For every mind rich treats you'll find, And they will well your search repay.

So look and see, and you'll agree We ne'er returned with richer store; Adventures rare are stowed in there, And wit, and fun, and jokes galore. [Instructions Instructions, too, in what to do In workshop, garden, poultry-yard; Then add to these the corners, please, Filled up with efforts of the bard.

For great and small, for one and all, There's something in our good ship stowed, Pray understand. So lend a hand Our last new cargo to unload.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We complete our tenth volume with this number, We complete our tenth volume with this number, and next week commence a new volume with a very strong list of attractions indeed. We would ask our readers kindly to make the best use of the prospectus of the new volume which they will receive this week, as now of course is the most suitable time in the whole year for new subscribers to begin.

The plates issued with the monthly parts during the year may now be obtained by weekly readers in a neat packet, price 1s. 6d. The Title-page for the Volume is included in this packet.

As we have more than once explicitly stated, we

cannot undertake binding for our readers, but this they should find little difficulty in getting done at a fair charge by local bookbinders. We have, however, prepared handsome cases or covers, in which any bookbinder will insert the numbers or parts at a small charge. These cases cost 2s, each, and may be obtained through the booksellers in the usual way. In the post they are apt to get damaged,

Office: 56, Paternoster Row, London.

NOTICE.

THE following very special notice, which appears in the compart appears in the current part of that old appears in the current part of that our friend of so many boys of the past and present generation, issued by George Routledge & Sons, and edited by Mr. Edmund Routledge, F.R.G.S., speaks for itself. We heartily welcome this new accession of readers to our already splendid ranks, recruited from every part of the world:—

" Prefatory Note.

"With the issue of this Part and Volume the publication of

'EVERY BOY'S MAGAZINE'

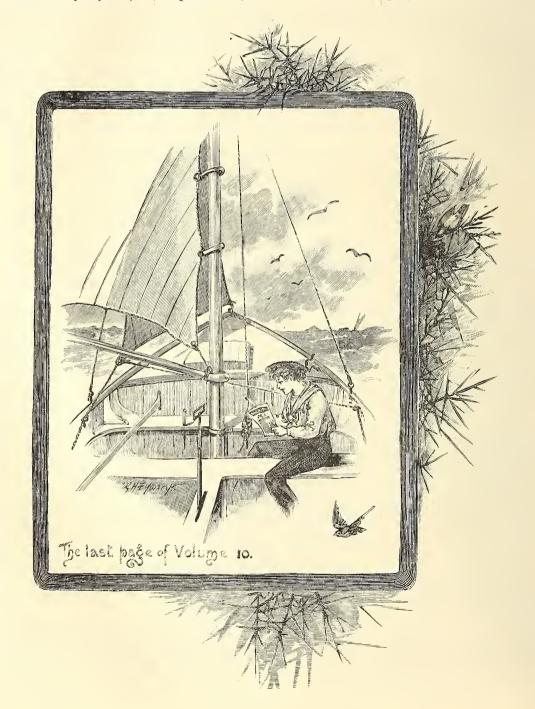
will cease, in a separate form, the copyright having been purchased by the Proprietors of

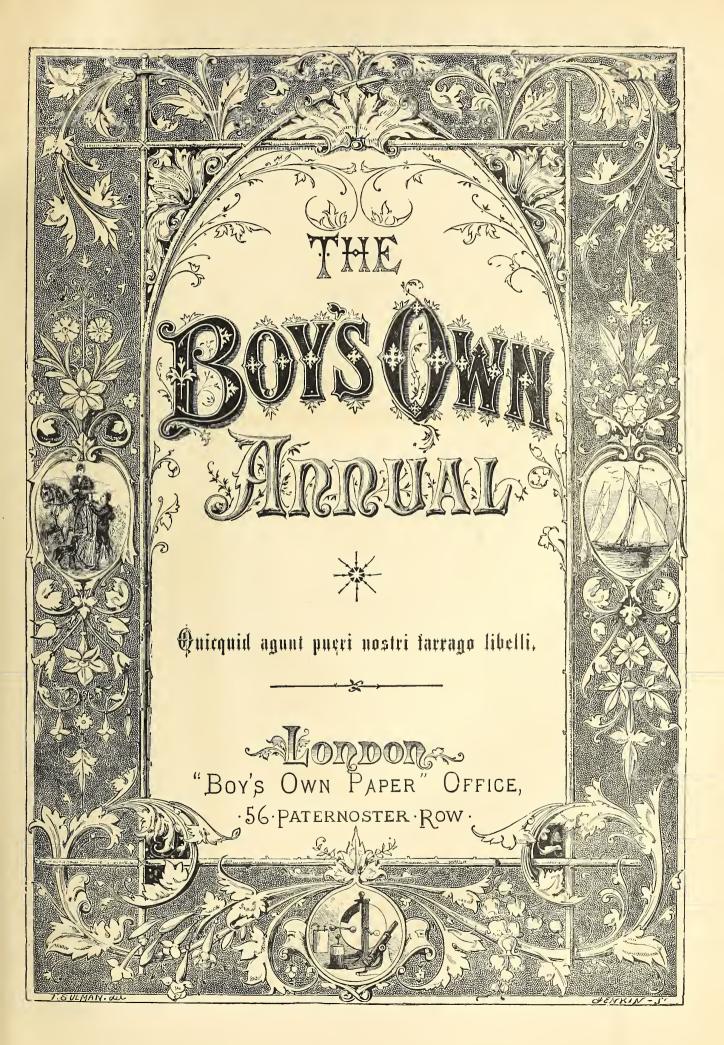
The Boy's Own Paper,

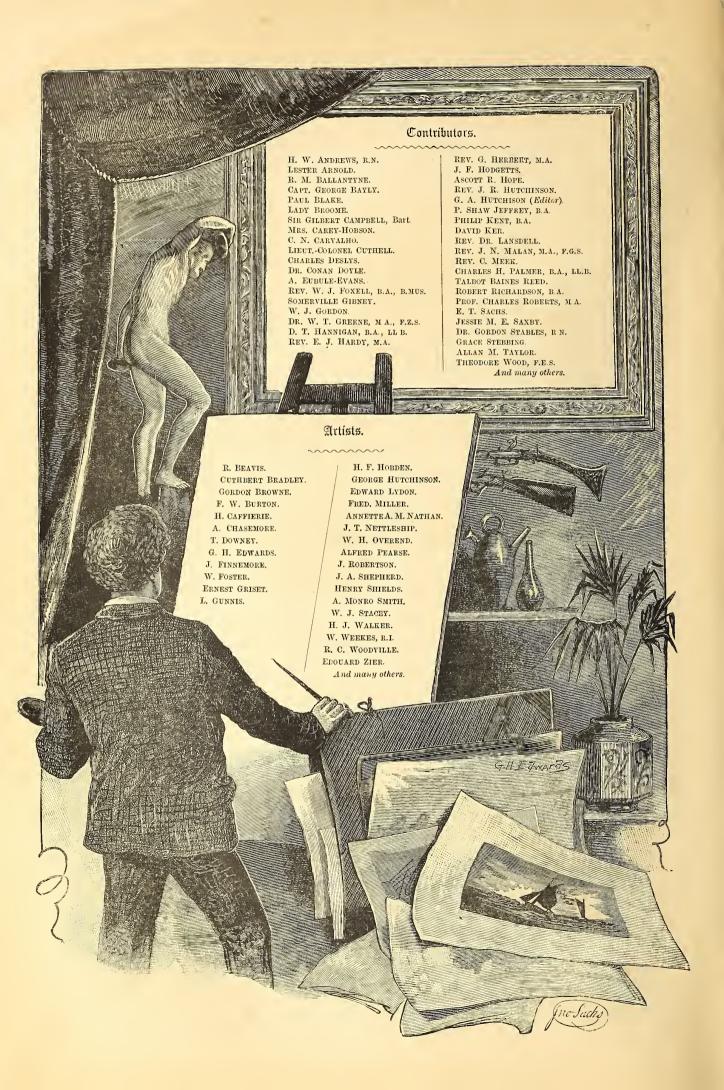
who propose to incorporate it with their most successful periodical.
"The Editor of EVERY BOY'S MAGAZINE, before vacating the editorial chair, desires most cordially to introduce his readers to

THE BOY'S OWN PAPER,

a new volume of which (as will be seen by the enclosed highly attractive Programme) the enclosed highly attractive Programme) eonmenees immediately; and he trusts that they will at once transfer their subscriptions to that paper. He would at the same time thank them very heartily for the support they have given to his magazine during the past twenty-seven years, and for the many pleasant hours he has spent in their commun."









J. W. ELLIOT, Dentist,

43 & 45 King St. West, Toronto.

New mode celluloid, gold and rubber base, separate or combined; natural teeth regulated, regardless of malformation of the mouth.

ADIES BOOTS



We show a great variety of Boots suitable for

FALL WEAR

sense and other shapes, in which are combined style, comfort and dur'bility

and imported. 79 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO

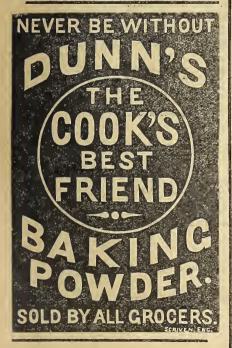


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Second-hand Bicycles.

SEND FOR LIST. New Catalogue ready early in April,

A. T. LANE, MONTREAL



Dudley & Burns

- - - PRINTERS

11 Colborne St., Toronto.

hat the Peoples Say I

NORMAN'S

WALKERTON, ONT.

Mr. Norman,
Dear Sir,—You will find \$10.00, balance of payment for my wife's Belt &c. She likes it very well and would not be without it now. There has not been a very hear health, still she has improved since she began to wear it, she has not had cold feet since using the soles, wishing you success, I remain,

T. KENNEDY. Yours truly,

YORKVILLE, ONT.

A. Norman, Esq.,
Dear Sir,—I got one of your Belts about three or four months ago for Indigestion from which I had been suffering for many years and it completely cured me, and at the same time took away my rheumatism which I had had in my hands for ten years, also it cured my lame back and piles. I am very thankful I found such a cure.

Yours truly, WM. MACEY.

PERTH ROAD, P.O. ONT. Dear Sir,—I have been wearing Norman's Electric Insoles for six months and I am greatly benefited by them. I would recommend them to any person suffering recommend when from rheumatism.

Mrs. John Guthrie.

ORANGEVILLE, ONT.

Mr. A. Norman,
Dear Sir,—The Belts are doing me good as my nerves are stronger and I sleep better, I do not find it necessary to use internal remedies to move my bowels, I think the Belts will completely cure me.

C. FISHER. Yours truly,

NORMAN'S

ELECTRO - CURATIVE BELT INSTITUTION

4 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont. ESTABLISHED 1874

N.B.-Baths of all kinds.

CURES CHOLERA

CHOLERA MORBUS, COLIC, CRAMPS DIARRHOEA AND DYSENTERY AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS.

) UTTERICK S PATTERNS. stock always on hand.—J. R. Wilson & Co., 276 Yonge St.

STOVES & RANGES



Now that the exhibition is over and people have time to consider that the cold weather is approaching, one thing is very necessary for home comfort—a good kitchen stove. Why not gct one that will fill the following requirements, viz:—

One that will keep fire over night during the cold

scason.

Oue that will beat water for bath etc. successfully.
One that will be economical and likewise a handsome piece of furniture for a kitchen.

THE MOSES COMBINATION

fills the bill, as anyone who has been fortunate enough to procure one will be ever-ready to inform you. See them and be convinced at the sole agency for this country.

A full line of Feeders both new and second-hand and a complete stock of House Furnishings.

FRANK MOSES.

Telephone 1117.

301 Yonge Street.

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LIGHT RUNNING. NOISELESS - DURABLE CONVENIENT.

Woodwork Elegant in Design, Beautiful in Finish.

Artistic Bronze Stand.

ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN

Whether the Lightest Running and Quietest Sewing Machine is not the one you should use above all others.

Empress Sewing Machine Co'y

Head Office, 49 King St. W., Toronto.

Accident Insurance Company

OF NORTH AMERICA. HEAD OFFICE

MONTREAL. SIR A. T. GALT, PRESIDENT EDWARD RAWLINGS, -MAN. DURECTOR

Grants Insurance or Indemnity payable in the cvent of Accidental Death or Injury. Has paid 8,000 claims and never contested any at

Does the largest business in the Dominion.

MEDLAND & JONES,

Gen. Agents, Toronto District.

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MEART DISEASI

The symptoms of which are Faint Spells, Purple Lips, Numbness, Palp tation, Skip Beats, Hot Flashes, Ruse of Blood to Head, Dull Pains in the Heart, with beats strong, "apid and irregular, can be cured. No Jure No Pay. Send 6c. for full particulars. M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Canada.





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Full Deposit

With the Government for the Security of

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Absolute Security Offered!

Assurance at Reasonable Rates. A Choice of all Sound Plans of Assurance in a Safe and Economically Managed Company.

Total Abstainers

GET THE FULL BENEFIT OF SUPERIOR
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Giving Definite Cash Values after Three Years-A Negotiable Security.

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INSURE IN

The Canada Accident Assurance Co.

(Incorporated by Special Act of the Parliament of Canada.)
Full Deposit with the Government at Ottawa for the protection of Policy-holders.

TOTAL ABSTAINERS

Should Insure in this Company as it gives them the Benefit of Superior Classification.

Hon. GEO. W. ROSS, President.

H. O'HARA, Managing Director.

H. SLIGHT, - FLORIST

NEW

* ROSES, *

PALMS

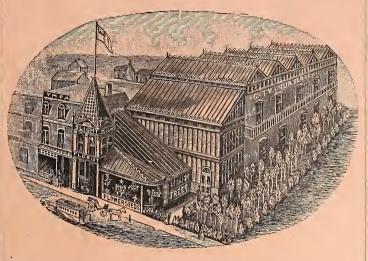
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LARGEST STOCK IN CANADA

HYACINTH BULBS



TULIPS, BERMUDA & JAPAN LILIES.

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Beautiful
BOUQUETS
for
EVENING
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WEDDING BOUQUETS

City Nurseries, 407 Yonge Street, Toronto. Xmas Holly and Mistletoe, sent by Mail or Express.



Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

CURES HEADACHE

By Regulating the Bowels, Arousing the Torpid Liver, Regulating Imperfect Digestions. Improving

gestions, Improving
the Circulation, and making Pure Blood,
all forms of Headache vanish under its use,

BRACEBRIDGE, ONT.

For over five years I suffered more or less the tortures of terrible headaches. All other means of relief failed until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters, which cured me.

Mrs. U. Aston.

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RUGBY AND ASSOCIATION

Manufactured of best English
Cowhide.

SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

F. QUA & CO.

49 King Street West, Toronto.

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FINE MERCHANT TAILORS,

HATTERS AND FURRIERS

Are now in receipt of their Fall and Winter Stock, comprising all the leading lines and newest patterns.

DON'T FAIL TO CALL BEFORE = 110 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

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FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS

WHAT EVERYBODY NEEDS IS HEALTH, STRENGTH AND VIGOR,

And the best means of securing these benefits is by taking regularly

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF





THE GREAT STRENGTH GIVER.

It makes a warming, Invigorating and Palatable Beverage.

CONFEDERATION

LIFE ASSOCIATION.

A Home Company.

The Sixteenth Annual Meeting of this Association having taken place, we are now enabled to announce what we have been able to do for our patrons in the sixteen years of the Company's existence.

Paid to the heirs of Policy-holders (Death claims)	\$ 676,317	95
Paid to the holders of Matured Endowment Policies	31,926	59
Paid Policy-holders on Surrender of Policies	110,964	55
Paid Policy-holders for Cash Profits	440,535	60
Paid Holders of Annuity Bonds	, \$16,967	84
Loaned Policy-holders on security of their Policies	. 87,969	39
	\$1,364,681	00
the second district of		
Add Recerve (Government Standard)	1 983 920	വ

Total actually paid Policy-holders, or being held for their security as provided by Government enactment......\$2,348,601 92

Remember-All Assets in Canada subject to Canadian Law.

The following is a brief extract from the Company's Statement for the year ending December 31st, 1888:

Receipts	\$812,939 31	Disbursements	\$586,247	77
	BALANCE	SHEET.		
Assets	\$2,262,365 90	Liabilities	\$2,132,952	86
Surplus	3	\$. 129,	413 04	

Add Capital Stock \$1,000,000 00

SURPLUS Security for Policy-holders. \$1,129,413 04

POLICIES Indisputable after 3 years.
Non-forfeitable after 2 years.

J. K. MACDONALD

Managing Director.

BY a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately-flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually

EPPS'S (GRATEFUL, COMFORTING) COCOA

built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.